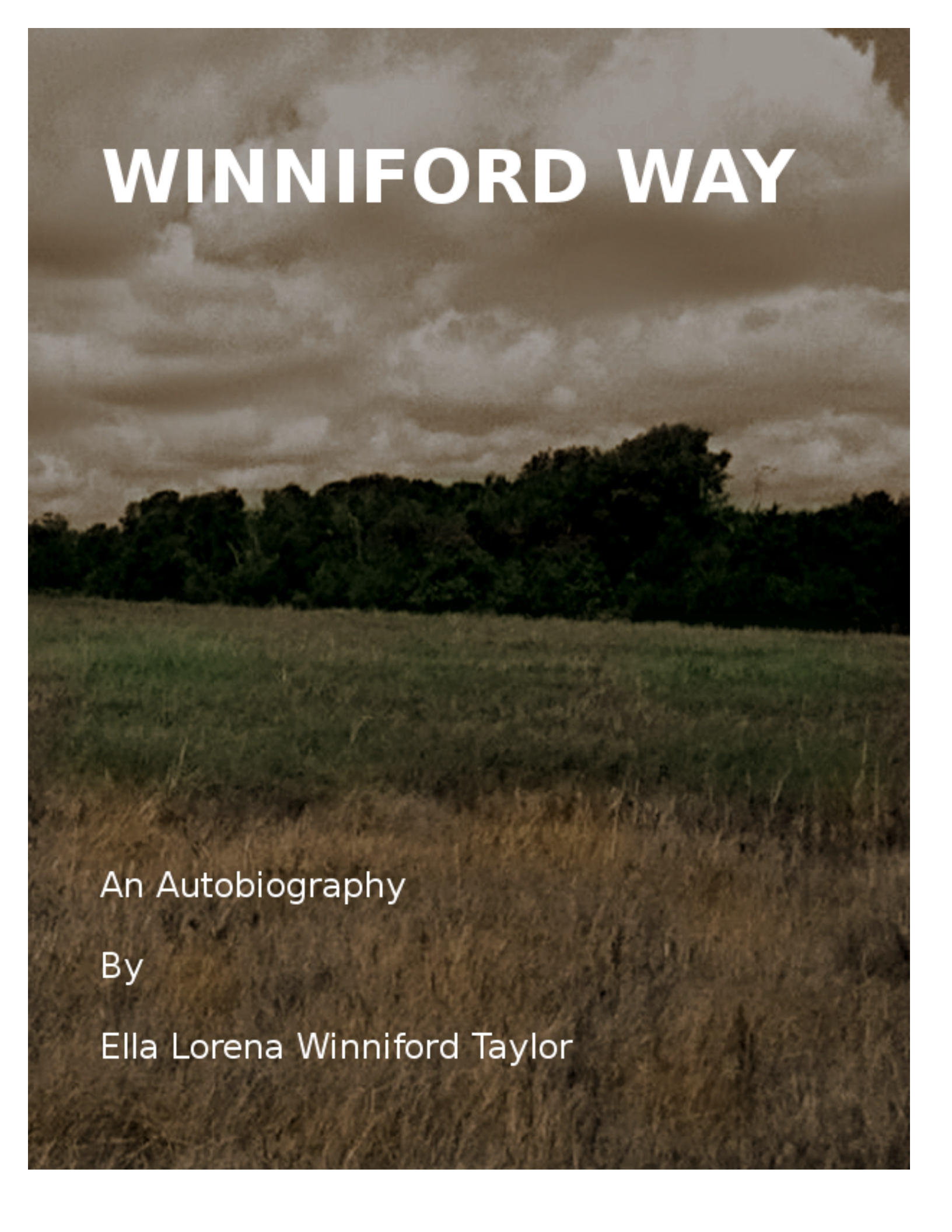




WINNIFORD WAY

An Autobiography

By

Ella Lorena Winniford Taylor

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George Washington Taylor

Black Jack Grove

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THE WINNIFORDS OF WINNIFORD WAY

I, Ella Lorena Winniford Taylor, first saw the light of day on July 23, 1906 at exactly 8 o'clock in the morning. I was born on the family farm 2½ miles northwest of Cumby or old Black Jack Grove settlement. I am now in my 80th year of life experiences. I have been captioning old family photos and finding old diaries of long dead relatives so I decided to write my own remembrances that will somewhat parallel a few of the accounts by my father-in-law George Washington Taylor; I am using the same old typewriter that he composed his long life history on.

My discovery of America was directed by my mother Margaret Lee Landtroop Winniford just after she had completed her morning chores, taking care of my two older brothers John Horace and Everette Dawson. I was a fat baby, weighing 8 pounds. Doctor Bert Cates was nearby; he was a boyhood friend of my father Robert Lee Winniford. I met the family hereditary test of being a true blue blooded Winniford by having the "Knowledge Knot" or bump on the back of my head--all our bloodline has that abundance of cranium capacity as a blessed gift for being the chosen few by God.

As was the custom of the times I was born at the homeplace near old Black Jack Grove, now named Cumby. I was born on the same land where my father Robert Lee Winniford had also been borne. My father's grandfather Urbane Alexander had headrighted our landgrant homestead after arriving from Springfield, Illinois during the Republic of Texas days. Urbane Alexander first settled near Honeygrove, Texas in 1840 where he was a magistrate in the Republic of Texas. But Honeygrove was a place full of hornets in the ground near persimmon groves so trying to plow fields thusly disturbed the bees to sting horses and man. Thus, great-grandfather Urbane Alexander and his wife Mary Drennan Alexander with their four living children moved along the frontier trails on the old Spanish Kings Highway that went through old Black Jack Grove which later in 1895 according to my dad was renamed Cumby for old Colonel Cumby. The old Black Jack Grove settlement was designated as a camp ground in 1688 as a shelter under dozens of huge Black Jack Oak trees for the Spanish king's patrols through New Spain, Texas. The Spanish patrols camped there regularly from 1688 till 1821; then, the Mexican rebellion of a new government established a more permanent road along the old Spanish trails or traces. The trail or traces of roadways through Black Jack Grove became the road to Jefferson from Dallas County. Many saloons prospered under the Black Jack Grove of huge trees as a white man's settlement or homeplace along the trail through the Texas wilderness.

My great-grandfather Urbane Alexander followed the established trail to the protective settlement of Anglos since wild Indians still roamed around. At first, a section of land was headrighted South of present day Cumby but the sandy soil did not please the Alexander family who wanted black waxy loamy land similar to back in Illinois. Consequently, a half section or 320 acres was then headrighted northwest of Black Jack Grove. Urbane Alexander died the next year of a wound suffered in his side resulting from a fall off a hay wagon onto a hayhook; his side injury never healed so Urbane Alexander died in 1853. His wife Mary Drennan Alexander died the following year from a fever. The four children had to rear themselves; Rebecca Jane Alexander was the eldest born in 1836 to raise Thomas, John and Sarah--one other sister Jane had died on the way to this frontier and thus buried somewhere in the prairie grass; an unmarked grave on the vast prairie was where little baby

Jane Alexander lay forever lost. Miss Rebeccah Jane Alexander known as Aunt Becky to all the later kin took charge of legalities for the family; she never married, dying in July of 1923 and was born in 1836 so she lived a very long life to have been born during pioneer times. However, Aunt Becky only once mentioned that her beau or fiance was killed in the War Between the States. This great Aunt Becky even rode through the Texas wilderness to register the landgrant title as the heirs of Urbane Alexander. So Sam Houston signed that document which is preserved in the Dallas Museum of History after several relatives were pulling over the old document in 1923 as part of her estate; the parchment tore in half as the kinsmen quarreled and then Cousin Doctor Reverend Charles T. Alexander took the document to Dallas and donated to the museum there. Also, a formal notice was published in the newspaper back in Springfield, Illinois; Urbane Alexander had served in the old Blackhawk Indian wars under a Captain Abe Lincoln who was also his friend since each attended their weddings but the name Urbane is spelled Urbin on papers in Illinois rather than Urbane Alexander as on legal papers here in Texas. Urbane Alexander's family had a county in Illinois named for them; his uncle William Alexander had returned South since originally being from Kentucky. Another namesake William Alexander fought in the Revolutionary War and was from Scotland where he claimed a title of nobility.

Another deep lasting family connection to Illinois continued as a deep tie for the Alexander clan; Urbane's wife Mary Drennan had grown up near Springfield, Illinois; her sister Sarah Drennan Stevenson was the mother of Adlai Stevenson I who became vice-president of the U.S. in 1894.

Young Adlai Stevenson I and Rebeccah Jane Alexander were born the same year and had played together so their kindred friendship lasted a lifetime. Occasional family visits continued for decades. A loving gesture of sentiment resulted in the cousin Adlai Stevenson I and John Alexander using their carpentry skill to make 3 cherrywood boxes from the mantelpiece of the Drennan homestead; the boxes are 12 inches by 10 inches high and 8 inches deep or wide. The boxes were made prior to the Civil War with dovetail perfection. Two cherrywood boxes were made for the two Alexander sisters back in Texas and one box for Sarah Drennan Stevenson. My great Aunt Becky was called Rebeccah Jane to keep alive the memory of the dead sister buried someplace on the prairie.

When the Civil War clouds began, great Aunt Rebeccah Jane Alexander sent a five dollar Confederate bill to President elect Abraham Lincoln as a reminder that some of his friends were living in the land of the great rebellion. My great Aunt Becky also placed a five dollar Confederate bill in her old cherry wood box; we still have the worn frieghed Confederate bill. The Alexander family in Texas however fought in the Confederacy Company K because their beliefs were in states rights not a federalism of any kind.

Everyone in our family kept close ties with each other, even all the branch water kin was welcome as kissing cousins could ever be. Uncle Thomas Alexander had married Martha Smith of Smith Prairie landed holdings, north of the Urbane Alexander land survey. Martha Smith Alexander's mother was Elizabeth Winniford Smith; the Winniford family had 12 children and had settled in frontier Dallas County; Eliz was the eldest so the youngest was George Dawson Winniford who often visited his sister's Smith family. One day, when the Winniford clan was visiting the Smith family so did young Sarah Alexander go visit her brother Tom Alexander when all the branch water kin were present.

Thus, Sarah Alexander and George Dawson Winniford met officially and then married on March 14, 1860; their children were double kin as first and second cousins. Thomas and Martha Alexander's children were Jesse, Winnie, Kyle, May and Josey and Billy or William. Billy Alexander was a pioneer meteorologist all over the U.S. Billy Alexander retired at end of World War II and lived in Cumby in Jesse Alexander's house there; Billy married Mamie Clonts who was a big social help in raising and distribution charity funds in the millions of dollars in New York City with John D. Rockefeller, Junior--all this is listed on her tombstone in the Cumby city cemetery. However, she and Billy had planned to live out their lives in Cumby but they became a problem to their admiral son who moved them to San Diego, California for him to look after; they even moved their big tombstone to California with it being packed into a crate and placed in the ancient Buick roadster the old couple drove and then they were cremated in California. But just last year in Fall of 1985 the old tombstone suddenly reappeared in the old Alexander cemetery lot in Cumby; it was placed too near the Winniford graves of Sarah Alexander Winniford and George Dawson Winniford and no indication was made of the cremation. Billy and Mamie had so wanted to live out their lives in Cumby after having been on the social whirl of New York City--this selfish act by the Alexanders has made my children Lynne Estelle and Robert pledge never to make me leave my home as long as I have command of my mind.

Anyway, the children of Tom and Martha Smith Alexander were double kin to the three children of Sarah Alexander Winniford and George Dawson Winniford. My father Robert Lee Winniford and his two brothers Norvell and Sam all grew up together in the same community.

My grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford lived on her own inherited land as always with her maiden sister Rebeccah Alexander; the two sisters shared title to their land and the new husband just moved in; he had been a part of a big family so he was used to lots of folks around all the time. My granddaddy George Dawson Winniford brought his personal slave with him as part of his property but his new wife forbid having slaves and did not let the negro set foot on her land. The name of the estate had been Urbane for her dead father, the magistrate during the Republic of Texas so a compromise was made to name the homestead Winniford Way if he gave the slave back to his family still in Dallas County near Lancaster. The negro slave was thus returned to the Winniford plantation near Lancaster. The Winniford family of Dallas County was rich and famous because the Winniford brothers Norvelle, David and W. J. had organized a wagon train of 40 wagons of their friends to go to the famous California Gold Rush. And they had returned in style. The account was published in the Lancaster Herald. I thus grew up realizing that our family was well thought of, with good reason. Also, my uncle Sam Winniford was proclaimed the finest violinist in Texas for over 50 years; he always lived on the place with great-aunt Becky so the glory and honor was shared by everyone of the Winnifords at Winniford Way. Our close knit family always lived three generations to the house.

My grandmother Winniford only had her husband for ten years; he died in 1870 on August 22 and then my daddy was born September 6, 1870 and thus never saw his father; that peculiar fact made him a big attraction for parents of sick babies even when I was a little girl; the idea of a thrush doctor was big in the minds of old timey folks when their babies had incurable ailments because lots of babies used to die before they were three years old; if a child made it through the third summer of its young life, then likely it would live to be healthy enough. Thus, the sickly babies were brought to our house for my daddy to exhale down deep into their sick mouth; daddy did not believe this stuff but he obliged the worried parents because they did believe that and my father would not deny them the hope of that cure perhaps working. Still,

some folks believe that a child born just after the death of one of the parents and thus never saw both parents is surely a special blessed child of God's. Anyway, also my father-in-law George Washington Taylor never saw his father or at least he was born the same minute that his dad died and some say that his eyes cast upon the body so he did not qualify as a thrush doctoring man. This thrush doctoring could also apply to a woman whose parent died before she was born, too.

My father had his two Alexander uncles to help raise him because John Alexander lived just across the west field on the Urbane Alexander survey. Uncle Tom Alexander had sold his share to grandma and all his children never forgave him for that selling of their heritage even though they lived on the old Smith land from that part of their family. Uncle John Alexander had a great talent as a carpenter and he had visited Springfield, Illinois and helped make the wooden boxes with Adlaia Stevenson I who was his cousin. Uncle John married Texana Talliaferrier; she had roots from Georgia with a county there named for her family. Young Charles T. Alexander was about the same age as my dad so they were constant companions like brothers and lived just a half mile from each other across the big open prairie field on the Urbane Alexander land survey; they lived in semi-frontier conditions as they loved to recite when all the family assembled for reunions on every holiday of the year until World War II. Great Uncle John Alexander was close to my dad as well as close to my dead grandfather George Dawson Winniford; Uncle John had gone off to war from our place to fight for the Confederacy in Company K as the Confederate identicle markers in Cumby Cemetery indicated for these two brothers-in-law; the Alexanders believed in states rights so the slave owning rich Winniford family was not resented. In fact, during the Civil War my grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford was a gun runner connection for Norvelle Winniford of Dallas County with a M^{rs}. M.M.M. Taylor of Cherry Wood plantation near Winnsboro, Texas. My grandmaw thus had plenty of money in gold coins from her war endeavors; the Winniford and Taylor had a long tradition of knowing and helping each other that went back to the early 1850's when the Winniford brothers had returned from the great Gold Rush of California. The adventuresome Winnifords had stopped at the large Cherry Wood Plantation because mutual slave owners helped each other for sure and then when the Civil War or War Between The States began the slave owners could trust each other. That is why the Taylor family could be trusted to sell the guns that Norvelle Winniford brought from Monterrey, Mexico through Dallas County into East Texas where so many folks were not Confederates. Also, the Winnifords and Taylors trusted each other to pay their agreed prices when the gold coins got exchanged along with the sale of some cotton. It was a good thing that my grandmother had saved her gold coins because she was widowed in 1870 and had to rear her three sons. She buried her husband beside her own mother and father who had been the second people buried in the Cumby Cemetery. The war time money efforts lasted till grandmaw's death on April 4, 1915 at Easter (all our family die during big holidays so we don't enjoy celebrating very much).

Grandmaw Sarah was called Aunt Sally by everyone kin to us and also by all the neighbors. Grandmaw told frontier tales about wild Indians coming through her cabin such as the Caddo Indian tribe parading through her home when a baby died just to see how white folks grieved and buried their dead. The baby was stillborn; grandmaw lost two children as babies; the Indians just quietly watched and grandma said she was too scared to resist; that was in 1861.

The Indians had visited grandmaw many times before. When her daddy and mother had died, another group had marched around to view the habits of how white people perform death rites and that was back in 1853 not far from where the house now is. A tree below the house is still bent from what the Indians used to bend saplings to show the route they used through the woods for others of their people to follow. That tree is big and shaped like an S. The Indians seemed to look after the children who had to raise themselves in the woods. Lots of hickory nut trees grew that provided lots of food like pecan trees did, but the hickory trees all died in East Texas because of a blight by 1910.

Grandmaw also told about panthers in the woods below her cabin and near where our house now is located. The panthers screamed a lot so warning was the usual thing. Grandmaw was a big girl and as a child wore an apron from which she fastened strings to the ears of dead rabbits to then drop as decoy food bait for the panthers to eat while she ran fast back to the log cabin. She killed the rabbits by throwing rocks to kill them and thus always have a reserve bounty either to eat in her own stew or of course to use as a decoy food bait.

My grandmother also told about how her mother kept a knife in her apron as protection from all kinds of variments in the tall grass of the prairie. Huge trees though bordered the prairie lands along the creeks; the Bourland-Drennan Creek was named for great-grandmother's maiden family--the Bourland family lived near Greenville area now. My great-grandmother carried flower seeds from Illinois to plant in the yard of her new pioneer home; the blooming crow's feet flowers as we always called the blossoms still come-up volunteer at the homeplace. Grandmaw had a tame deer that came to graze her garden spot to eat the tender vegetation; she one day threw a rotten twig that hit the long neck bone and just killed the doe (that always amazed grandmaw and was a regret to have killed an animal that did not really bother her when so many variments did bad damage and always seemed to get away). Grandmaw laughed a lot and always took time to talk to all her folks; she had to see to the cattle and be the man on the place or no living would have been made till my father was grown so her companion sister great-aunt Becky ran the house and did all the cooking most of the time and even changed the diapers of my dad whom she considered her own child almost; the other children had been diapered and fed by my grandmaw as long as her husband was alive but his early death from wounds received in the Confederate war killed him when a summer fever came along. I was almost 9 years old when my grandmaw Winniford died in 1915 at Easter. I missed her a lot because she laughed a lot while Aunt Rebeccah seldom grinned and was serious as a judge, not at all alike to have been sisters who had always lived together; almost all the Alexanders were just like Aunt Becky and not much fun like grandmaw; although Charles T. Alexander did laugh a lot, too. But my daddy said that he loved both his mother and Aunt Becky the same because both had tended to his earliest needs and had both taught him everything he knew with love so he felt the same deep love toward both. My daddy always kept the fireplace full of wood for Aunt Becky during cold spells and also worked her land and put the profits in the new fangled bank as she called her savings account. My daddy also made sure that Aunt Becky had cash in her purse and had new clothes to wear and thus not be too stingy or dowdy looking but any item that really cost 25 cents was still assumed to cost only 5 cents like in her much younger days when she had gone to the stores to buy things (thus, my own mother read catalogs to know the going price of things that she sent us to town to buy for her because mother did not want to be so unknowledgeable about costs and prices like old aunt Becky was; my mother became a cripple and did not go to town once every five years.). Life was very pleasant at the homeplace with huge yard and

twenty-two out buildings from the big house of eleven rooms; each room with an outside door onto a long thirty-foot porch or gallery because in case of fire easy access was provided. The old kitchen had been in a separate room building close to the back cistern. A front cistern also existed to catch water and the handmade bricks made the water taste very good in the back cistern so we used the front cistern for dish water and general cleaning. The house was identicle on every side and back; it had three foot bois d'arc pillings on the west side so the steamboat effect was pretty and the chickens stayed under the house with the ice box having a hole with a funnel through a crack in the flooring and then a big heavy metal pot for the chickens to drink the cool water as it dripped during the summer hot days; those chickens lived the life of Riley with ice water to drink and the rooster under the house was the prettest cock of the walk with the best hens staying with him. A regular hierarchy or pecking order existed there, with the big horse barn chickens being the next important chickens.

Our house was high off the ground to keep snakes and varmints out. And the chickens would detect snakes and try to kill them, especially turkeys would go put-put and warn if anything unusual came along. When my daddy was a boy and the first ten years of my life, we had guineas by the dozens, and they could fly for a mile and screech and even run through the spokes of a moving wagon or new fangled cars without being hurt. A guinea would warn better than a watch dog all day and all night when they saw anything that was not normal whether it was man, beast or fowl coming around the place. And guinea eggs were good to eat as were they. Had to pressure cooker old guineas.

Aunt Becky liked all the old timey things better than newer things. She liked the buggy better than the new car daddy bought just after World War I. She deeded daddy the homeplace just before she died because a cousin commented up at the mailbox that ole Bob Winniford would not be setting so pretty when his aunt died and all the property had to be divided equally among all the relatives; Earl Males said that he was the son of Ivey Alexander Males who was the daughter of John Alexander and Aunt Texana Tallifferreo Alexander and her brother was the Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander and a brother Henry. Anyway, Aunt Becky Alexander heard the comment Earl Males bragged about because the house was like an oracle tube that carried an echo from the lane into the parlor and bedchambers like an intercom system. But aunt Becky just deeded the parcel of land with the house and pasture so all the other kin came from miles like vultures to inherit their share of land and cash; they were so greedy that a tombstone was not even put on her grave because they said that Bob Winniford got the mostso he should pay the cost of a marker(daddy put one up and it disappeared). There would not have been any money in the bank if daddy had not opened the account in the first place and then been honest enough to deposit it there. Aunt Becky kept the gold coins at home; she still had a big stack left over from the gun runner connection with Norvelle Winniford from Dallas County. Aunt Becky died in July of 1923 from strangling to death on blood from having a tooth pulled at age 89; all of us are free bleeders.

Another aunt was always present especially for meals at our big house. That was the widow of uncle John Alexander; she was the mother of Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander; she was almost destitute because her kids were ashamed of her for years and never came home to her place after she sold to live in Cumby after John died. Preacher Charles Alexander repented and got forgiveness and then everything was supposed to be fine like all the heart break could be wiped away; he broke his mother's heart and no amount of public praying could heal that wound, no matter what some redneck religions preeche to assauge the soul of some big time church member. But I liked and loved the man Charles T. Alexander; he was fun like grandmaw rather than so sour

like almost all the Alexanders. Everybody in our family worked hard and went to church and all said they loved each other. Gossip was bad among all the cousins and those who were double kin felt superior to the others. My daddy Bob Winniford or Uncle Bob as most folks in the community called daddy really loved Charles T. Alexander like a brother since they had been children together and then Charles T. visited every holiday he could at the homeplace as a most welcome relative; his only son Paul married Mayr Lou Whitley whose father was president of East Texas Normal College at Commerce but they got a divorce in the 1930's and had no children. Paul later did remarry and had a girl and a boy; seemed odd that he could have a Christian marriage since he was divorced without cause of adultery or death as the scriptures so clearly state but preachers have a way of twisting the word of God to help them and that is why preachers are not to be trusted as knowing the word of God; must read for ourselves to know what God's law is really saying so it is no wonder that preachers now tell folks how to vote. Charles T. Alexander was a popular preacher at East Grande Avenue Baptist Church in Dallas for decades and he was president of the Baptist State Convention so our place was a grande spot for visitors to come see the greatest Baptist preacher in Texas. But we weren't too impressed with that aspect of Charles T. since most of the Winnifords were Methodists and our family was Church of Christ and Uncle Sam Winniford was a Baptist though. We all got along most of the time since everyone knew exactly what the others believed so was no need to discuss a moot question as Uncle Norve always said. But once Uncle Sam Winniford got angry at daddy over politics and religion all at the same time so Uncle Sam hid in the trees and threw rocks at my daddy; I despised Uncle Sam forevermore after that and knew that he was no good down deep but he did give the cherry wood boxes to my sister Lynna after Aunt Becky died so he did care about some of daddy's children. Uncle Sam Winniford was proclaimed the finest violinist in Texas so he was big stuff away from home and did bring honor and glory to the Winniford name; we were all thus assumed to be literary and elegant since he played only good music not fiddling break-downs like so many folks did.

Uncle Sam Winniford married Mae Woodbridge Winniford; she took son Frank to Houston to rear their child while earning a living as a librarian in the public school system there. They never kept in touch after leaving. Uncle Sam got his start in music by having the Winniford band; all three brothers played instruments; daddy played the bass fiddle before he was a teenager even. And when Norvelle Winniford died in 1885, Sam Winniford played violin at the funeral so attention was made by well known folks of young Sam who by 1889 had a good reputation for playing the finest violin in Texas. Norvelle Winniford had gone to the Gold Rush of California and took 40 wagon loads of his friends and then was a gun runner out of Monterrey, Mexico with William Marsh Rice of Houston and then was the first reconstruction sheriff of Dallas County after the Civil War so the Winniford family was important in the big city and Uncle Sam made good contacts as a youth. Uncle Sam played all over the country. Sam was big stuff at Hot Springs, Arkansas because of all the resort hotels and so many Texas people hired whole passenger train loads to go to Hot Springs; a train trip was a great thing since 1890 till after World War II; folks could visit and talk while walking around the aisles or down the aisles to the pulman cars or to the dining car. Food was high as all get out even for a sandwich but the elegant feeling of eating on a fast train was a thrill for adults even. Special deluxe cars were chartered from Dallas and other East Texas towns to Hot Springs; the baths were big things in the resort hotels and all kinds of restaurants and entertainment in the edge of the Ozark Mountains. Marshall would have a passenger car reserved

for their friends just from that town and lots of East Texas towns had their own special reserved passenger cars; Congressman Wright Patman of Texarkana married a lady from Winnsboro so a car from there sometimes had the Representative on it. Uncle Sam knew all the politicians; he had gone to college at the old Mayo College in Commerce that was so named for the founder before the state bought the private school and named it East Texas State at Commerce. Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn was a friend of Uncle Sam's and Uncle Sam used to visit the white house in Washington, D.C. to play for the president; he played a lot for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Uncle Sam had played for every president of the U.S. since 1890's till 1950's. His second cousin Adlai Stevenson I in mid 1890's had him to play in the White House while he was vice-president of the U.S. Uncle Sam was a celebrity and yet lived very simple. He taught violin to earn money and yet never had much money to his name; most of the time my daddy gave him railroad fare to go places or packed a lunch. My mother cooked many a meal for him to take on a thousand mile trip as did most folks back then take their own lunches places and did not feel poor or lowly by having a lunch packed from home to eat in public. Besides, we Winnifords knew that no body was better than we were; we also knew that ~~that~~ not many were as good as we. And then we were all good Christians who would never steal or lie or hurt anyone intentionally so we could hold our head high all the time by being the best we could at whatever we did. Uncle Sam was a credit to our family beyond my grandmaw's wildest dreams but she loved her folks equally and never showed partiality.

My grandmother Winniford was surprised that a place in the wilderness could become so important so soon such as Springfield, Illinois had been a new capitol governing town of Illinois to produce a vice president Adlai in 1894 and before that a president Lincoln and then her going to wilderness Texas at Black Jack Grove or now Cumby. But Black Jack Grove had been a bustling place when she got here because it was a saloon stop on the way from Dallas County on the way to Jefferson port and thus being on the Spanish King's highway had made Black Jack Grove a busy place so it was odd that Uncle Sam got connections in the much newer town Commerce at the Mayo College there to meet Sam Rayburn who became a politician; old timey folks always had friends who helped each other; no one just went off on a wild hair to a new place unless being pursued by the law or ~~an~~ enemy. The Alexander family had come to Texas with the Stevenson family who came and a Stevenson preached the first protestant services in New Spain Texas near what is now Mount Pleasant, Texas. The Spanish required all newcomers to be Catholics and the prejudice and bigotry was really bad back then so it is no wonder that so much animosity still exists between Mexicans and Angloes; families do indeed tell their oral history and keep the old hurts alive; folks bury the hatchet so to speak with the handle on old gripes just barely showing so they get a handle on it all to have a big mad hurt all over again. All quarrels between the races will never get solved because human nature wants to fight and show power over someone else and the racial issues allow all the "Little Hitler" personalities to speak loudly with authority full of their own racial pride to ~~den~~ other ethnic groups. And religion does not help stop this because preachers use the Bible to justify war and all kinds of atrocities; death from this world is the only way to avoid racial slurs and hatred and even God has a hierarchy of angels with cherubs and seraphs being low on the totem pole with the angels and archangels always being top dog so to speak, so a caste system exists everywhere. Well, my digressing here is only when I remember old family quarrels over the years.

Well, my grandmother Winniford led the ladies aid to put a stop to the brawling saloon stop in Black Jack Grove. The men spent all their money on drink and loose women and let the kids go hungry as everyone saw so grandmaw

organized a group of ladies to go with hatchets to break all the liquor bottles and ruin the front doors; they did a complete job on half a dozen or so liquor places; they got arrested and went to court but got off scott free. This was done three years before Carrie Nation did the same thing and got national fame but then the word about this had been carried about by Uncle Sam Winniford and his politician friends as well as the Stevenson family cousins telling the story all over the country. This event was in the Dallas Times Herald newspaper a few years ago; court records should have a mention of this to prove me right. I have lost the newspaper articles about all this. My dear baby sister Lucille enjoys destroying anything old; she feels so good and clean to throw away old ~~Edison~~ records by the hundred in ditches on the place. Lucille burns old beds because the wood is cracked. She wants everything new; wants to burn the old homeplace because old houses are so ugly and hard to clean. I love her anyway but can't leave anything old or she will burn it in the name of cleaning up the place. I have also been known to polish all the old patina off metal lamps until my children informed me that is what makes the old pieces valuable so we went to antique shops to see and Lucille has burned a million dollars worth of things over the years. Lucille looks just like my mother and thus is a Landtroop through and through. She is as peculiar as all of them and would never speak to me if she knew that I had thought her burning things was bad.

The Landtroops are curious or peculiar about not ever speaking again to someone when angry. The Landtroops moved to Texas from Florence, Alabama in 1889 to Black Jack Grove. Great grandmother Edna Herston Ellis folks had settled Florence, Alabama in 1820 after her daddy fought in the War of 1812. She died in the late 1880's so the hard times of the South brought them to Texas; they sold their interest in the Ellis-Landtroop land to Henry Ellis of Florence, Alabama so they had a good financial steak and went West. The Ellis family already had cousins in Texas; the Ellis County next to Dallas County was named for relatives of the Alabama Ellis family; a Richard Ellis was already in Texas and doing well. The settlement of Florence, Alabama is told by Charley Gabe Butler and all our relatives who came. My mother Margaret Lee Landtroop was called Maggie and came to Black Jack Grove in 1889 at age of 8 years; she and Matt Wilson Benton were young and were cousins; a bunch of Ellis sisters married men who were friends in Florence, Alabama. Stewart Wilson and John Landtroop married sisters; they all moved to Texas together when Edna Herston Ellis died on the family place at Florence (Robert Ellis was a son of Henry Ellis and Cousin Robert Ellis visited every year for decades when he went to the valley of Texas to harvest his citrus crops; he had lots of landed holdings and was rich to look and act so poor). Anyway, Jim Ellis had tuberculosis and was dying so the whole family moved west for his health after their mother died. But Great-Uncle Jim Ellis outlived all his own healthy brothers and sisters who went west for his health; they even settled in Indian territory and he survived all that for such a sick man--he was in business and thus had a school named for him as well as streets in towns. They moved to Black Jack Grove because it was well known as a settlement on the trade route to Jefferson even though Commerce was now bigger and only 10 miles to the north. Some Wilson kinfolk already lived around Cumby on some land. Stewart Wilson of Florence, Alabama was an enterprising man; his son Collins Wilson had a son Welcum Wilson and then Welcum Wilson III is a big oilman from Oklahoma who gives big parties in Houston sometimes. Lear Wilson Rawlette was the daughter of Collins Wilson--Lera Jean Rawlette was an attorney with her father in Texarkana for years and now is never heard of, since the 1950's.

The Landtroop family lived South of Cumby on sandy poor soil when my mother married daddy. But they had first lived on the Box land just north of the Winniford place; my mother was just 9 years old when she looked Bob Winniford in the face very straight and pointed her finger to say, "I will

someday marry you," exclaimed the very young girl to a young man just over 10 years her senior. And when she was 19 she did indeed marry him. They had been neighbors for only a couple of years before the Landtroops moved South. My mother did not run after daddy; she even refused dates from him just to show that she was not loose. Mother would have been an old maid if Daddy had not finally asked her to marry him because she had never wanted anyone else since her youth. Mother was dark as an Indian with long plaited hair and my daddy was blond and fair as could be; the Winniford cousins disliked her and felt superior because she was dark like an Indian, especially after the marriage in November 18, 1900 when all the Landtroops moved to Oklahoma and became pioneers in that state. But all of them returned to our homeplace every year to visit mother; also all the kin from Florence, Alabama always visited every year to see mother; we were a motel or hotel for all the branch water kin and all the close relatives as well. Thankgoodness the house was large.

The other Winniford cousins were jealous that we had so many relatives who loved us enough to come a thousand miles or more to see us every year. Life was never dull or depressing except when the Winniford cousins said ugly mean things about my mother. I heard them often as did my little boy Bobby who hates all the relatives because of what he heard them say; he says that the words just ring like echoes in his ears when he sees their names on the tombstones now or sees their names on family deeds. Meenace within a family never dies so how can racial hatred ever be expected to die out *in society*.

Growing up, my dark complectioned mother Margaret Landtroop was called a dumb Indian girl and the boys pulled her long pig tails. Then, after she married the fair skinned Bob Winniford, disrespect ceased for a while. But during World War ~~One~~ One, several Cumby businessmen came out to tell my mother that she should buy Liberty bonds to prove her good American citizenship that she was now German so she ordered them off her land saying that when it was fashionable to hate Indians that she was called a dumb Indian and now that it was the rage to hate Germans she was thus a German. Then, during World War Two, mother went into the store of one of the Cumby bigots and pulled her white hair back to slant her eyes upward and said, "Am I Jap enough looking for you to hate me this war, too!" This man named Stewart had yelled dumb Indian as a big boy to her and then called her a German during World War I so mother beat him at the game of bigotry before he could get the chance to call her a Japanese. Seems that light skinned folks hate dark skinned folks. I found this true of my children who are dark while I am fair and hazel eyed; in South Texas citrus country, my children were treated like Mexicans with little respect until I was noticed as a white woman; the respect was always much better from white clerks when I was with my children--that was in the late 1930's, 40's and 50's. But now in the 1980's racism is again cropping up worse than any of the bad words I ever heard as a young girl; good Christian people are now saying all the bad mean things with preachers today leading the pack so the word of God does not mean much to the leader's of Christianity.

Like my mother who knew that she would marry my daddy when she first saw him. Then, the same thing happened to me when I first saw Tom Taylor. I was 17 and engaged to marry Tom Drake who was twice my age but he had land and money and a good standing in the community. Mamie Winniford Robertson was the match maker of that and she was hard to resist. My brother Everette Dawson Winniford was engaged to Elsie Taylor of Commerce so on Easter of 1924 we as usual at the homeplace had a big Easter egg hunt even for adults that now seems so odd to young folks. Elsie's father Will was 21 years older than Tom who was visiting from his job in Houston at Easter so the Taylor family brought Tom along. When they all entered the house, I first thought that Tom was Elsie's brother Weldon who does look very much like his Uncle Tom Taylor.

But I quickly realized the difference and was obligated to show this guest around the place that day; we hunted Easter eggs together. Everette found a snake under his egg that day and years later after all of us had married Tom Taylor said that Everett found a Lucifer snake while he found an angel that Easter day. I returned my engagement ring that day to Tom Drake and knew that I would marry Tom Taylor. We did get married on December 13, 1924. Tom Taylor did not own a car and even worked in Houston yet we married that soon after first meeting on Easter. Everette did not want me to marry Tom Taylor, said he was not good enough for me yet he was about to marry Tom's niece. Tom Taylor's mother's negro mammie still perpetuated the idea that Miss Laura Estelle Sullivan Taylor was a princess of Irish Giles and Sullivan blood royal and that the Taylor genealogy went back to 58 B.C. so they were good enough. My daddy pulled out the lineage of the Winniford family that descended from Robert-the Bruce of Scotland and went back to the Anglo-Saxon kings. The Winniford family was from a dukedom in Scotland. In fact, all surnames on my family tree are Scottish, even the Landtroop name that is so dark and hated by many of the Winniford cousins; I am all Scots descent while my husband Tom is half Irish. The Negro mammie was impressed enough not to complain about our wedding; she just requested that I take real good care of her mister Tom. I did ~~my~~ duty well because I loved Tom Taylor not just because some black woman told me to.

I was taught to do my best at whatever I did. Growing up as a tiny girl was pleasant; Daddy never gave us children money to spend; we had to earn it by having our own cow to feed and nurture the calf to sell and then we young ones had a bank account to keep our money and even write checks since daddy was board of director at the private bank owned by the Devenport family in Cumby. My grandmaw Winniford had put much of her gold coin fortune from the gun running during the Confederate days in that bank so my dad was considered rich and thus well respected. I remember always being well thought of but the little country elementary school called Paradise over a mile north of our house was full of childhood fights.

Paradise school was near the Edmonds farm that raised broom corn and had a broom factory in Cumby. A long log crossed the creek between our house and the school; a big rain often floated it over so crossing during highwater was risky. Little Lynna born in 1909 would run home when a storm hit or a tornado was in the sky (we called her a road runner or chaparral bird). Gladys Stewart and Gladys Hall jumped out of a school window when we were in the 6th grade; they got no punishment because their dad was on the school board but I did, so board members could get away with anything and Kenny Hall was a board member. My dad had been a board member the year before but he did not let us have special privileges but Webb Stewart was the kind to use position as power to get his way. Webb Stewart always disliked our family even though our lineage all went back to Robert-the-Bruce in Scotland but he disliked my mother's dark features. This school went through the 7th grade so we went to Cumby to finish the 10th and final grade; all schools had only 10 grades before World War II. Forrest Boswell and his sister Dewis Boswell went to the Paradise school; Forrest in his old age made a replica of the old school house; older Boswells were Granville Boswell and Ples. My brother Everette Winniford often sat high in a tree most of the time, even all day long just to keep from going to class. Recess fun was to swing on sapling trees to ride down for 2 kids to pull over and then one of us to drop off to spring up their force high into the air like flying. This kept our underwear worn full of holes.

Everette called E.D. talked a lot about girls and being rich someday. When we worked in the fields, Everette pushed water bucket over ~~my~~ head so we chunked cotton bolls up the side of ~~other's~~ head. We girls dipped snuff behind the school house; I always got sick on tobacco or coffee even.

I got drunk just on sniffing tobacco of any kind so the Stewart and Gladys Hall girls must have used tobacco before. My mother did dip snuff and daddy chewed tobacco. My brother Everett did not smoke or drink because daddy promised to give him a new car if he waited till age 21 ever to taste those things and Everette wanted to be rich so bad that he was bought off or seduced by luxuries. Everette mooned over the girls and discussed his love longing life with me. I guess he then regretted admitteng so much that he later would begrudge what I ate at the family dining table; we always had plenty of food enough to feed Cox's Army so to speak. E.D. always wanted the very corner biscuit that I got or the exact piece of chicken that I took. We had plenty of left over food at every meal. Everette begrudged the milk that I drank; he wanted what I had (and that continued when I was married and we lived in Commerce). E.D. liked to play dominoes and game of 42; but he tried everyone's patience when he got beat or skunked by me at which time E.D. threw a wall eyed fit and threw dominoes all over the place. I was always a master player even in Texarkana when I played in 42 tournaments at which B.B. Lawson, the local high school principal and Dr. H.W. Stillwell would play at my table because the champs got to the same top tables to compete so I did prove to be good.

I love E.D. and visit him today even though my son will not go see his Uncle Everette because of the way he has treated me. Robert said that his uncle E.D. just threw one fit too many for him to tolerate even speaking to the hateful man; my Robert is truly a Landtroop by nature by not speaking to those whom he has washed his hands with. Bobby does not forgive those who mistreat the folks he loves.

Well, Everette danced on his heels, so gangling a sight to behold and unlike him to do that but he could never dance correctly or at all well. Everette was always jealous of my daddy's attention to the rest of the children E.D. was the second son born in 1903 on Sept 16 while Horace was the first born on Sept 28, 1901. I was the third and middle child; I was the first daughter. My father always encouraged me to do what I could learn to be the very best. Daddy helped me as a young girl to raise a garden which I still raise over 80 percent of my vegetable to this day. Daddy helped me to raise tomatoes which I liked but he did not ever eat a tomatoe because he would not even try to eat one because they looked poison to him (I will not try to eat mushrooms because they look poison to me so I do understand his feelings about food which one gets an idea about something that is so hard to change). Daddy taught all three of his daughters to wrok and manager our bank accounts and taught us to manage the land; he said that it was his daughters who take care of their parents, even though he looked after his mother and Aunt Rebecca; daddy saw to every personal and physical need of his mother and aunt Becky, yet he preferred his daughters to care for him; daddy deeded his land and house to his three daughters jointly in August just before he died in October of 1943 so that his sons's wives could not gain ownership to Winniford Way and cause any more discord. Daddy said he was the only man in the history of the world to care for mother and aunt because most men are not dutiful with their labor to their parents, only to their wives's family since sex is used to make a husband obedient to a wife's bossy ways. Men usually marry and thus must go to wife's family circle needs while a daughter marries to add yet another son to her family group. Mary Buffington was that way about Robert; Mary despised me and everything about our family but that is a later story.

I married a hard working railroad man; Tom Taylor got a good job as a switchman in Commerce where he was born since Houston was too far away from my family. And Tom liked little Commerce very much so we now rented a house from Mrs. Martin on Locust Street in Commerce. Tom earned \$5 a day salary or wage because Henry Ford had just negotiated that price for his workers. We bought a new Pontiac automobile for \$576 dollars.

The Taylor and the Winniford family had known each other since 1852. Norvelle Winniford had lodged at the Taylor plantation on his way back from the California gold fields; their common cavalier heritage bound their trust to extend hospitality and then later in 1860's a business connection and then the Winniford family let the four Taylor brothers lodge at our homeplace in 1885 when they were on their way westward to save Nimrod from the shirttail sheriff back at Winnsboro. Aunt Becky and grandma told the Taylor brothers that the new railroad stopped at a cow hill north of their place and could transport them all west but the Taylors had gold coins and stayed to help found a new town. My father-in-law made adventuresome trips into Indian Territory and was a guide to folks wanting to go there; George Washington Taylor led the Landtroops and the Ellis family from Black Jack Grove or Cumby to the redman country where they help pioneer that state.

My grandfather George Dawson Winniford was born in one of two states where the boundary line kept changing: Casey, Kentucky or in Georgia; his parents were on their way to the gold mine of Georgia in 1835. Thus, it was no wonder that the Winniford brothers who settled in Dallas County of Texas were quick to organize a wagon train of their friends to go to the California gold rush of 1849. The Winniford family left Virginia in 1794 when David Winniford died; he had fought in the Revolutionary War and died young from bad health resulting from the Valley Forge experience; his plantation was out from Cumberland. He had married Judith Robertson of Chesterfield County in Virginia; she lived till 1852 in Adair County in Kentucky with one of her daughters. Contact was kept by her with the Winniford grandchildren; her mother had been a Norvelle of Virginia and the Norvelle family also had come to Texas. The Winniford family left Virginia to go to St. Louis, Missouri where great-grandfather married a Susan Johnson of St. Louis, Missouri; they lived in nearby states but returned to St. Louis in 1838 where both died by 1839. My grandfather George Winniford was only four years old when his parents died so he was reared by his older brothers and sisters who came to Texas. The Johnson family also had relatives who had settled in Texas. The old time families seldom went to a totally new place; they went with relatives or went to where some relatives already had gone if they were respectable and from good stock. Some desperate folks did have to go west for opportunity without benefit of any family but they were prey to all sorts of mean people. Family did look out for each other especially the Scotch-Irish folks. I am Scotch pure and simple; all the surnames on my family tree are Scottish. I get so disgusted with semi-educated folks who do not read saying that Scotch is a drink and Scots is the people; that shows how little they know because the encyclopaedia calls folks from Scotland Scotch as well as Scottish--a little learning is a dangerous thing for most people. I am fair complexioned while my children are dark; Bobby had white hair till age 7 and born with blue eyes that all turned dark brown slowly but surely. But Lynna Estelle was born with dark black eyes and dark black hair. Her grandmother Laura Estelle Sullivan Taylor had auburn hair fine as silk, had to comb her hair twice a day to avoid knots to keep the knits out as she laughingly said about her baby fine hairs--the slaves used to do that combing for her plus the old nigger mammie still did. Well, the beautiful finely bred features of blue or hazel eyes with blond hair and pale white skin so thin the veins show on close scrutiny does not age well; these pure of blood traits cause an early aging full of wrinkles. My children look better as middle aged adults than the other relatives so fair. My lilly white skin is however thicker than my Ellis kin because of the Landtroop dark olive complexioned genes. Still seems odd that so much fury is caused between fair skinned folks and the dark skinned folks; people are jealous and then show it in mean hateful statements that can't be taken back because the words always ring like echoes in the mind. I did not know enough to let things bother me till I was over age 30.

When I saw what folks said and did to my children simply because they were dark complexioned, I then realized that people are just naturally mean and hateful; preachers and big church attending Christians are the worst because they can just pray to God for general forgiveness of all sins and then get a clean slate and start all over so this kind of fundamentalist religions will never allow harmony to exist on earth; discord seems to be exactly what the very religious enjoy the most because that is God's prophecy they say. So much for the anti-Christ Christians (the anti-Christ is not the Jew or some other religious group; the anti-Christ is a wolf in sheep's clothing so is the biggest acting Christian who advocates cruelty to effect God's law--the anti-Christ is thus one of our own fold and thus causes our downfall from within not from outside forces as history is so full of examples if one will read and learn from history).

I always liked history in school but I quit in the 8th grade when I transferred from Paradise School to Cumby. The Webb Stewart prejudice was bad enough at Paradise School but in Cumby, the teachers were mean and had to insult folks to make them not be rowdy; teachers had to beat up the big boys sometimes; took brute force to teach anything at all; the Stewarts were the leaders of the pack (and to think that my family was descended from the same Robert-the-Bruce back in Scotland that they were, but the Winniford family had more wealth and prestige than the Stewart family). Also, I was special because I could sing and carry a tune like all our family could; we all just had rhythm to play instruments; my dad and his brothers had had a band for years so the Winniford Band was still well remembered and Uncle Sam Winniford was still proclaimed the finest violinist in Texas.

I also had dreams that came true; I had dreamed that a huge cloud from an explosion covered the earth but that one of my descendants devised a way to save us from certain death; I told this as a little girl; my parents just encouraged me to dream more but elders said that the devil caused that and I should forget it or would become bedeviled myself. Then, in 1945 I saw the pictures of the atom bomb explosion and that is exactly like what I dreamed in 1909, only the explosion in my dreams has yet to occur. Even my own mother agreed that in 1945 that perhaps my old dream would yet come true.

I do remember the scary event of the sky going dark; much later I was to learn that Haley's comet caused that to happen. People said that Texas would crack open and break off into the gulf of Texas because black land farms do crack wide during the summer draught. Some of the Ellis kin went so far as to go back to Oklahoma during that period of time because they believed that Texas would break off and fall into the water. Preachers really go a lot of good material for their meetings saying that the world was about to end. But my mother and dad read their Bible and remembered it too, so they told the doom sayers that before the world ended a new Jerusalem would have to be re-established. That got horselaughs from all the preachers, but the Church of Christ folks who knew to Bible. My mother had to set straight the preachers again in 1948 when they said that the new Israel was the commencement of the last millennium but Jerusalem was not the governing capitol because a new city Tel-a-viv was founded so the Bible prophecy has yet to happen. Preachers seem to know the least about the complete Bible; they just learn certain quotations to prove their doctrine and thus to look important. I never met a preacher that didn't think he was a cockscomb of a ladies's man; you don't go to church to learn about the Bible; most folks go to show off their fine clothes. I should know because I seldom missed attendance and daddy was an elder. All the other Winnifords sneered at our being Church of Christ but grandmaw told them that their daddy was a preacher of that faith which was brought from Dallas and St. Louis before that. But they still sneered and made digs when possible yet they ate at our table and borrowed our fine clothes and even got money from daddy for their trips. And they still continue

to feel superior to us because of our religion and mainly because my mother was dark complexioned while they were so fair skinned. But when my dad was sick for 5 years in bed very few of them would visit yet would drive by the mailbox and daddy saw their cars and wondered what he ever did wrong to make them stop wanting to see Uncle Bob as everyone called him. My dad just got old and grey and sick or lived too long as one relative put it, yet he was only 73 when he died. Folks just come around to get what they can out of you, whether it be money or your labor or your knowledgeable expertise. I grew up around relatives by the hundred so I knew human nature at an early age.

I visited my grandparents up in Oklahoma as a girl in 1914; in Soper, Oklahoma where the Landtroops lived finally a next door ~~neighbor~~ ^{was} Mrs. Queen who was talkative and accommodating; she liked people and was good to everyone. I went two times by train; in 1912 stayed one summer; was too cold to be up there in the winter time. Oklahoma was so hilly that one's sense of direction could be lost easily. I met old Dick Crowder who was the grandfather of the Indian princess Lena ~~that~~ ^{there} Uncle Luther Landtroop helped raise because her grandfather was too old to manage a big girl. They finally got a lot of oil money and she went to Paris, France and died of the good life as some relatives said; Lena drank and caroused spending millions of dollars and not helping any of her own people one little bit. Such a waste but Lena ~~Rivers~~ ^{Rivers} treated white people the way they had treated her is what she told them when all that oil money started coming in; Lena said that white people just lived for the moment to take advantage of another person, to smile while stabbing them in the back, so she was just being a good example of all the fine Christian folks who had robbed her people of their land and done mean things to the redman so why should she do one little bit of anything for any white person. She should have moved down to Cumby and lived among my relatives; she was rich so Lena would have been catered to as long as the money held out.

I rode the Midland Railroad from Commerce to Paris, Texas and then to Hugo, Oklahoma and on to Soper. Uncle Tom Landtroop lived way out of town on a rocky farm that seemed to poor for words. Uncle Tom was rich but very stingy like the Ellis family; they wore overalls even to church and had very run down houses with few furnishings; they lived like peasants. Rednecks lived some better and to think that the Ellis-Landtroop family back in Florence, Alabama had been rich with fine things. But my grandpaw and grandmaw Landtroop in Soper had a nice bungalow full of nice furniture so Uncle Tom was nothing like his own parents. He and his wife Nora were so stingy that they reused the coffee grounds so often till they turned to muddy collapsed mess before throwing out after a week of reusing; no one liked to eat at their house even the syrup was watered down, yet they came to see us in Texas and ate us out of house and home so to speak. But when my daddy died, Uncle Tom had the nerve to write his sister who was my mother and say that ~~if~~ he just would not give her any money if she needed it; my mother wrote back that she had never asked him for a dime in her life so why start now and then they never spoke again; she hated him after that. Seems that the eldest son of old Southern families was expected to help younger sisters and even brothers when their spouse died so Uncle Tom as the eldest feared that something would be expected of him in 1943 even though he was old and we were not poor.

All the Landtroop family was stingy about something. The brothers Tom and Luther did not speak for over 20 years yet they ate at the same table for family get togethers. They quarrelled over the use of farm equipment and the rotating use of Mexican laborers. Tom used certain equipment one week and then Luther would alternate so they disagreed very strongly and then never spoke. Nora had to repeat any agreement to be made in the future even though both brothers sat not five feet apart yet pretending not to see or to hear each other so if a part of an agreement was omitted by Nora then that part did not get done by the other because she had not said it. They

were a mess or sight to behold. Uncle Luther also owned barber shops so he had a good cash flow all the time and that made Uncle Tom Landtroop jealous. Uncle Luther was married to Irene Seals and they had no children ever so that was why they raised the Indian princess Lena. Aunt Irene bossed the girl a lot to get her to do all the household chores; they hated each other. The princess Lena left just as soon as the oil money came in. Then, Irene and Luther Landtroop raised a nephew of Irene's; a Joe Fowler who was a hard working man and nice to be around; his wife Sue and two children were very hard working as well. The Seals family married other Landtroop relatives through Aunt Matt Landtroop Thauboy who married several times herself. Our family and all our branch water kinfolks married more than once into a good family; that was the way all cavalier families did.

The next time that I went to Oklahoma was also by train but that was in July of 1919 when my grandmother Nancy Ellis Landtroop died; she was living with us and had gone back to visit her folks and friends; she had a stroke that took her quickly. This grandmaw Landtroop loved boys mainly and did not care for me like my grandmother Winniford so I did not grieve too much for her like I still miss my grandmaw Winniford to this day. I did not care for Uncle Tom Landtroop much because he thought that I should get a whipping for not being lady-like to let his sons mistreat me; I hit them back harder when they hit me so he thought I was terrible to beat up on his precious sons; his sense of elegant manners seemed out of place with him living in a shack and being so dirt poor stingy while we lived in a mansion and had nice looking things; we dressed and looked like millionaires in comparison to them; I had felt sorry for them till they hit me and then wanted me to be so refined to just take it all, insults as well. I never cared to go back.

My daddy ordered a new flivver Ford when we got back to Texas. Or rather the long ordered Ford finally arrived. Daddy had ordered it just after the Great War; the machine had to be put together; the wheels were off. The top was detached and windshield had to be put on and it cost \$360 at Bob Harris Merchantile store in Cumby. No auto dealership existed. Daddy never learned to drive; he let his sons drive him and Daddy rode in the back far seat as far away from the engine as possible. He hated the smell of gasoline. The roar of the engine also bothered daddy. My dad was a walking man; he had rather cut across the pasture and get to town before we could get ready and drive the car to town. In fact, daddy did not like horses; our buggy horse was a threat to him; he feared runaway horses on a wagon or carriage. Once Daddy jumped out of his wagon taking cotton totown when the horses trotted too fast to suit him after he pulled the reigns back and holler halt; daddy just jumped out and skinned his nose bad but he felt safe walking.

Daddy though would always buy new things like putting the first metal gutters in the county on our house; we had the first window screens in the county of Hopkins County. We had an Edison record player and piano long before besides all the many violins and banjos, lutes and harmonicas. We had the best of musical instruments to help us entertain ourselves at home.

My mother did not like cars as much as horse drawn carriages. For good reason, she disliked the machines because they were in the yard hardly before you realized company had descended upon your home. While a carriage could be heard several miles away and thus could be seen, my mother said that she could just add more stew or whatever to the pot to have plenty of food when she saw wagons coming to the homeplace but a car just bounded upon the front door before you realized it had gotten to the mouth of the lane even. We still ate well when unexpected friends and relatives showed up at noon to eat. Could add to the boiling pot when horses and carriages were heard at the mouth of the lane is what my mother said till she died in 1958.

My dad's brother Norve Winniford had a tragedy in 1914; his wife Lula Wiggs Winniford died and the day of her burial on December 24, 1914 the telephone rang that grandpaw John Landtroop had died that day in Soper, Oklahoma. A really sad Christmas was had for all the Winniford relatives that year. Then, on April 4, 1915 on Easter Sunday night Grandma Sally Alexander Winniford died; she died of some sort of cancer that was very painful; she hollered out a lot and said the pain was terrible; our doctor Bert Cates really was pitiful because he could do nothing more but just watch her suffer; he had been a boy playing in the yard; she had spanked him along with her own sons when they disobeyed. Grandmaw did not spare the rod on anyone who crossed her war path when she was right about raising youngins. My grandmaw was surrounded by all the folks who loved her when she died. We all grieved a long time for her and still I do at times when something happens to remind me of her today even.

Then, my baby sister Lucille was born July 18, 1915. That did gladden our hearts. But Lucille had a delicate nervous system and could not be teased like the others in our family; she was more than just sensitive. My mother said that she was pregnant with Lucille when Aunt Lula died and then her own daddy whose personal letter had arrived in the morning mail that day so it just seemed impossible that he was also dead and then to think that the sad Christmas turned to even a sadder Easter when grandmaw Winniford died so Lucille's developing body occurred all the time ~~and~~ my mother was sad, dejected and very grieved. Lucille was always serious as a judge like the Alexanders, except that Sarah Lucille Winniford looked exactly like my mother, dark complexion and all.

Lucille looked so much like my mother that when she saw Uncle Luther her ~~father~~ in 1954 after thirty five years of not seeing him that Uncle Luther thought Lucille was his sister Maggie when he got off the passenger train in Commerce. They had not seen each other because of Uncle Luther leaving a girl jilted at the altar in Cumby in 1901 before he married Irene. My mother said not to marry would have been alright but to just leave and let her go to the church and wait and wait. Maude was her name and when Uncle Luther got off the train he said, "Oh, maggie, you were right about Maude and you haven't aged since I last saw you." Then, of course, he learned that Baby Cile was the daughter who looked just like her mother. Luther stayed for several weeks and then returned to visit on every holiday till my mother died in 1958. But the old girl friend Maude had married a Bays and her husband had recently died so she came to see Luther; they dated and got serious all over again but did not marry because my mother requested that they not disgrace their children by getting all lovey dovey again and then jilt one another at the last minute so they just remained friends. Uncle Luther Landtroop was just as spiffy an old man as he had been a strutting young man. His land was well worked by his nephew Joe Fowler so he had a thirty thousand dollar a year rental from his irrigated farm land near Floyada, Texas. He often drove his own car to visit us; he chewed tobacco and spat out the window when driving fast so the side of his car was a messy fright. He was a joy to behold driving up and being around.

Other relatives over the years consisted of Robert Ellis and his three daughters from Florence, Alabama. Robert Ellis was the same age as my mother who always missed Alabama when leaving at age 8 so they kept in touch by letters and then by visiting although my mother never returned to Alabama. Henry Ellis was Robert's father. He visited us often and certainly every Fall because of harvests of his citrus orchards near Harlingen, Texas. He of course knew Luther Landtroop his cousin but did not like Irene Seals so he was glad she died so that he could visit all the relatives again; women do that when they don't like someone in their husband's family. Robert Ellis's wife died before her two youngest girls were near grown so the eldest had to become the motherly type. Robert had polio so his wife had to do almost

all the work even on the farm at Florence, Alabama so she died young of being over-worked. She was a work horse of a good woman. Then, the eldest daughter had to rear the two younger girls.

Robert Ellis was in Soper, Oklahoma when my grandmother Landtroop died in 1919 visiting other Ellis relatives; Great ^{Uncle} Jim Ellis was there and was the reason all the relatives left to go West to cure his lung condition and then just recently of this 1986 year, Gladys Butler Armstrong Cash wrote that she did not know anything about Robert Ellis or how he was kin, yet cousin Gladys knew all the genealogy for the kin coming from Florence, Alabama but did not want to know Robert Ellis because that is just like the Landtroop family to consider someone dead when getting really angry at them so I do wonder why she got her dander up at Robert Ellis. Gladys's mother was Lou Landtroop whose mother was Nancy Ellis Landtroop; Lou was a sister to my own mother and Lou married Charles Gabriel Butler who was a businessman both in Oklahoma and West Texas. The Landtroop family and Charley Butler helped pioneer West Texas settlement after the big old ranches got divided into small farm land plots when the old timey ranchers died off. Amarillo and Plainview, Texas in far West Texas were settled by them; the statement or joke, "We are still in plainview," was the complaint of a young couple courting when leaving the girls parents's home and the boy friend wanted to know if they had driven far enough away from the house for him to sneak a kiss (the West has visibility for twenty miles or more). Charley Butler was an elder in the first Church of Christ congregation founded in Oklahoma and also in Amarillo and the same for Tom Landtroop in Plainview founding a Church of Christ congregation.

Tom Landtroop was a pious man even though he stayed angry and would not speak to his brother Luther for decades. Tom Landtroop became a Baptist finally and that was understandable because the idea of not falling from grace enabled Tom to be mad at his brother and still be a good Christian in the best of high church standing. A member of the Church of Christ can not be a good high church Christian and still commit evil sinful arguing so it is no wonder that the sly rednecks become Baptists; a doctrine that believes in not falling from grace when once saved is not Biblical because a Christian can commit evil if not careful so how Tom Landtroop could become a Baptist after having been reared in the Church of Christ is an unbelievable fact but his sins against his brother Luther lost him his soul forever when he chose not to make up and then became an anti-Christ by joining a church that has an easy out for its sinful members to continue committing sins all the time while yet saying they are Christians; Christians have to turn over a new leaf and no longer sin that way plus have to make restitution of money or whatever was stolen so it is no wonder that so many cheating businessmen are big Baptists; I would become a Baptist if I were a big industrialist so that I could have the social acceptance of Christian membership while cheating folks and while making shoddy goods to sell so it is no wonder that the United States is a disliked country around the world, now that so many Baptist businessmen do represent this once ethical country of ours. Even sly old Richard Nixon was a Baptist with Evangelist Billy Graham vindicating Nixon's behavior so their pseudo ethics and thus anti-Christ ways have destroyed America from within as a moral corrupt society. The Baptist ministers told their members how to vote; Rose Sellars was told by her preacher that she would go to hell if she voted against Reagan and then her food stamps got stopped and she said that God and Reagan were not supposed to let that happen to her since she voted the way God's representatives on earth instructed her--that is exactly what the Roman Catholic priesthood did until the Reformation of early 1500's destroyed that power play so now each Baptist church generates as much tax free income as the olden Catholic monasteries each did.

Texas is the tail end of the Bible Belt and thus makes an ass of itself with so many pseudo-religions that have no basis in the Bible as a true religion. Only the Church of Christ is the religion described in the Bible and historically the Roman Catholic church is fifteen centuries older than any fundamentalist religion. The Baptists claim that Jesus was a Baptist because his cousin John the Baptist baptized him so that makes him a Baptist but not a Southern Baptist (Baptism was anabaptist during the 1200's when so much Inquisition persecution was done against anabaptists as an ideology or free thinking philosophy that was savored in Scotland by the Merovagian kings who fled to Scotland or at least their daughters married the royalty of the Scots and thus preserved their holier than thou attitudes with the Stewart or Stuart spelling in England saying that they had the Divine Right of Kings to rule by talking to God every day. Thus, all the descendants of Robert-the-Brute in the Society by that name also believe they are the chosen few with not only God's blessing but also the Blood of King David in their veins; that is also true of Reverend Pat Robertson and myself who are related so the family has continued to believe their own oral history. I have been taught one thing from my family oral history but the Bible lessons of God's true religion or ways to worship do not follow a doctrine set down by church leaders; only the Bible establishes the way to worship and how so if no scripture exists then that is man made and not godly. The Baptist church has devised an anti-Christ approach to the Bible by giving their preachers power to interpret the scriptures just like Roman Catholic priests deliver the word of God to their parishioners; a preacher is no better than any church member at knowing the word of God in the Bible; all one has to do is be able to read but then today the schools have done so badly that most folks cannot read on the 7th grade level so the rednecks all over America just can not read well enough to understand the basic Bible verses. Sports and bands marching at the games is all that my redneck neighbors think that a school should provide; reading history and novels seem a waste of time to them so they just go to kill time by attending sports games and/or marching bands as entertainment. My day was not allowed to be wrapped up in silly sports and thus not be able to read the Bible; people of my day discussed ideas about history and its repeating itself along with the Bible stories plus we read the newspapers from big cities and knew what was happening and why, not just the events. Intellectual history was taught a lot by showing how and why certain things happened, like why so many kingdoms fell at the time of World War I, when kings fell to the wayside for new republics to form. That was not an accident. But students do not read that or know and they do not care to know. Running around having sex is what the young folks do mostly now. The young people in the community here are a disgrace; out of 335 girls in high school, over 200 are pregnant this Spring of 1986; the morals are nonexistent and yet the parents show off the bastards with a titter and then go their redneck Baptist way to do more of the same. No wonder their churches are near full; the more the open sin, the more they commit disgraces so I wonder just when God will rain down destruction. But our anti-Christ president is about to use starwars technology jargon to make the other world powers angry enough to destroy our country so I guess this kind of godless mentality is about to order its own destruction of us all. Reagan says he is god fearing yet never goes to any Church as all Christians are told to attend; Reagan says he loves his children yet they seldom visit; Reagan talks about saving money yet the worst deficits ever exist now because of his Reagonomics. When Reagan says he is for something that is when a double talk of irony twists it to be opposite, actually. Reagan is only a front for the same big rich consortium that ruled during the 1920's when I was young; Andrew Mellon preached the same philosophy of trickle down economics but old Mellon got charged by Wright Patman as the cause of the Great Depression in the Congressional Record. Not all the people are fooled all the time. I just

hope that I live long enough to see the vindication of all the lies that dumb Reagan has said come his over time due. Adlai Stevenson III would not have allow the ignorant misinformation that Reagan's ghost writers dash off as factual to get passed on; the Emperor's Clothes is the description for the stupid Reagan quoting of pseudo facts. Misinformation has been charged against the Reagan administration so that bit of truth has finally been acknowledged by some true thinking Americans. I am ashamed of this country and ashamed to be an American during the Reagan terms of office. His sneaky grin shows deceit that laughs at folks who believe his dribble; he has an O'possum grin about the whole deceitful mess of his clever lies. Reagan is the front for the super rich consortium; even the super rich listed in Forbes Magazine has to have 130,000 dollars to get listed while once a mere 125 million dollars in 1980 was sufficient so even the rich are being inflated yet inflation is under control (long ago only ten million dollars got a listing as super rich status). White House rhetoric and facts do not match if one reads but then reading is not the American thing to do so no wonder that democracy is dead and controlled by proletariats.

I should prefer rule by the elect with a true aristocracy in charge since I am descended from kings of Scotland. America has come full circle with tradesman now using the government for their selfish wishes. They talk a line of family while they have no real family ties so perhaps a true aristocracy would put their family first and rule in the long run for the good of the country; no wonder America is hated world wide when having to deal with the unscrupulous business men. The worst and most frequent scandals in government occur when arch conservatives are in power so their small minded thinking is not good for America. In fact America is the most liberal government in the history of the world; otherwise, we would have a king and only property owners would vote plus no women to vote so I am glad that liberals have improved the U.S. as only Thomas Jefferson would want equality for all not just the rich as America now says God rewards the good with a fortune; the Bible says that a rich man has a harder time getting into heaven than a camel through the eye of a needle so the anti-Christ movement is using God and religion to promote wealth as a standard in America.

Mind control is prevalent today with all the TV special vested interest manipulating facts to their super rich angle. Knowledge and truth do not go together anymore; if a wealthy person says something is true, then that must be the way to vote. And the religious element who does not read the Bible says that everything has been pre-ordained or fated so we can do nothing. In fact, too many folks think it is sinful to resist what happens because that is God's will and must not be changed by any Christian. Seems odd that only some folks speak to God while others never hear the eternal voice. Again, the anti-Christ element is using God's voice as a wolf's in sheep's clothing tactic. I always read newspapers and magazines for facts but when my children went to college I read to keep up with them. Robert especially stayed at home so I read his books that he bought and discussed his class notes and then learned how to use the library and read on my own. I got benefit of his education while he learned how to discuss the newly learned facts or general informational way of assembling facts.

A college education has become a target because knowing the truth shall make one free and that is not what the super rich ever want the general populace to be because of needing a cheap work force near at hand. Also, a degree in the humanities or liberal arts (liberal arts is considered bad because the word liberal means it must be bad!) is no longer deemed good or proper. Only a business administration or advertising degree is worthwhile and also perhaps a science education to invent something to earn money is the only reason to go to college. To read or think has become a liberal idea to be hated and feared by most people today so no wonder the Anti-Christ has become

so commonly accepted by the unread generation.

My family of Landtroop kin like to disagree just to show their independence sometimes, so I guess that I resist all this complete acceptance to Reason as being wrong when so many dullards accept the surface over-all simplification of the political arena today. Landtroops are fast to argue and attack opinions different from theirs yet will get their feelings hurt very easily by other relatives. My kinsmen will then hold a grudge but yet never talk about it so that no one can ever really know why they were angry in the first place. My folks will just grit their teeth and say no comment when asked about a relative they pretend not to know so that is why I now wonder why Cousin Robert Ellis is unknown to Gladys, Butler Armstrong Cash when she must have gotten angry at him about something.

When we last visited Gladys at her ranch out from Channing, Texas near Amarillo, she mentioned that she would never visit my brother Everette Winniford again because he always left the house to work in his garden when she came by and that he commented that he had no food to offer her or he would since he had just eaten everything. When Everette first went to Amarillo to get a job with the Santa Fee Railroad he stayed with Gladys and husband Homer Cash and they fed him free for months so one meal now would have been easy repayment but he treated her bad like white trash does in a slighted way so another dirty chance will never be given. E. D. my brother surely cooked his goose with Cousin Gladys; he may live to regret that too because things do come home to roost, especially mean behavior in this old world. My mother surely would never had slighted any relative who came inside her home; that is bad manners.

Gladys also told us that Scott Carpenter, the astronaut is part Landtroop through his mother but nothing more was ever said so I wonder what that little bit of resentment is all about even though he had the right stuff to get into the history books so our good Scotsman stock royal blood has gone to the heavens or outer space.

Family blood kin or anyone of the blood line is to be respected and loved above and beyond any anger that might result; a grudge is to be resolved or one is hell bent. I have too much love in my heart to stay angry or mad. People should work hard every day and then they would sleep like a baby without a pill or tranquilizer or alcohol. I raise a garden and have a neat flower garden to keep me busy plus look after my farm property; I attend club meetings of Ladies Auxiliary to the Railroad Trainmen, the DAR and United Daughters of the Confederacy and Church so I am not idle to think up meanness and deep resentments toward others. I am legally blind but can see through mean folks by the tone of their voice as well as their actions. In fact, the Winniford family works hard; at least our branch in Texas; when the Winnifords lived in Virginia long before the Revolutionary War so many slaves did all the work that the family could not do the least things for themselves so the loss of that Virginia landgrant from the king left them destitute as well as unable to do basic things so once in Texas the Winniford family became independent to do our own cooking, our own housework and own yard work so my grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford since 1860 never allowed any of her folks to let or demand others to wait on them. When I feel sick, I just get busy in the garden and soon forget my ailments so if I am found dead in the garden then I died happy so should not be pitied.

Older folks should be allowed to do as they please when working about the place and not treated like they are weak and would melt like sugar if water touched them. Also my children have never made the insensitive and cruel statement, "I want thus and so in the house when you die." "How dare any child to say such a thoughtless thing to show such an unloving nature. I reared, not the vulgar redneck term raised, my children better than that. My own dear mother had to tell her granddaughter Ida Margaret Winniford, Sparkman

Sparkman

just to take the shadow box picture frames, now, when she so covetously wished for them when she died; mother's heart was stabbed to death by such callous requesting--perhaps, Ida Margaret will have the same hatefulness heaped upon her before her life is over. Greed makes folks do heartless things.

Greedy folks never get satisfied by their wealthy and then usually do lose their fortune before they die. I have seen a lot of things in my time, and the people have been both good and bad. But the physical things that got invented has amazed me.

When I was still a girl, the first automobile I ever saw was a big red one that Doctor Bert Cates drove up our driveway. I hid behind the chimney to escape the fumes and belching sounds. Seeing that monstrosity prepared me for all the other wild inventions that I would soon see and thus realize as part of this great 20th century. I just laugh at the skeptical doubting Thomas types whose very fundamentalist religion make them doubt that we ever sent men to the moon; I do not doubt that moon flight happened at all; our culture must be able to fly to another planet soon when this old earth is completely polluted by the greedy businessmen who buy off politicians so that laws do not apply to their greedy deeds when bought off. Their mentality lives in the 1800's or nineteenth century time suspension while actually being 20th century, in 1986 as we are about to enter the 21st century in 2001. Seems odd that

so many folks think that a new century starts in 2000 because 1900 did not mark the century for 20th time element till 1901. My parents married in 1900 as the 19th century ended and then 1901 when my brother Horace was born began marking time in the 20th century but most fundamentalist say otherwise and that God does not agree with me; a movement is now out to disclaim the King James Version Bible by fundamentalist who want to use the Greek from which the King James version was translated; the Pentacostals especially discard the King James Bible that is far superior writing and scholarship in the world for the English translations of the Bible (one illiterate female preacher said that her assistant would read verses to her and she would then tell what the passages meant so how can a non-reading person know what the written page means even when read but the female preacher said that God was speaking through her voice to enlighten the word of living God Bible). Such gross ignorance is what will destroy Christianity as more of these anti-Christ preachers are listened to seriously.

My family knows that preachers are no better than the rest of the folks. God gave us a mind to use and the Lord helps those who help themselves. My daddy made sure that his daughters did not kato to any one, even a man, so my younger sisters were very independent. I had a bank account of tenthousand dollars when I married in December 13, 1924. My sister Lynna Winniford was so independent that she said a man would become Mr. Lynna Winniford since she had a prettier name than any other name she had ever heard; Lynna said that her name sounded like the wind had whispered it when blowing through her hair.

Lynna Winniford was born on November 8, 1909. She was the fourth child and I was so proud of her. She though did not like that another girl was born July 18, 1915 to replace her status as baby of the family but then she and Baby Cile became very close and were inseparable to the point of being in business together. My sister Lynna was named for a dead friend buried at Sunny Point cemetery where the spelling for her name was taken from the tombstone. And then my daughter Lynna Estelle Taylor Bergen was a namesake for my dear sister and her grandmother Laura Estelle Taylor. My sister Lynna and I played together as girls; she was the outside type and very tomboyish even though I was tougher and bigger. All of us children were the outdoor types; we had each a cow to raise calves for sale when we were three so we had bank accounts earned by our labor at the private bank owned by the Davenports and Winniford family or at least my daddy owned part of the private bank. Thus,

my sister Lynna had her own money to install the new fangled telephone when it came through the countryside; daddy wanted nothing to do with it so little Lynna bought her own membership fee in her name by check just before World War I in 1914 if I remember correctly and that was when the telephone rang with the news that grandfather John Landtroop had died on the day that Lula Wiggs Winniford, the wife of Norve Winniford had to be buried. The phone was a party line with a crank ringer; we all enjoyed listening in on all the phone calls and that diluted the sound to a far away echo sound so we had to hang up if anyone who lived beyond our house could hear. We were kin to almost everyone on the party line so they knew all about our lives and general business anyway but still wanted to learn more when the opportunity of a ring came along to listen in on. "nosey" was not the word; this constant dipping into everyone's business is what kept my husband Tom from retiring back to the homeplace in 1964; we visited almost every weekend but having to live in the face of all this petty gossip was more than anyone should have to bear.

Dial telephone service finally came to the farm in the late 1960's; the young folks however did not want to change to the dial because of being able to listen in on everyone would thus be at an end. The snoopy nature of human kind seems always to be alive and well; I am not one to pry into other folks lives so I do not understand such small minds that want to run other's business when they should enough to do by taking care of their own affairs.

My sister Lynna Winniford was the only living original investor in the Cumby telephone company to cash her old stock certificates in for the new dial system stock when the phone companies merged. All the original customers who had to buy shares in the stock company had been adults so the fact that she had been a mere child was indeed rare back then but our daddy was a very indulgent father who encouraged us to prove ourselves equal to any task and to be better than most men. My daddy always thought it was a crime that the neighbors on each side of his widowed mother's land had refused to donate any portion of the right of way for the roads so she had to give all the right of way. Thus, the complete roadway had to be donated by my grandmother because the men refused to help a woman in a business deal to get a roadway established to take their produce to town from the frontier land or wild fields. People once had to take pig trails across the land of their neighbor. The Box family neighbors on the north and also on the South of grandmaw wanted to keep as much of their land in pasture as possible because a narrow roadway the length of an 80 acre tract of land required four acres so that left 76 acres only to cultivate. Many landowners have 76 acre tracts because of the numerous roads that cut through the countryside. Thus, my daddy did not want his daughters to be at the mercy of the male ego so we were taught how to work hard as well as how to manage our money and bank accounts and to make decisions about the property. The Winniford girls were considered pretty uppity as a group since we were so cavalier to start with. Even as children growing up in the early 1850's after their father Urbane Alexander died so suddenly, my grandmother and her older sister Great Aunt Rebecca Alexander were treated as second class citizens by the male landowners who refused to donate their half of the road way back then on the South side of the landgrant. Men like to cheat a woman in a business deal or just not go along with a lady's plan because being so agreeable to a woman's plan would make their ego look like a pantywaist as the men jawbone each other later so women will never have equal rights. Men have too big of a good old boy network that can't be broken down except for a very few minor cases in this life struggle.

The year 1915 was a big one, not just because of the deaths but also because Mamie Winniford married Luther Robertson the year the Lucille was born, yet Mamie can never remember when Lucille was born; a big nosey group of gossipers this year have been trying to learn Lucille's age because Cile did not put year of birth on her tombstone. Mamie and Luther get along like

cats and dogs. Mamie and Luther celebrated their 60th anniversary in 1975 and then Luther lived almost another 10 years so Mamie is now alone and seems very happy; her adopted daughter Mary Louise Head was chosen in the first place because the birth certificate according to Mamie read Winniford Rose Baby so that must be kin somehow to us and thus she chose that baby.

Easter is such a sad time for me ever since my grandmother Winniford died at that time. I fell flat on my patio on Easter Sunday of 1982 when I hurried fast across the stepping stones and took me six months to get better because I was thinking about a day like that in 1915 plus my love of my life Tom Taylor had died back in February so I was alone even though Lynna E. and her husband were there in the living room while I ran outside to check on some things. I did not break any bones because I drink two gallons of milk a week and do not smoke; I eat proper vegetables and thus am not weak, just not going to be poorly fed so that illness can come upon me. Immunity problems happen because folks do not eat properly.

As one gets older, life seems to be measured in terms of when some loved one died or when something happened to a loved one. Most other old ladies say the same thing about life experiences. I am glad that I have club meetings to attend and to be an officer-of to keep me busy so that my children do not feel that I am lonely and neglected. I am lonely and do miss Robert because he takes me places that I like to go and he encourages me to take as long as I wish to look around inside the stores. Robert likes to go to unusual places and he can just pick them out; he has an antique shop in Houston so he has the taste for very unusual places and is lots of fun but he dislikes Texarkana with its snide remarks that only here is the place to live or to shop.

I keep getting off the track with the chronological order of my life as I keep commenting on newer things in relation to the old timey events.

Easter is such a sad time as I was saying. And then my husband Tom died February 1, 1982 so I fell that Sunday on Easter while thinking about my grandmaw Winniford who died on an Easter. My grandmother always had time for her loved ones; that is why they were around her when she died plus all lived on the old homeplace. My grandmother laughed a lot and that was not considered sign of the village idiot like it is today to laugh and joke; she was very jolly while Aunt Rebeccah was serious and crabby. One windy day, my grandmother's bonnet was blown off and went sailing across the yard; she chased it just a laughing all the time. She was so glad to be alive for the least life experience that came along because she had seen so many people die of fevers while otherwise young and strong on the frontier so she was considered very old in the community. My grandmother Winniford liked to make soap every year from hog grease and lye; lye soap kills germs better than perfumed soap does today and that is why old timey folks were stronger to resist allergies. Grandmaw always showed up to help make soap even though my mother tried to do all the hard work before grandmaw knew that it had started; I was a kid who told everything that I knew so I always informed grandmother that soap would soon be made and then my grandmother just said that a little bird told her so that I would not be in trouble with my mother.

My grandmother Winniford would be lying on her lounge chair with us children by her side; she always had flower seeds in her apron pockets; my cousin Oscar Winniford got the lounge and let it ruin under the water drip off his house but he was glad that no one else got it to enjoy, especially any of his Uncle Bob Winniford's children; my daddy picked out and paid for the wedding dress that Mamie Winniford wore to wed Luther Robertson. None of Mamie's brothers bought her anything yet they had to inherit more than the children of Bob Winniford but they destroyed the personal things they got. That lounge could be pulled out on the porch; always was close to the food safe with preserves and left-over biscuits for us little tykes to eat and listen to her travel tales; she never read to us just shared the

oral history of her life and her kinsmen. She was spared the rage of the Indians and the panthers so that she could tell us all about it or so she justified all the tribulations of her life. The preserves were made from wild Indian peach trees that grew in the draw west of the house. My own mother liked to dig the roots to make a brush for dipping snuff or to use to clean her teeth but snuff rots the teeth worse than candy. Grandmother had water-melons in the summer. Watermelon patch was on a sandy strip that ran oddly in the middle of the deep waxy black land. She was once astride a rail fence at the edge of the yard near the watermelon path. She was holding a big melon about to drop it while laughing loudly saying that she was about to drop-it in the dirt if we didn't help her save this tasty morsel to eat together so do hurry."

Grandmother Winniford said that she had to raise ourselves when her daddy and mother died just after building the log cabin. Indians came to see how a white man's funeral was done. We sold wild cattle every year; a little money went a long way then; no taxes even on the land. We four Alexander children had a stash of cash from Daddy who had saved several hundred dollars so we were not ever destitute growing up. My grandmother Winniford also often said, "Can't never could, either," when describing lazy folks, only the work brittle relatives and friends got respect from her. "You can't miss what you have never known," also said my grandmother with a twinkle in her eyes.

Aunt Becky lived over 8 years longer than grandmaw Winniford; the mean don't die young; they are too ornery to die is what we kids said about great Aunt Rebecca Alexander and we kids always asked personal questions about just how old Aunt Becky really was and the stock answer was, "None of your business." I even ask her once why she never married and she told me that she would tell me when I was old enough to understand; I was twelve when I was told that. But after Easter of 1923, Great Aunt Becky came into the room where I was cleaning kerosene lamps globes and she asked if I had time to talk to her. Of course, I did take the time because she usually did not want to talk to big kids. Aunt Becky told me that she did have a fiance who was killed in the Civil War; I was glad that I did stop trimming the lamps to hear her explanation of all the responses that had once been "none of your business" answers to my loud questions when she would walk passed my prissy little girl way. My mother had always scolded me for asking personal questions when she overheard me do that.

One night a screech owl woke me up as frequently happened but one night when I was ten Aunt Becky was out of her bedroom when the night time banshee sounded so I found Aunt Becky outside in the dark going to the bathroom; she seldom used the slop jars or chamber pots even in cold winter time because of having to empty the mess; she was a hardy soul to take that much cold up her coattails when the blue norther winds came.

One night Uncle Sam Winniford returned very late from a long engagement from his violinist jaunts. I heard him but thought that a wild Indian had come onto the place because I had been hearing old Indian tales earlier so I never told scarey stories at night to make my children a nervous wreck because parents do emotional damage by not explaining the difference of story and reality very carefully.

The only time that I ever heard my parents talk ugly to each other was over Aunt Becky. My father had served on jury duty at the county seat of Sulphur Springs and he had contracted a fever from some silly person who did not have the good sense to stay at home and not infect the whole county; we have to pass laws against folks who do not the common courtesy to take care of themselves. Anyway, my dad was aching and sweating when Aunt Becky asked him how he felt; he turned around to yell that of course he felt bad or worse than hell itself. And then my mother told him to shut up and not talk to

his poor old aunt like that. Then, Aunt Becky made excuses for him just feeling poorly and all and that she understood. Aunt Becky could not stand to see him hurt and to be scolded. My dad did keep just one bottle of whisky on the place to make a toddy. But my mother never drank the stuff; she made her own fever buster out of hot water with red horse liniment tablespoon stirred into it with a lemon squeezed when we could get a lemon which was not often. Lemons were not in season very often. This was the old recipe from Alabama that was used to cure the cold by making it sweat the poison out of you but you had to go to bed right after drinking the liniment mixture or cocktail and that was usually at night to cover up with quilts even while sweating.

My mother mixed herbs for colds and caughs so that make the people in Texas think that she had strange powers when that was normal for the old South. People back then used what they had handy such as herbs that grew wild in the mountains of the South but Texas has very few wild plants to use, as medicine. This is why my mother survived the 1919 flu epidemic; I heard a medical doctor say on TV that the flu never killed anyone, just made one feel uncomfortable--that was a charlatan doctor to avoid, quack, quack, quack! Seems so odd that well educated people know so little so often. The 1919 flu left folks with a quivering voice and a slight shaking of the head when they speak; that quality really added a special tone to the voice when they later related old timey family tales, especially scarey stories.

Aunt Tex also had the same tone to her voice from other past flue bouts. Aunt Texana Taliaferro Alexander was the wife of John Alexander and the mother of Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander. She was from Georgia where a county Taliferro was named for her family long before she came to frontier Texas. Aunt Tex and Uncle John helped raise my daddy because the whole family felt sorry for the little boy never having seen his own father so Uncle John had gone to the Confederacy battle in the same company regiment K with George Dawson Winniford so they felt close because my grandfather George had died later of wounds sustained from saving Uncle John's life in battle; all the old time Winniford men died young from the hardships suffered during time of war so wars kill the young men later while the big rich bankers and factory owners just get richer and don't care to take responsibility for killing or ruining innocent lives; seems odd today that the historians in the history books blame Hitler and Staling for being responsible for killing millions of people when our own big business super rich do not get blamed, but God will judge the super rich and make them pay for eternity even though no blame has been put on the American business establishment. The United States has fought more big wars than any nation in the history of the world so war is big business to sell munitions abroad as well as keep a little war going to stimulate the economy so the Forbes Magazine big rich can be listed as being more wealthy than someone else; they have more money than they can spend yet they cheat to get more just to be more powerful than the next one. The US is more corrupt today than old King George III ever was so we are worse off being free of England today than if we had stayed a part of England.

Aunt Tex and Uncle John had three children; Henry who died young and is buried with Aunt Tex next to my father and mother in Cumby cemetery. A daughter Ivey had son Earl Males. Charles T. grew up with my daddy and they played together all over the creek bottoms and woods. Charles T. Alexander had a son Paul who married Mary Lou Whitley whose father was president of East Texas State College at Commerce; during the 1930's Charles T. went to visit the Whitley family but Mary Lou and Paul were having troubles that soon got them a divorce so the visit was very awkward; also Charles T. was a big Baptist preacher in Dallas and was also considered very important. But ole Charles T. always visited back at the homeplace on almost every major holiday to be with his relatives and to be back at the familiar homesite. We all

loved Charles T. like our own aunts; he was more than a cousin to us or more than kissing cousins. Charles T. though did deny his mother Aunt Texana in many ways; he was ashamed of her ignorance and country ways; she could not read or write. But she spoke well and had grown up around very verbal folks so she knew much more than most folks who could read and write; she just did not ever see the need to read or write since she was always around her family and some of them could read ever so well. Aunt Tex was a Taliaferreo; her family came to Texas from Georgia where a county is named for her family so she was not trash or a peasant. Also Aunt Tex believed that the dead bodies would rise from the grave and oceans on Judgement Day to go to glory land; Aunt Tex believed every literal word of the Bible that said the seas would give up their dead and the dead would rise from the resting place in the graves to go to the Pearly Gates; she believed that the dead body just rested until Judgement Day, with the body intact and like a coma until Gabriel blew his horn--a grave site was dug up and when only dust and bones were found she could hardly believe it and then said that it must have been a savage or an infidel for God to let the body decay before Judgement Day.

Aunt Tex visited all the relatives a lot after her husband Uncle John Alexander died; she came for meals at our house ; she talked a lot to herself or so it seemed but nobody ever ignored her because elders were not to be shuffled back into the corners like today in the wonderful society that folks seem to think modern man has created with all the wealth; folks are only really interested in what old folks own to leave in a will or to get divided up by the neighbors who come around to snoop into things (rednecks like to take a memento from the home of a dead person but usually they want expensive tools or some valuable vase not just a plate the dead friend ate from; my children don't play those games since I taught them well how to deal with mealy mouthed folks). Anyway, Aunt Tex would eat her meal and talk about old times and then she would go sit in the parlor and twiddle her thumbs. While running her old knarled thumbs over each other, she would mutter, "at Bob's house, the girls do the dishes." She never had to wash dishes anywhere she ate but at my dad Bob Winniford's house his three daughters did all the clearing of the table and then washed the dishes to let mother and dad visit; never had to demand that we do that because it was just our chore or duty so no words resulted. And that system must have impressed Aunt Tex.

We had dozens of folks to dinner on Sunday after church; all of us children could bring friends to lunch as folks say today. And all of Uncle Norve's 9 children would descend to eat at our table at a moment's notice; my poor mother Margaret had to cook and serve them all while they felt superior to her and they put on airs or made digs. (Like the time that Sherwin Winniford came by the house and saw that spring cleaning was going on with all the furniture on the big 30 foot long porches; the family ancestral pictures were leaning against the screen door; Sherwin hollered loudly to let him have those big fine portraits rather than just throw them away like they were about to do). My mother said not one word but my sister Lynna flew out the door like a wasp and told him to shut his damn mouth and apologize because this was spring cleaning like every year as he knew and never had our family destroyed one antique like his brothers and sisters threw things away just to keep us from getting them--this is why my son Robert despises the relatives and gives everything to the museum because the Winniford kin does not deserve to have any antique to feel and touch because they destroy things to get even with other relatives; my son Robert was a little boy standing in the yard when my cousin Sherwin pulled that ugly stunt and he never could stomach seeing that hateful man again, to avoid him like the plague). My son Robert is cursed with a memory of exact details about the ugly mean ways of the relatives; we don't need enemies with good Christian kinfolks like that (they just ask God for a quick fix forgiveness so they can get back to being their mean selves. To know them is to hate them always said my husband Tom).

My Uncle Norve Winniford despised my husband Tom Taylor because they both taught Scottish rite masonry. Tom remembered all the details better and in that day nothing was supposed to be written in books in book stores; the information was to be handed down by word of mouth only. Uncle Norve resented anyone knowing anything better than he did; I had once seemed to be a delight to Uncle Norvel but he treated my children very bad; he always wanted to whip Lynna Estelle when anything went wrong with the children; I never let her out of my watchful eye because of mean folks like him. I still believe that he hated her because she was dark complexioned like her daddy Tom and not a fair skinned and blue eyed gal like me (bigotry against dark people and blonds still exists so it is no wonder that racism against negroes and Mexicans certainly happens all the time). When a family treats the dark haired folks badly then what will they do to other races. I just don't tolerate being around any of my relatives like this anymore. I had rather grow flowers in my yard and be away from their snide digs. Even today when I seldom do get a birthday card from my cousins they are angry at my sister Lucille and decided to slight her with no birthday card. Like I am supposed to run to Lucille so proud that I got a noted card from such hypocrits, yet they all go to Church and say they are going to heaven. I don't want to be in heaven with people like that. I can choose my friends but not my relatives.

When I was young, I did not realize how mean and treacherous my cousins were. I was busy growing up so I did not stop to ponder their motives. But when cousin Mamie Winniford Robertson would not visit my dad when he was so sick for several years bedfast before he died, I knew she was shallow and mean. My dad bought her wedding dress so she could look nice to be no reflection on the Winniford name at a wedding when her own dad did not care enough in 1915 to manage for a new dress at her wedding. My mother even sewed the veil onto it. Yet they could not visit an old man who was dying and wondered what he did to make them mad at him; he just lived too long and was too much a bother to their flippant ways. God must have a long list to read at the Pearly Gates. At least my dad has no regrets about doing for them; they let him down at every chance they could get. That broke his heart since he thought family should stick together at all costs. All my cousins were jealous that we owned the big house and had so many parties. But all the Winnifords had respect and a good life but some just want everything for themselves, not to share any part of the land or house or fame.

Arguments at the old homeplace could really get out of hand; religion and politics could nearly get a fight going, certainly fists shook in the face and fingers pointed. We finally had a big old baseball bat that was called the old Ellum Club that we would pick up to shake around and threatened to hit everybody unless absolute quiet reigned. That bat was given by Charles T. Alexander to my son Robert in 1939; it was a Mexico Aztec drawing full of colorful images carved into the wood. It was a good symbol of the old Piss-Ellum Club that old Southern families said they would use on rowdy or unruly folks in their house.

Aunt Tex also mumbled that over at Norve Winniford's house the folks go to the Methodist Vespers a lot but other neighbors attend the BUT services, meaning BTU or Baptist Training Union. Aunt Tex found all the church attendance very strange because the frontier had been too dangerous to go so much and then the churches were not close. Aunt Tex and Aunt Rebecha thought that the churches had just become social clubs and a place to show off the fine clothes that everyone now had, not like the days of 1850's when most folks wore home made buckskin clothing and did not try to impress other folks. Now, clothes, big cars and fine jewelry are the expected thing to have to make a big impression. One's family name and good character do not mean very much; the image is what counts. God must now be a rich man since everyone dresses up to go worship in his house so often to impress God but the frontier days the folks worshipped in their work clothes and went to rest not to impress others since everyone had to work hard on their frontier homeplace. Folks have come a long

ways from the poverty of frontier days to now look wealthy and be so false to one another; relatives from the same family are just about the worst, too, so strangers are not the only ones out to get something for nothing from you. Today, sisters would most likely not always live together and help each other raise their children like my dad's mother Sarah and her sister Aunt Becky did. Aunt Rebecca truly loved my dad Bob as much as he did her so she did after-all know the deep love for a child that she never had. And my own two children feel the same way about my two sisters Lynna and Lucille who never had any children of their own. Robert just about grieved himself to death when his Aunt Lynna died so suddenly; he said that Aunt Lucille and me would be no less difficult so love can be a terrible burden to bear when bereavement strikes. A close family of course has to pay the price. But families will not have much grieving in the future because so few seem to care for each other, only the property and insurance policy seem to be the bottom line to give respect if materialism will line their pockets after death. Old folks don't get much attention unless they have property to leave and now antique furniture has become valuable while in the 1950's even the magazines showed old things with captions as this ugly thing contrasts with the sleek new deco piece and old houses were said to be worth only being burned to get rid of their ugliness. Now, all that has changed to a demand in the old things. But old people are not back in vogue to be respected and included in things. Just like the only real mark of intelligence is not having an 185 IQ but rather having been able to be smart enough to make a \$185 million dollars means one is truly intelligent so money is the level of respect so I do guess that God is rich or He had better look wealthy for the preachers and big churches to give him the time of day. I have attended three newly organized church congregations in my long life and when the stained glass windows can be afforded to replace the old frosted window panes the plain hard working folks are ignored. Takes big pledges to buy a \$30,000 stained glass center piece window so the rich members get all the rush-o-rue tactics and big respect if they donate enough to make the place look gradiose. Yet the foundations literally were either built by the ugly knarled hands of the first poor members who now are old and ugly looking in the ritzy looking big church. One can worship at home much better in peace and harmony with God who can come into an humble dwelling to see the simple heart. But the rich church masks all the goodness and kindness that a down to earth person can present. I am sick and tired of pushy churchy folks saying their big new glitzy churches are just full of simple Christian people but when I attend everyone acts like millionnaires and don't have time for anyone not about to eat lunch at one of the fine restaurants with them or go in a big car someplace fancy after church; church always seems to be on the way to meet someone before going on to another really fine place to be seen or to show off. I am tired of the dressed fit to kill Christians or Publicans who are all say-so and very little do-so. Well, so much for my sermon.

Aunt Becky did not tolerate preachers coming to the homeplace to convert their Bible thumping ways on her; she asked them where their brand of Godly religion on this prairie when her daddy Urbane Alexander died and left all of his 4 children to raise themselves with wild Indians coming through the cabin. The simple minded religionists said that God ordained their dad's death so that she could mature early and take responsible so Aunt Becky asked them personal questions about why they let their children run wild to sin and then spread venereal disease to innocent girls; that shut up their holier-than-thou mouths for a spell. The Haley's comet as a girl really gave the preachers fodder to scare all the godly folks half to death. The Baptists said God was speaking in signs; the whole state of Texas was supposed to drop off the face of the earth so kinfolks stayed in Oklahoma or at least headed back up north real fast just so as not to tempt fate, yet they believe in predestination so then they could not avoid their fate if they truly believed. The big earth cracks in the waxy black land around Greenville was supposed to be the dropping off

point for the destruction of our world now that God was sending a comet or darkening of the daylight during midday. When the daylight went dark was to be the exact time of destruction. But my mother quoted scripture about the Second Coming not being able to come yet because the new Israel was yet to be established for the last millenium to begin before the destruction of the whole world. Her words were a great comfort to my small ears so I placed a lot of faith in her wisdom when nothing happened later on, yet so many preachers had promised destruction upon all the sinners and they seemed so disappointed that the end of the earth did not happen. Preachers love to be prophets of doom and gloom so preachers are not any better than any person who can read the Bible; really no need to have a preacher to scare folks. My mother corrected all people who misquoted the Bible, especially preachers. At Christmas time Mother stood up in Church and said that no one knew when Jesus Christ was born so we should not worship this December 25 as his birthday and also that no one knew what Christ looked like so that picture of him with a beard is in no way the son of God's visage. Yet now that picture is accepted as gospel that Jesus looks that way and that he was born on December 25. Christians live a life-lie who espouse that tripe and thus will lie and cheat at anything else they can use to their advantage so no wonder that our Christian nation now lies and cheats other nations; the truth just isn't in most religions that let even a small lie go as truth. Like a woman can't be a little bit pregnant so a small white lie is as bad as any other kind of lie when the truth and honesty is what Christianity is based on.

My dad never repeated what he did not know for a fact. He worked too hard to spread gossip. And he made us work beside him. Every child had a chore from the earliest age; farm kids are too busy working to get in very much mischief but I know lots of bad farm kids from my own days so bad is bad when it wants to get out of a person. We burned old ropes every year when we cleaned out the barns so daddy cleaned the barns when the comet craze scared folks half to death. Daddy wanted to take our minds off the troubles that the simple minded preachers scared up to control the people by means of fear; seems that the AIDS scare is another radio-TV preacher scare tactic to fill the church pews and to get pledges to pay salaries; also Polio was another scare tactic that was God's punishment on the sinful (Franklin Delno Roosevelt was supposed to have been punished with polio because he married his third cousin and also because he was a nigger lover and also because he had a mistress). Preachers love to condemn famous folks and also to interpret reasons for all the bad things so that the simple minded will never try to do anything and just work hard to donate their money to the preachers hair-brained causes. Anyway, we children worked by cleaning out the barn; we burned old ropes and then got limber necks as the smoke engulfed us; the hemp rope was marijuana from Iowa fields where it grew wild; no wonder the availability of pot was so easy for the flower children generation of the hippies in the 1960's. My dad got madder than all get-out when he realized that dope was the contents of the ropes that he paid good money for. He was no bigger than a wash in the soap or a butt-cut as his own mother would say about him, yet he was over 6 foot tall but thin as a rail so that was why he got that description from his mother. The 1986 comet was a disappointment; it did not darkened the skies over the farm again like it did when I was a little girl and the preachers this time around did not try to scare the dickens out of us all; the preachers enjoy scaring the God fearing people almost to death or to scare the hell out of them, yet God is supposed to be love and goodness not a mean SOB. And when preachers pray they think a long prayer is more to God's liking that a short one such as the short Lord's prayer is surely to the point but mentioning everyone by name seems to please the religionists; their prayers hang on like a tick on a dog, never to end in time to get home before the roast burns or the noon traffic on Sunday gets bad so we never went to the Baptist church on Sunday morning because they pray the longest. We went at the evening service. Also, the weekly Lord's supper was

not made available at the Methodist or Baptist church so we definitely went to the Church of Christ for the breaking of Bread first and then later would attend other demonstrations, even though some elders said we would go to hell for forsaking our own church attendance.

Dinner was a big event any Sunday or any day of the week. On a Sunday, we children could bring any number of friends home with us; children of course ate at a separate table from the main dining room table for the adults; the table there sat a dozen and could be enlarged double its size with leafs. But no matching chairs beyond the dozen could be produced and we had only a China set for twelve so the plates looked ugly all mixed up but all the older folks ate at the first or head table. And a Sunday that was a big occasion would have dozens of folks. An Easter was really a big turn out because an easter egg hunt was always held on the northwest pasture for all age groups; my daddy enjoyed hiding eggs. We all used to boil eggs and dye them for a week before Easter and had to put the first batches in the storm cellar to keep cool. My mother had to cook for all the delegation of friends and kinfolks; she had soups, stews and rice always handy plus canned vegetables that could be opened and added to have more than enough food. Mother said that the age of the automobile really ruined her schedule of having enough food ready for any guest arriving at dinner time at the old homeplace; dinner was always noon or lunch. But supper was no less a big meal and usually we cooked just as much when a lot of guests arrived because nothing much was left over from dinner. Well, a car was just upon the place so fast, only the smell of gasoline in the air as the car was parked gave a hint of the new arrivals; a horse drawn carriage could be heard rattling along on the next hilltop and the neighing of the horses added to the warning with time enough to add broth to the soup and to open a big jar of canned pinto beans or whatever vegetables--the horses at the mouth of the lane a mile away gave more than enough time to add food and also have a change of apron to look fresh and ready to visit. Dozens of my mother's kin always felt free to drop in on us from their way from Florence, Alabama to Oklahoma or to California; my mother missed the old homeplace back in Alabama so much that she longed to see them so they took yearly trips and always just came full of news and good old time stories. Winniford Way was the hotel or motel for all the family, but then motels are a new thing after World War II and hotels were not such a fine thing because of germs and bed bugs. All our folks were cleanliness freaks; we are perfectionists. We live high and expect the best so public places are a disappointment. Luther Landtroop taught music and had students to sing with cake in their mouth to get the best tones; he was also a barber and a big farmer so he was rich and also raised the Indian princess Lena Rivers (that's how Collins Wilson a cousin got connections to get land that led to his son Welcom Wilson having an oil fortune to leave Welcom Wilson Junior but now Welcom Wilson III is an oil magnate and he rides on the Salt Trail rodeo drive to the Houston Fat Stock Show in February). We have all been on at least one of those trail drives; the cold is too severe and sores even though trailers and Winnebagoes now accompany the trail drive for warm sleeping and nice meals. Everyone is spoiled by the comforts of modern technology. I still raise over 80 per cent of my vegetables and kill beef on the place for my meat; my beds have cotton mattresses made from the cotton grown on the old homeplace; the feather beds are also home grown. Was a job picking the down for the featherbeds to repair sparse spots when feathers get lost when changing the ticking. I do wonder just how spoiled the future generations will be; folks are becoming hot house plants that thrive only in artificial environments. This country could not survive a war on our soil, even the Southerners are too soft now in body and soul. Yankees are so haughty about everything that defeat in Viet Nam was a crushing blow that God would surely not allow their country any kind of defeat; the South knew defeat even when being right about the power of States Rights which Ronald Reagan says is the true aim of the federal constitution. Seems odd to hear such double talk

from the very party that destroyed States Rights and filled the history text-books with the belief that states rights was dead forever and that no Southerner could ever again be elected president of the United States--that was taught in all the schools for decades as a haughty punishment by the yankees who are not only bad losers but very bad winners, as well. The Republican party of big business vested interest destroyed a way of life because the aristocrats and democrats lived on big estates and gave of their leisure time the benefit of their fine education and family heritage; the same is done today in England by the old line aristocratic families there. Ethical behavior is spawn by a way of life that is gentle and leisure so only fine old families with cavalier roots will have the pride to do the best job possible because failure is a reflection on the family name. Big businessmen have no concern for their family name; they want money only at any risk. Tis no wonder that the U.S. is a hated country most places and the phrase Yankee go home is so common in the newsmedia. I feel the same way about the polluting big business ventures in this country; I wish they would just go away forever to extinction. But now the majority of folks work in big plants so industry that is controlled by the vested interest Republican party owns the country so folks need to vote Republican in order to keep enough prosperity to have jobs so that the super rich will not build all their factories out of the country and thus do away with American jobs. The super rich have to be katoed and bowed to just as a slave to a master did prior to the civil war; the billionaires are like old time dukes or masters who expect total agreement to their own views or else all-havoc breaks out and petty means of getting even result.

Only the rich get heard today. Being intelligent means having 185 million dollars not a 185 IQ because if you are so smart why aren't you rich is the slogan in stores now. Money is all that really gets respect because the radio-TV preachers urge that money must be given or even God will kill Oral Roberts unless his big 8 million dollars is donated by late spring; God should strike him down with lightening for that blasphemy. All these media preachers make me believe that God is taking a long nap; religion is not inside those preachers at all. The Bible does not say any of those things for a true Christian to act if anyone can still read well enough to read the Bible. The Church of Christ is the only church that is a true Bible church and thus does not get into politics to tell members how to vote or they go to hell; telling that only Republicans can go to heaven and that heaven is Republican amazed me when Ronald Reagan was being elected when the fundamentalist preachers took sample voting ballots to church to show how to mark the ballot for straight Republican voting because God ordained that only Ronald Reagan and his party were the chosen few. Well they became the majority so they made the national debt four times as great and ruined this country forever so Republicans are the devil's child after all or the true anti-Christ. The history books will have a lot of ignorance to display about the 1980's politics that is all based on stupid greedy people getting control of this great country in the name of God, ~~yet~~ doing only devilish things. Pat Robertson is the worst of the lot and he is on my family tree but I know his bigotry for what it is.

Signing a loyalty oath is an insult to freedom or a slap in the face of individual rights or justice. Republicans talk about freedom a lot and say that business must not have any legal restrains yet they want to pass laws against almost every personal freedom which the super rich hire lawyers to get them off scott free in a court of law so true freedom goes to the big rich after the silly unread folks vote away their freedoms that small minded preachers tell them how to vote but I guess that ignorant small minded stupid folks deserve to lose their human rights if they are too dumb to see through the measly mouthed religious fanatics; but then that is a Republican way of thinking which I hear so often. But then my rights are gone forever when the silly small minded fundamentalist vote the way that their preachers say.

The democratic party is the party of Thomas Jefferson and the oldest in the world yet the GOP says it is the oldest but Lincoln was their first elect

president on their party platform and James Freemont was the first person ever to run on their party ticket so that is as far back as they go. Lies seem to be the stock and trade of the Republican party mentality; they know that the small minded people do not read or cannot read so the facts will never get known well enough to matter in an election. All their "Republican presidents say that they have a secret plan to solve all the ills when they get elected. But no detailed methodology is ever listed before election and they after the election nothing concrete ever happens; Nixon said that in the 1960's and then old Governor Bill Clements certainly said it often enough. The people just love to hear such promises from rich people but when a poor boy candidate says he knows some way to solve things all the folks see through him because the myth of thinking intelligence and wealth go together because God only lets the good get rich and smart. But the rich just steal better than anyone else.

Today, the ability to read and write is at an all time low in the history of education because we try to teach everyone and that cannot be done. A place once existed for the functional illiterate or completely illiterate; on the farm was where the really stupid or illiterate could be hidden away such as when over 80 per cent of the country was living in the rural areas. The chronically dumb could work for someone and then live in the sticks where their opinions did not really matter but now the vast majority of the populace lives in the big cities and they hear just enough TV news to think that they really know the truth so they vote the way blitz campaigns tell them or how their preachers inform them to vote. A Christian should listen only to what the Bible tells, not to some preacher. God does not talk or speak in tongues to any living soul; that is the anti-Christ or devil's workshop in action. Crazy people hear voices and should be locked up.

The low reading ability by high school graduates today make it easy for preachers to control their church members and for politicians to get the vote. The young can't ever contemplate their naval much less study their fingernails; dullness and ignorance best describes so many young folks and the most ignorant then taunt and ridicule the really intelligent child to make everyone as dull and stupid as themselves so we live in the times of the worst element of society controlling humanity today. The most knowledge in the history of the world is finally easily available but yet the fundamentalist and ignorant want to cease teaching the full range of information; the truth shall make you free even when lies and falsehoods are being taught because the truth rises like cream on a sour lake of discontent. Total facts being given in a dialogue will find get known fully so that the truth can be deciphered by those who can read and think rationally. But it takes effort to learn to read and write and then to think rationally so the current brand of teachers do not know how to think themselves because they are accustomed to being told how to act or think. I like children and young people in general but I do not any longer baby sit because parents do not want their children told not to do something; they let the little tykes run wild and destroy property and talk sassy and foul mouthed to everyone. Both parents work and do not have the time or the inclination to know what their children are doing most of the time. Parents are missing a wonder experience of seeing their children grow from babies to the grown adulthood; takes only twenty years out of their busy lives to take part in that growing process. No wonder then that grown children do not want their elderly parents around them because they have never really been a part of each other's lives; parents who do not give of their time to their young children should not expect old age visitations or even the smallest considerations.

Children are much more than the hope of the future; children are seldom any different from their parents example so nothing ever really changes from one generation to the next. Young people always appear worse than they really are such as the youth are in a hurry to have a good time by rushing to a big party or to some far off place when happiness and good times are in one's own back yard if you take time to look for them. But it takes time and patience to build happiness or long lasting friends so rushing about is for the birds.

When I married Tom Taylor in 1924, I was only 18. Just a silly girl but

I had been taught how to work in the fields, how to clean a big house and how to cook complete meals as well as how to sew. I knew how to manage my money. I had a savings account of ten thousand dollars and 100 head of cows. My dad never gave his children money to spend; he bought all our clothes and personal needs but no money handed over to goof-off. When I was passed age three, he gave us a cow to feed and nurture until a calf was born so that we children could sell it to have money or cash to spend. That took nearly a full year to raise a calf for market and then have the money so we thought twice about spending a mere penny when kids today throw pennies away because they do not want to count all those small amounts into a dollar.

Well, I was close with my cash to make it last. I had chickens to sell. And turkeys to sell. I did let some of my heifer calves grow into cows to then have calves themselves so by the time I was 18, I had a 100 cows and just over ten thousand dollars in the savings account in the bank where my dad kept all his money at the Davenport Bank of Cumby. Mother and Dad had a big argument over money spent on me; was not a long fuss but mother never forgot. I was hefty gal or a Ruben's Woman as some like to say so I needed a corset. Mother bought a fine corset and even silk stockings since I was a classy dress in those days. Well, my dad threw a fit, not because of the amount of money spent but because only whores wore silk stockings and corsets like that fancy one my mother and I picket out at the millinery shop. My mother did not rant and rave or say dirty words like wives do today but she just said, "Bob Winniford if you do not know the difference between your daughter Ella and a whore, then I do indeed feel sorry for you--you are dumber than I thought." She never again mentioned the subject but she never forgot like all of us intelligent Scotsman folks just can't get over an injustice being done to us. My mother from that day when I was thirteen in 1919 kept her own money separate from that in the bank; she sold hen eggs by the crate and chickens by the hundreds and then her own cows and cotton crop but she took twenty dollar gold pieces in cash and then hid them in the storm cellar. Mother did that from 1919 until the great depression hit.

My money may not sound like much today but that was a fortune back in 1924 to have ten thousand in cash in the bank. I bought a Ford flivver auto for my boyfriend Thomas Melton Taylor to drive to see me since he did not have a car of his own and he had a mother to support on his five dollar a day salary as a railroad switchman. The Ford had rolled up eisenglass flaps and a canvass top and it cost \$245. I kept the car in my name of course. And then the next year after we were married, we picked out a house on Church Street to buy; it was a Victorian house or so called now with tall ceilings and four bedrooms; it cost \$950. It took \$1,050 to furnish and repair the place so for \$2,000 we had a fine home all paid for and furnished and in perfect condition. That house would cost over \$250,000 today to furnish and have in fine condition. Then, in the Spring we went to Neiman-Marcus where I saw a lovely fur coat that I bought. It cost \$500 so I got it and then Tom Taylor fussed or grouched all the way home that the coat cost more than my car did so my recollections today would mean that the coat would cost \$35,000 in relation to a new full sized car. I never forgot the harsh words said to me about that coat which was bought with my own money and we still had over \$7,000 cash in the bank with more money coming in because I hired someone to feed my cows on the leased pastuer land near our place. That fur coat of course seemed expensive or that I was spending money like a drunk Indian as Tom said but we were not broke or without work yet. I still wish he were around to talk about that expensive fur coat, even after 58 years of marriage he thought that fur coat was a big expense. He never begrudged me anything expect that fur coat which I bought

year for another new one; he wanted to have a new car every year I guess. Tom did trade it with his own money making the difference from his pay check. Tom was never a macho-proud man who lauded it over me because he knew that I chose him to marry over all the other men in the county; I was even engaged to marry another man when I officially met Tom Taylor. Tom realized early on that I was a hard working gal with my own money and could have married any man in the world that I wanted; I even won a beauty contest so all the guys were running after me. But I was no fluzzy. Tom Taylor's niece Elsie Taylor was engaged to my brother Everette Winniford so on Easter Sunday of 1924, Tom was visiting his brother Will Taylor; they had a picture of me with Elsie so Tom saw it and said he would marry me. They all laughed because I was already officially engaged with a big diamond ring from Tom Drake who was twice my age of 17; Tom Drake owned land and was a very hard working success like my daddy. But when Tom Taylor entered the house with his brother, I thought he was his nephew Weldon Taylor at first but soon realized the difference; I took my ring off and put it in a drawer when I saw Tom Taylor enter the room. I also knew that I wanted to marry that man. I then went with him to hunt Easter eggs and to show him over the place; all the 22 outbuildings here at Winniford Way homeplace took time to see. My brother Everette and Elsie were right there with us almost as chaperons who needed chaperoning by us. But I was raised to be a good girl so it never occurred to me to do anything evil because God was always watching and recording every act for judgement day so I knew sooner or later any immoral act would have to be answered for. I did not intend to get Tom Taylor married by hook or crook; I knew that my charms of natural beauty, no elaborate make-up or jewelry and exotic clothing would be necessary to get the man who would be the good father to my children. The perfect man would want me in the same honorable way that I wanted him so I did not worry about that, no need to use devious tricks and guile or be a tease. The best in life always came my way so I had no reason to doubt that any less than the perfect man would be mine.

While we hunted Easter eggs which were dyed hard-boiled hen eggs, Tom found a multicolored egg under a can but under another can Elsie and Everette found a snake. Tom always said that he found an angel with his egg, meaning me, while Elsie and E.D. found a snake or whatever that symbol meant. That always rankled them but Elsie always said that Tom was her favorite uncle.

Tom was railroading out of Houston because he knew all the railroad magnates who lived in their elaborate railroad cars; Greenville was a central point for railroads to meet and then go West or down South to Houston or back East toward St. Louis, Missouri so even Hettie Green came through Commerce a lot; Jay Gould came through when Tom was a kid; Tom had the gift of gab for everyone. Tom told wild entertaining stories that everyone wanted to hear such as tall tales about his Uncle Scotty from Scotland who came to see the United States; the rich uncle was very stingy so instead of hiding a train, he walked out across the desert to better see the landscape. Tom was with this mythical man so in the middle of the desert the old uncle stopped to check the timepiece of a gold watch against the noon day sun; when pulling the watch out, a penny fell from the old man's pocket; the uncle jumped around to retrieve the one cent so he began to sift through the sand and then to dig with both hands to find that penny. The old man dug until he found that penny and today that deep hole is called Grand Canyon. Thus, my Tom had tall tales to entertain all day; I finally got tired of hearing them and even little Lynna Estelle begged me to keep her daddy from starting to tell her boyfriends those tall tales because the boys would then not take her to the movies but hang around to hear more of those stories. Anyway, Tom was a likeable cuss.

only 16 going on 17; all the men were off to the war to end all wars. But Tom Taylor looked much older than his years; he had worked as a call boy when he was ten years old; back then the term call boy meant a boy did the job not a grown man like now for men to call on the telephone to line up the work crew. Tom earned 9 dollars a month to call men to the train crews by the afternoons when he got out of school. Tom also delivered groceries after school for a nickle and sometimes a dime to the homes on silk stocking row or old Bonham Street in Commerce. Tom had a thousand dollars saved in the bank when he was twenty one years old in 1921; he had a nice wardrobe that made him a spiffy young man. Tom's brother Dude never looked very special and gambled all his money as fast as he got it so that their mother could not depend on a dime from Dude but Tom paid all the bills and bought his mother things plus having fine suits and shoes and ties with handkerchiefs to look like a gentleman. And still Tom had a savings account. Dude was rough as a boot and liked that description. Dude married a part Indian Ethel Evans; they were all rough as a boot so they got along just fine and deserved each other. Just like I deserved the refined Tom Taylor.

I never worried about Tom Taylor running around on me like Ethel Evans Taylor later said that she had to spend lots of money getting permanents and new clothes so that Dude would not run off. There was much more to me than beauty parlor haircuts and permanent waves. Deep mutual love was what bound us together. Tom told my son Robert that he never was impressed by the big house called Winniford Way because he thought about his lovely sweetheart called Adgie--that was me; he called me Adgie for Ella. He loved my laugh and good cooking more than a big house full of antiques.

Tom did get fat and was not so despicable for the women later on but we did not care. My Tom was the handsomest man in the world when I married him. I married the best man in the world at the time. I always ran the bath water for Tom and put his clothes on the stool; Tom never knew where his underwear and socks were in the bedroom chest of drawers so he could never have run off from me and been able to find his clothes to take or that was at least what Tom always told his folks when Ethel said Dude would run off with another woman. Ethel was a Seventh Day Adventist preacher; she was the biggest woman in town; must have weighed five hundred pounds if an ounce and Dude was thin as a rail. She could have pounded him into dust with the flick of her wrist. Ethel was jovial and fun to be around. She was sick a lot and in the bed most of the time when we went around her; she said having kids did that to her but I said being in bed so much gave ideals for having all those kids in the first place.

Sex is for procreation not recreation. Takes too much energy wasted to fool around for sex so much; I had rather have a beautiful flower garden and a vegetable garden as well as a clean house; Ethel's house was a disaster area and filthy as a city dump. I don't see how her children survived all that dirt; just after I was soon married, Ethel was ill and the children were all farmed out to the family to care for; I would not take a child to our house because I would have cleaned it up and it would have died from being clean. But I did cook food to take in and did the laundry to take back. Ethel had several sisters as filthy as she was to take care of the children the same way all the Evans were raised so I did not want them saying that I killed their baby if something happened while I took charge. My family is clean so I knew how to do everything right, not half-assed like them. I would never had allowed Tom to be scummy like that; he didn't want to be, so brothers can really be very different, just like my Uncle Tom Landtroop was ~~was~~ so stingy and miserable to be born into an aristocratic family with good means. Poverty is one thing till a person works to get out of it but one can always be clean even in rags. Filth is no excuse except laziness; they were just too lazy to scratch where it itched. Tom was better than that and made no bones about it, but I never

So many folks nowadays want to be insulting; it is fashionable to be ill mannered and hateful. Seems that kindness means a person is simple minded.

The village idiot smiles a lot so to look sour and be gruff indicates a smart person. In fact, the more college degrees a person, the more hateful they are; a college education means that you don't have to be nice acting any longer. I just hope that Robert does not act hateful but he has a novel full of the bad things that educated people do to each other; teachers are a ghetto of meanness and jealousy toward each other. But I keep getting side tracked on my chronological account of my autobiography.

I do want to live long enough to see justice done to all the pseudo folks in this world. Like all the lies put out by Washington, D.C. and Ronald Reagan saying he does not know about the weaprony sales disgusts me that fools can believe the president does not know anything. I wish the old time politicians were around like Adlai Stevenson who was a good ambassador to the UN so it is a shame his son today does not have clout. Truth does not matter much anymore to folks; they can't read on a level good enough to seek information or even to remember facts. Even preachers can misquote the Bible and no parishners correct them. Some preachers like to have a harem of women in their Bible study classes to sleep around with (sinning with a man of God does not seem as bad as carrying on with a bum to some would-be ladies). My Cousin Robert Ellis would not put-up with lax ethical values around him; he spoke out and rectified it by challenging the preachers to a public debate, sometimes even on TV. Small towns don't put up with untruths or at least they once did not allow liars to be respected in high places. Cousin Robert even gave TV conferences on his ideas about the ruby red grapefruit market in Brownsville, Texas; he was a rich landowner and citrus grower so he was listened to since wealth indicates intelligence in America but he was a Church of Christ elder and did not allow a lie to go unchecked publically or privately.

Well, Cousin Robert Ellis died not long after my mother in 1959. Life seems to be measured in terms of when the loved ones of yours died, especially when one gets well over the age of 50 because all the older loved-ones die. Cousin Robert Ellis told me that he felt closer to Maggie Landtroop Winniford who was my mother than to anyone since his own father died. That is why he continued to visit every Fall on his way to the citrus orchards of his near Harlingen and Brownsville, Texas.

The Ellis family is very close knit and dutiful to defend the honor of all our kinsmen. And the Scots roots make us proud also and the stingy nature of Cousin Robert Ellis made him able to out jew a Jew in being frugal. He could save a dime when no one else could. Robert Ellis rode the bus and dressed in overalls on trips from Florence, Alabama every year so no one would know he had millions of dollars. His father Henry Ellis bought-out all the kin who came to Texas in 1889 so Robert owned the old Ellis plantation. Cousin Robert Ellis got his two younger daughters married off to high society and big wage earners; the two girls were pretty; one son in law was a banker and the other was a lawyer so the new sons-in-law accessed that U.S. Savings bonds would be a good investment gift for the new grandchildren. That unheard of gall or nerve made Robert Ellis mad even though he believed in bank accounts for young children. An Ellis does not want to be dictated to. But one year, Robert Ellis was at our homeplace; he got a telegram that his eldest daughter had suddenly got married. Robert Ellis hurriedly went to Commerce town to make-out his new will leaving only one dollar to his daughter in case he got killed on a bus going back to Florence, Alabama. He almost took a train back but a bus came earlier so he took the first piece of transportation back that came his way. Later we learned the whole story; seemed that the meter reader at the old Ellis plantation out on the edge of Florence, Alabama came by at 3 p.m. so he quit just before 5 p.m. when the twosome went to a justice of the

learned how to farm and best of all learned how to put up with a cantankerous Robert Ellis. Finally, all the land was deeded to that daughter after two children were born; Robert Ellis preferred that son-in-law to the other two fortune hunters.

The Ellis family was full of characters; Great Uncle Jim Ellis was the reason that the Ellis-Landtroop-Wilson kinfolks went West; he had TB. So many folks had tuberculosis because of wood burning stoves that put off a gas even though the smokes goes up the flu. Even Gladys Butler Armstrong Cash had TB and went to a sanatorium for the cure that did work out for her; she had ribs removed and we used to bake her letter in the oven before opening the envelope because of killing any possible germs; we loved her too much to tell her that, plus she is so curious peculiar that she would never have spoken to any of us if she had known that particular fact. My sister Lucille is just as peculiar as Gladys about things. Gladys says she does not ever remember seeing Cousin Robert Ellis and yet he was at house when great-grandmaw died, all the Landtroop kin came. And her dad lived not far away and Charley Butler was a big family man; he was big on being around when needed for deaths.

The Ellis and Landtroop family would disagree just to show their true independence about things; that's why the old piss-ellum club was mentioned so often and then we all used the symbol of the baseball bat from Mexico that was so colorful as the symbolic way to break up an argument that is a moot or never ending grousing: religion and politics provided the unending discussions.

The whole family had a dry sense of humor about things that could not be changed or ever resolved. Uncle Norve Winniford was a jolly man but he had a dry wit, especially in public or on legal matters. A good example was when his dead wife's Lula Wiggs Winniford family had a legal bout over at Paris, Texas. Lula Wiggs's mother had been a Lane and her father was a medical doctor who had a lot of property and money or so they all said. But a lawsuit resulted over the property of the dead Doctor Lane to the point that a big lawyer from Dallas was hired by one branch of the family to legally decide the property division for the other family members. Uncle Norve Winniford had always been a businessman himself around Cumby or old Black Jack Grove when he delivered mail on the star route line for us and he had clerked in stores for Bob Harris in Cumby. Well, when the court case in Paris got going great gunes, everytime that Uncle Norve described the property, the big attorney from Dallas (and folks around those parts pronounced Dallas as Dellias) jumped up and proclaimed that hearsay was what Norve Winniford was relating. After two days of that kind of objection, Uncle Norve on the third day would not say a word even when on the bench under questioning. Finally, the lawyer said that Norve would be in contempt of court if he did not respond so Uncle Norve then said, "Do you mean me when you addressed Norve Winniford as a name toward me; I have only been told all my life that my name was Norve Winniford so that is certainly hearsay so everything in this world that I know could be called hearsay, even the meaning of words to describe what I am now telling you." After that, no more objections to intimidate with word hearsay was admissable into court. The dry humor made the point much better than arguing. I grew-up on this kind of behavior.

Tom Taylor also grew-up using ironical wit; as a boy delivering groceries he had a code word usage that when he was angry at grown-up, he would call them lady or gentleman and that really mean a sorry son of a biscuit eater. Tom and Earl Featherstone had codes like that to vent their anger rather than vandalizing and getting into legal troubles. But Tom once got into trouble with his tongue when he cussed out a fellow playmate; Tom had gotten a big long splinter from the typical oak flooring on houses long ago; he was bare footed and a long splinter the length of his foot entered the big toe and came out the heel: the splinter was picket out at the ends but the mid section

Tom screamed bloody murder and then cussed and cursed the friend or ex-friend. But the weight of the little fat boy falling on that swollen foot that really would have soon killed Tom had all the stuffing mashed out of the sore; puss and corruption shot out of the sore foot and leg; even the old splinter of oak wood shot out of the sore. The doctor later examined all the slimy mess and the splinter did get mashed out so Tom had to apologize to the fat boy. Tom owed his life to that blundering kid, so blunder-pusses do have a place in this world, after all. Tom a couple of years later nearly got his big toe on his left foot mashed off; a cold drink bottle fell on it and mashed it flat so the toe nail finally came off but it grew back crooked and was always black and green colored to look so filthy and disgusting; I had to trim Tom's toe nails when he was sick for 6 years before he died at age 82. I loved him so I did not mind; old timey bottles used to be very thick and heavy when empty so full one of them weighed a ton it seemed. Tom had a lot of accidents when he was a child. He even set fire to their house playing with matches; the fire burned up everything that his mother had inherited from her old plantation so the family relics loss was always blamed on Tom. Ida or Ider as Tom's dad called Ida Salmon Taylor blamed Tom for the reason the Taylors in Commerce had no fine heritage of antiques like the Winniford family had. But back in Winnsboro the Taylor family still owned Cherry Wood plantation with all its splendor which George Taylor did not inherit; he only had his old iron bed that is worth a fortune according to antique aficionados. The bed that old 3-M Taylor died on in 1862 and the same minute that George Taylor was then born on with the body of his father being pickled in a big barrel and brought back to Cherry Wood plantation out from Winnsboro for burial. Both my father and my husband's father did not have a living dad to raise them or "rear" them as I was taught to say in elegant company. Tom and I had a lot in common besides our cavalier family roots. Mammie or Laura Estelle Sullivan Taylor was the one who inherited a lot of things from her old plantation homestead named Grassland near Winnsboro or next door to the old Taylor place; her father was a medical doctor who died during the War-Between-The-States and he owned three big old houses so the family had a lot of antiques or relics to divide; Mrs. Taylor was reared by her negro mamma Duggan who lived everywhere she did--that's my baby, is what Negro Duggan always said about Miss Laura and Tom. Tom had very red checks, just like rouge had been painted on them. Only when Tom got emphysema did the medical doctor say that the red checks were a sign that he had a lung condition, but Tom lived to be almost 82 and smoked pipe and cigarettes like a smoke stack. Thus, the Taylor family has a congenital lung condition or breathing disorder because many of them have that coloration plus they have kidney stones or kidney gravel but the hard water at Commerce tastes like soap suds strained so that may be the reason for that kidney problem.

Tom Taylor and I got married on December 13, 1924 at my cousin Beulah Winniford Benton's home in Greenville, Texas. Her husband was Henry Benton who was a brother to Ellis Benton whose wife was Matt Wilson Benton; Matt was a cousin to my mother (Beulah was a cousin to me as her father was Norve Winniford who was my uncle). We sent out formal printed wedding announcements. My mother and father did not attend the wedding nor did they attend any weddings of their children ever because they did not consider a wedding worth making a big ado over but they did want us to get married long before having children. They just did not consider that a big celebration time because vulgar jokes so often got cracked and that was crass; one just quietly got married and then went about the business without a big show (my son Robert and Mary Buffington had a fancy church wedding that was the event of the season in July of 1960 so the social whirl is not worth the money or the exhausting energy). I had a big

Ida Salmon Taylor ran over 15 times or more a day just to see us or so I thought for years until a lot of family things happened in jealousy about our children. Ida just ran over to overhear something said that she could use late-on. Ida was always looking for the bad side of human nature to gossip about; Ida did not like to relate the good things, only the negative things. Ida was a crony with Mrs. Pool who was a big gossip. I got tired of just looking up and seeing Ida inside so we moved on Church Street behind the post office; I bought the place in 1925 where Lynna E. was born; the old Liston house was next door. Real jealousy started when we newly weds owned our own house and Will Taylor and Ida did not own a place; Will Taylor had wanted to buy a house many years before but Ida had the idea that Will Taylor would just have a nice home that she worked hard to pay for and leave for him to enjoy with another woman once she was dead and gone. Ida did die first after 60 years of marriage so she was right about Will having a place she worked to build up to enjoy after she died, but women used to die in child birth long before the husband. They had 4 children; Elsie first and then 3 sons one year after the other. Will and Ida finally bought a house on Jernigan Street in the North Ward but not till the 1930's.

Ida was very jealous when Tom and I bought a a car in 1927; we then bought a new Pontiac in Spring of 1929 for \$400 with a heater and roll glass like the other one but this one was a color other than black, a maroon color. Tom spilled paint on the trunk area and ruined it, even with a touch-up, the spot showed; the 1927 Pontiac cost \$395. That 1927 car had an automatic started that worked good and also had windshield wipers; Pontiac autos had experimental improvements several years before things became standard back then so the Pontiac was a preferred car to buy and thus be a few years ahead of nicities. I was a rich man's girl so no one was too surprised that we had nice things, and my own bank account provided a lot of the good life since my Tom had a fine working man's job paying five dollars a day. We had to go to Greenville to get the car; Greenville is the county seat of Hunt county that Commerce is in.

My brother Everette Winniford married Elsie Taylor in March of 1925 so they became the newly weds but Everette did not have a bank account; he had spent his money on dating girls as fast as he made it; my daddy had given him a new car on his 21st birthday for not smoking or drinking alcohol; he was born in 1903 and his car looked like a buggy or stage coach without horses but with a noisy motor. My own dad had a car bought just after World War I; it cost \$360, no windshield and top not assembled so all that had to be bought and paid to have installed at Bob Harris hardware store in Cumby; this flivver Ford was never driven by my daddy; he let the boys drive and he walked to town. We still used the old buggy in 1919 until the horses got spooked and ran off dragging it upside-down, down the road from the house. Daddy repaired it but it never looked good after that. Lucille usually got inside the waiting buggy until everyone came, but fleas bite the horses so they bolted. Lucille was not in the buggy that day. Our house at the back stood three feet on high pillars because of a slope of the land so we could get all dressed in long dresses and then go outside onto the long porch or gallery and then just step across into the wagon or buggy and then never get our dresses dirty or wrinkled before getting into our carriage. Sometimes, we stood upright until arriving at a party so that our dresses would not be wrinkled before actually getting to the party; starched dresses were difficult to keep fresh looking during hot weather so we had the advantage of a house high off the ground ~~where~~ the wheels of a carriage could ~~not~~ ^{spin off} dirt and wrinkle nice dresses. Really required hard ironing to keep oneself looking fresh and clean but I learned young to take care of my own wardrobe; all of us girls did our own laundry. Little Lucille used to change clothes three or four times a day during the summer just to stay fresh

Lucille was like a little sister to all the community; she was the youngest of our family and also the last child for many years in the whole Winniford family; Lucille would get dressed up and go visiting to all the houses along the road. Lucille changed clothes for each place she visited until she got big enough to do her own laundry and ironing. Wash day was heating the water in huge wash pots and filling the large number 3 tubs; we had to watch the rinse water because the hound dogs would jump in to cool off on a hot day; the fleas would float to the top; sometimes the dogs would fight to stay in the water and thus get dirty all the clothes already washed. Then, a pan of starch had to be ready to rinse the dollies and shirts and dresses; ironing all that starched laundry was the really big task. I learned to work early in life because I was a fiesty kid and full of energy so-much-so that I would hang on everybody's tired legs and arms wanting to play or cut-up so my dad started me to having chores and jobs along with my older brothers so that I too would be tired and want to rest rather than play so at age three I began working in the cow lots and fields even. I was a good hand by age 6; I could cook very well at age 12 to help my mother; I was the middle child of five and thus the oldest daughter; Horace was born in 1901, Everette in 1903 and me in 1906 and Lynna in 1909 and Lucille in 1915. So much happened in 1915; Mamie Winniford Robertson got married that year and for some reason does not remember that Lucille was also born that year when folks ask her to find out about Cile's age (Lucille is as bad as old Aunt Becky not to tell her age to anyone, yet she looks much younger with her dark olive complexion and dark eyes that makes her look exactly like my mother at the same age in life). The Winnifords treated my mother so hateful that they deserve to have to look at the cloned face of my mother everytime they see Lucille Winniford. When Lucille does not like a relative, she just says they are not kin to her, even though their name is Winniford and spelled exactly the same way. She has a firm way of shutting up folks.

Mamie Winniford Robertson lived on the old Hull place or Box land; several sections of land around us had belonged to the Box family who would not donate roadway in frontier times so my grandmother had to give all the right of way. Well, my cousin Beulah Winniford Benton's daughter Velma Elizabeth married a Box who taught at the college in Commerce and then now live in Bartlesville in Oklahoma; my second cousin Matt Wilson Benton had a daughter Erma who was blind and married a Box--both sides of my family were kin to the Box family. Dale Benton was a brother to Erma; Dale Benton married Anna Ruth Bishop and her mother was Effie Clayton Bishop who lived with her own mother Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford on the family homestead; Aunt Minnie was married to my uncle Norve Winniford who was the father of Beulah and grandfather to Velma Elizabeth Benton Box. A son Murray Ellis Benton was born on Halloween in 1933 to Anna Ruth and Dale Benton; they got a divorce before World War II when Dale married Margaret of England to bring her back to birth their daughter Donna who got borne somewhere along the way. Anna Ruth Bishop had a sister Murray Katherine Bishop who married Tubby Clayton and Tubby was a cousin to Lawrence Clayton who married Donnie Witcher; Donnie Witcher had a sister Stella Witcher Winniford who married Sherwin Winniford who was a son of Norve Winniford. And the Witcher family was three times kin to the Winniford family because Neita Witcher who was a sister to Donnie and Stella then married Daryl McRae whose mother was Bessie Winniford McRae and her father was Norve Winniford. The Witcher family owned land a mile or so north of our homeplace so we were all of the same socio-economic class as well as descended from cavalier stock or pedigreed stock with heraldry back to the old country via Virginia. Our family attracted "high-toned-folks-of-quality" like ourselves; we were hard working landowners with prosperous homes plus good reputations along with the honor

the Republic of Texas days plus Mrs. Urbane Alexander had been Mary Drennan of Springfield, Illinois and thus knew Abe Lincoln well and then was an aunt to Adlai Stevenson I whose mother was Sarah Drennan Stevenson. And we had the cherry wood jewelry boxes made from the timbers of the old Drennan homeplace in Springfield, Illinois; the dove-tail boxes were made by Adlai Stevenson and John Alexander his cousin; three were made: two for the daughters of Urbane Alexander back in Texas and one for the Stevensons. All our oral history used to get stated and re-stated around the winter fires on rainy days when all of us had to stay couped-up. Also, the sultry lazy nights in summer had us all on the porches talking about tales from the frontier days or back in Virginia and whatever came to mind about the oral history. My family is a talkative group of folks. Stella Witcher's dad had a family of four when his first wife died and a farm so he married a widow with four children and a farm so then the second wife had four children and they bought a third farm together; that gave an equal amount of land to each set of children from their actual father. A hired hand worked the Witcher land at time of World War II; he was only called Frank but when he got old and had no place to go he was no longer kept on the place and lots of folks thought that was mean so it was good finally that social security benefits could cover someone like Frank who could not work at a good enough paying job to enable him to save for an old age (the folks today who say that the poor are that way because they squandered their paychecks rather than making investments are just like Marie Antoinette who said the poor could eat cake when they got hungry because the nobility always had sweet breads to eat as snacks so why not have food in the house!). The wealthy today in America has become the Marie Antoinette embodiment without true intelligence, only selfish greed. And God will destroy the greedy just as the storming of the Bastille led to the destruction of the royalty of greed; France; America is decadent and full of class division based only on money.

As bad as slavery was, the plantation system was a way of life. The noble class or aristocrat had the reputation of his family name to uphold to treat folks decent and especially to care for slaves in a humane way (why, today, the fundamentalist churches declare that humane thinking is heresy so folks do not have to be nice to anyone not a member of their brand X religion--tis a sin when the anti-Christ churches rise to power and impose their views on the once free U.S. of A.). Separation of church of state is a wise precedent that our forebears experienced first hand just like we are today in the 1980's. But a way of life that rural or plantation living provided is typical of the British aristocracy to this day; all the great houses of Britain have large country estates with people working the land and the houses as their daily chores, not some hairbrained industrialist trying to have a bigger bank credit rating or larger listing on Forbest Magazine or Fortune 500 entry. So many industrialists come from the proletariat level of society; they seem to try and forget their roots by never admitting they struggled, especially the grandchildren who have no sense of family name to uphold and not blemish. The aristocracy wants to earn wealth for the security of course but the role of the whole family means everything in the long run; the next generation will judge the actions of the present family members, not just history in general. But the presidents and senators of the U.S. do not seem to care about tomorrow much less the future generations, just look at the horrendous national debt that Ronald Reagan and his ilk have imposed in the name of saving money as a stingy-gut presidency that gives only big contracts to the super-rich industrialists; more scandals and thievery happens among the dog-eat-dog contracts that the white-collar vested interest upper crust get from the government; the billionaires are the dukes and kings of America just like King George III was, only the role of family honor and concern for the next generation does not

Sharing the wealth or at least spreading the opportunity is what America has always been about. Now, the conservative mentality wants to do away with the very same loans that were extended to them to make them rich--the small minded do not want anyone else to have an opportunity like they had. This is why I am not ignorant enough to vote for vested interest super-rich candidates like Ronald Reagan; they own the world and ride hogshod over everyone in glowing words of self glory like saying how great America is while big deficits exist because of their greed and lying of not admitting the truth--the Emperor's clothes is what the Reagan administration is all about, a sham and an image false to real Americans like my family that fought the same kind of tyrants in the Revolution; the same kind of tyrants are today running the federal government that made us rebel. Rhetoric is all that is their substance but the sad thing is that so many young people fell for the rhetoric because they cannot read or think critically enough to see the truth of what he is doing.

My youth was full of promise and prosperity based on hard work while my old age sees the total decadence and destruction of my wonderful United States by the anti-Christ Reaganites; Reagan talks religion but never attends Church; his family seldom goes around him yet he talks family. That hearing aid in his ear is really to get information transmitted while he holds a conference; Reagan is told when to shut up or when to expound more to the TV camera. He is a false prophet in the last days. I even think that he hired Reagan to blame as a name confusion in case anything ever went wrong with all the shady deals that big business vested interest men do so now the name confusion will get Ron Reagan off the hook by any crook. I am not surprised by any of this evil double doing because that is what politicians do and especially big business vested interest white collar folks. Special interest in the government is what the poor folks element has organized to try and wrestle some powerful government contracts away from the industrialists so the disappointed super-rich vested suit interest calls the special interest element bad government while it is alright to steal if one is wealthy and it seems that the young people of this country prefer letting rich folks steal and lie and cheat because they voted for that evil element twice when the truth was out for those who could read. I can read the facts even though I have cataracts but I am not stupid like so many folks now. Even welfare is good for business in this country; every billion dollars creates 59,000 to 79,000 jobs besides the actual payment of goods for the nonworking welfare recipient while every billion dollars spent on armaments creates only 29,000 jobs and thus the super rich industrialists get to keep much more percentage of the profits from those contracts so naturally they want fewer welfare dollars spent so the pentagon has the big budget in order to keep the super-rich earning big bucks to stay top dog on the Forbes Magazine super-rich listings. The conservative element says God loves this country and lets them prosper so why not try using prayer to keep us safe from enemies but a good prayer does not have a prayer's chance when money is involved; we must spend money, not give prayers to keep us safe. That seems a deception of the first order by the two faced leaders in Washington, D.C. So much for the sorry state of politics.

When I married, Tom Holley was mayor of Commerce, Texas in 1924. His family had been neighbors of ours on Holley Flat just below Smith Hill. Smith Hill is part of the old time family kinfolks; Tom Alexander married Martha Smith whose mother Elizabeth Winniford Smith married Godfrey Smith; Tom Alexander was my grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford's brother and her husband George Dawson Winniford was a brother to Elizabeth Winniford Smith so we were double kin to all of them. Paradise School was half way between Holley Flat and our place. Our family has two marriage connections to the Holley name. Verna Lee Holley married Herschel Baber; Herschel Baber's mother was Lula

Then, my sister Lucille married "Cotton" Edgar Holley in 1950; Cotton was a brother to Verna Lee Holley Baber. During the late 1920's another brother to Verna Lee and Cotton went to West Texas on a working visit; Herman Holley was a jolly man and he liked all of us so my brother Horace Winniford went west around Lubbock to work and to pick cotton in the fields where the pay was so good. Greenville had the largest cotton compress in the world and was the cotton center of the whole United States before the boll weevil plague hit. Greenville was only 15 miles from our place and there was a big banner over the railroad station there where all the different railroads met; the banner stated THE BLACKEST LAND AND THE WHITEST PEOPLE. The land was black gumbo and a car could hardly move once the mud balls formed under the fenders.

My brother Horace was a big cut-up for fun and the Holley brothers had a swell time; Horace ~~wore~~ his top hat when cooking breakfast and for the next twenty years that was the bonding topic of conversation when they all met, until Horace died in 1952. The Holley family went to the Lubbock area because of kinfolks there; Tom Holley who was mayor of Commerce had a son who went to Lubbock and the grandson was the father of Bubby Holly the rock singer. That is what everyone says since I never visited with any of those Holleys.

Horace Winniford smoked a lot; he just had the taste for tobacco in him. He really craved tobacco and then he did get drunk once so he did not get a new car given to him on his 21st birthday. My cousin Marvin Winniford and Horace got into the medicinal whiskey bottle that my daddy kept just for the flu. Horace was lying under a big pecan tree and Marvin was piling leaves all over him and they were singing so I went back to the house saying to everyone that Horace and Marvin were happy as a lark and acting mighty peculiar. Well, my dad walked very fast and went to the food safe to check on the liquor bottle which was gone and then my dad said not one word and had a pursed look on his lips. He brought those young men back to the house and just looked at them, never saying a word. My dad was like that, after he told anyone what he really thought on a subject, he did not belabor the subject anymore. He just gave a piercing look that said much more than words ever could tell. My dad would then give that same look for years when he was aggravated at them.

My mother was no different. She and my dad were a good match. They did not yell, rant and rave about their disappointments. They set a good example of behavior and then explained the reasons for not doing certain things. And then any transgression was just given the silent treatment with a penetrating stare. We hated the evil-eye-look more than a whipping or fussing.

My dad bought a new Ford flivver in 1919 but never drove it; he let the boys chauffeur him about. Once Horace was getting ready, all spiffed up, to drive into town and my mother ask Horace to drive her someplace just *beyond* where he was going, not far beyond. Horace was snide or snippy about going out of his way. My mother did not go and she never got into the car when he was driving; she would never put herself in a position to be refused by her child she had done so much to rear; all her diaper changing and cooking of favorite foods meant nothing to him she said. He could go to grass, was what my mother said. Then, after Horace married in 1930 and lost everything in the depression plus his health, the family did drive him places but mother never rode in the same car at the same time with him; she even prepared foods he would eat when he was on h/s death bed. We are all cursed with a memory, and a mighty good memory at that so never do anything bad to us, especially anything mean and evil (my son's wife Mary did mean things to us all on purpose so she really became an object of scorn for Robert but that is another story).

Horace married Beryl Ward; her mother had been a Woolfe. The Woolfe family owned land South of Cumby for generations. My mother's family had owned land nearby to them before 1900. Beryl named her only daughter Dovie Lee for her sister Dovie and Lee for my mother so Dovie Lee Winniford Flowers is now an

and was shell shocked or injured by the nerve gas so he got a pension. He had a guardian appointed by the state to make money decisions; they bought a house in Cumby and later Beryl borrowed money from Bernice to pay for Dovie Lee's college education. Beryl had big cow eyes or Betty Davis eyes as the song says today and pouty lips. Beryl was considered a beauty but she never won a beauty contest. Beryl always lingered in front of a mirror and even moved her lips a lot when preening. She once said seriously, "I know that I am pretty because my mirror says that I am pretty." That made my religious parents reel in shock that such vanity could be expressed by anyone. And then when Beryl and Horace got married, she rushed over to my mother and asked, "where are you going to live now that I am Mrs. Winniford?" My mother just stated, "You will have to ask my husband who was born here and still owns the property that his grandfather left us." My dad had indeed overheard Beryl's question so he provided a north bedroom for them; Beryl would only sweep the part of the porch in front of her room so the wind would blow the dirt back. Beryl liked to boss others but not do anything herself such as cooking; Beryl would tell us how much seasoning to add because she knew good food when she tasted it so we should prepare her the best. Beryl was so glad to be a Winniford in our lovely home but she expected us to be her servants; if we were such a grand family, I have always wondered why we should have been her slaves. Beryl did not last till the water got hot around our place. Beryl ordered her food seasoned just right so we over-did it; the salt was so excessive that we could hardly eat the briney stuff but we all pretended to like it highly salted while Beryl turned up her nose. Beryl had nothing else to eat but what we prepared that was over salted so she had to learn to cook and then not to be demanding. We had to put her in her place fast. The Winniford family does not wait on each other unless one is sick in bed and dying. I waited hand and foot on Tom because he nearly died and then I spoiled him but at least I loved him. Tom did do things for me when he was able and he never demanded service.

Beryl had the ire of the family from the start and Horace should never have married her; she was beneath him socially and genealogically. As educated as James Robert is he does not realize the importance of family background; he is a peasant or half peasant; he speaks loud like a hick and is a redneck disgrace to our family; money is what he wants and has a lot of. He owns a three story house out of Gilmer, Texas. He wanted a bigger house than the old Winniford homeplace. Yet James Robert sold the landgrant acres that he inherited. That is why his Aunt Lynna Winniford did not leave him her land; she knew he would sell. James Robert Winniford visited his aunt often with his young daughters to get on her good side so she would leave the homeplace to him. But we all saw his ploy because James Robert did not come to see his own grandmother the last few years of her life after she had given so much to him; he was not a genuine Christian preacher or a true-blue Winniford by blood. He may have the Winniford name and some of our blood but he is his mother's child in most ways.

Elsie Taylor Winniford was also a pain in the neck. She would correct folks who misspelled or mispronounced the name Winniford. Elsie even had her mother Ida Salmon Taylor to raise Ida Margaret Winniford. Elsie was too busy going to dances and being a big wig. Elsie capitalized a lot on the Winniford name and went to parties where Sam Winniford the finest violinist in Texas was well-known. Everette danced but not well; he danced on his heels. He never learned how to dance. Elsie always had a pensive look on her face, like she wanted to be someplace else when she was around us, yet she was the first to go places with us when the car was brought around. Go was her middle name. Elsie looked classy and made a great social impression; she was an asset to my brother E.D. or Everette Dawson Winniford. Ida reared little Ida Margaret

the old homeplace. Weldon would come get her on Sunday early when a family event was to happen. Ida enjoyed her power to deny including little Ida Margaret in the Winniford family things. Ida tried to get Thanksgiving dinner and Christmas dinner postponed by us because her family had to travel into town for that day only while we old country folks were always nearby. Ida despised country folks of every sort; even though we dressed better than she and lived in a mansion on the family landgrant she acted like we were dirt. Ida would make snide remarks that having to take sponge baths was never really clean; we washed as far down as possible and then washed as far up as possible before then washing possible. We smelled better than Ida, even with her city running bathtub water.

When I moved to town and married Tom Ida lived next door. She popped in to see us unannounced several times each day. At first I thought Ida was being nice to see if I needed as a young wife ~~needed~~ advice or help. But she was trying to overhear gossip to tell her friends later; I much later was told things that only could have been eavesdropped on such as her standing near a window or just outside the front door. This kind of deception can cause ill feelings forever but a Christian duty to forgive makes one vulnerable to constant reoccurrences of hurt by the same person. The rakes of society must have made translations of the Bible to suit themselves for their duplicity to get forgiven and then give them a second and third chance to hurt folks. The super-rich certainly do this sort of thing and still get treated so fine by preachers who need money to expand the buildings that get a name of the wealthy reprobate placed on the new annex; reformed evildoers like to brag and talk in the church about their sinful ways; almost like they regret no longer doing those dastardly acts. Repent and then keep their mouth shut is what should happen.

Ida really expected Everette to have more money than I had. She knew that E.D. had a new car because he never smoked or drank alcohol before age 21. E.D. did drink beer later and Elsie smoked like ~~smokestack~~ all the time so she was considered fast and loose sometimes, yet she had a reputation to keep. Once Elsie had a bad remark that she carried on or saw another married guy; Elsie asked my sister Lynna, "Do you want to be seen with me in public?" Lynna said yes, only if you never cause reproach upon our name again and then Lynna attended all the dances and gatherings that E.D. and Elsie went to.

Ida decided to be nice to me because we had a big house and cars. Tom even owned a roofing business. He put on Texaco roofing and John Mansville. Tom could walk around a house and count his steps and then estimate the pitch of the roof and then calculate the square footage. A math teacher at the college did not trust Tom's quick appraisal by walking around so the prissy college professor had his advanced class to take a project of measuring his house and then calculating the square footage. Well, the cost was only one cent difference; the math professor was higher but he refused to pay the price of his own calculation. Tom knew the simple workable things. We made a thousand dollars a month profit during the late 1920's out of that business plus Tom was still a railroad man or switchman earning five dollars a day. That made Ida even more jealous besides my having more money than my brother Everette.. Ida played tricks or jokes on us; when we went visiting friends, we would come home to go to bed and the bed was short sheeted. Sometimes, cracker crumbs were put ~~in~~ the sheets. Before Tom got married, Ida put woman's under clothing between the sheets and said jokingly when she went in to wake Tom up that he was getting used to sleeping with ~~the~~ woman. She could be fun if she set her mind to it. Just before Elsie and I got married I stayed at the Taylor house; we dressed up in man's clothing and went to town to fool folks; we smoked a cigar; I got sick or weak legged and nearly fainted but Elsie did not; later I found out that she had been smoking a long time. Elsie died of

cigar was the only tobacco ever put in my mouth. I was always just too busy doing work around the house or in the yard or making my own clothing to think about other things.

After I bought our house on Church Street with the bay window; Ida moved on North Park Street where they lived for 8 years; they had lived for 20 years on Locust Street. Ida decided to buy a house on Jernigan during the depression when prices fell so much; we had lost our house so she bought a house to brag and lord it over us; Ida was good at lauding it over folks. Ida bought that house and then had the nerve to say that Will would not so she had to do it all, yet Ida had always kept Will Taylor from buying a house. Then, she had to blame Will for not buying a house, and that she was the only one interested in buying which was true because he had been too hen pecked to care anymore. Will broke both his arms during the depression so Ida had to do everything for him; she even had to take him to the bathroom and unbutton his pants and hold his anatomy during the whole process of peeing. She did love him and did not carry on with other men; Ida was the big gossip in town along with her good friend Mrs. George who had been a Lindley; John Lindley III and IV owned the majority stock in Security State Bank in Commerce plus having land by the section from Republic of Texas days from Brownsville, Texas to St. Louis in Missouri. Their cattle could camp on their own land every night and had their own ponds of water during the cattle drive days so that the trains coming in 1880's made it easier to go to market. They had oil wealth also. Old man John Lindley III dated or came courting on widows to steal their cattle at night when he left like he tried to do to my grandmother in 1870's.

The banker Lindley would not leave money or land to any blood issue of his who owed money. They had to be out of debt to inherit and the last-will-and testament read that way. In the 1950's when John Lindley IV died, he left all his 9 children over two million dollars cash and several sections of land. Even his grandchildren inherited land and money as well if they did not owe anything. Mamie Alexander Callan was the daughter of Kyle Alexander who was a double cousin to my daddy; she married James Callan whose mother Mrs. Walter Callan had been a Lindley. Mamie and James had just build a new fifty thousand dollar home and had bought another section of land on credit; then, the grandfather Lindley died so Mamie had to get Kyle to take a hundred thousand dollars to pay off all their ~~debt~~ debts before the Will was probated. Mamie just got her cash inheritance ahead of time from her daddy. Then, they did inherit the Lindley fortune. Today, John Lindley VI is a banker in the Houston area.

Kyle Alexander and Ludie Bruce married when they were age 30 and lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary; then, Kyle died after the 50 year celebration. My father married at age 30 to my mother only age 19. And my brother Horace was age 30 when he married Beryl Ward and his son James Robert was age 30 when he married Anna Mitchell.

Tom Taylor was 24; he was as old as the century or so Tom liked to say. Commerce was a nice place to live; the natural gas lines came to town by 1927. A big executive from the gas stove companies came to town to sell all the folks on idea of having gas stoves instead of wood burning or coal burning heaters. The fact of being cooler in the kitchen with gas burners over wood burners played a big deciding factor. Also, we no longer had to keep our woodshed door locked because of theft. The lady next door came late at night to steal wood from us; the Thomas family needed more than they could buy.

The radio was a big new thing; the radio crystal sets did not appeal to Tom; his brother Will had a crystal set he put together from a mail order house; Will Taylor even took a correspondence TV course in 1955 to learn how to make and repair TV sets. Anyway, the radio came out with a big speaker and several stores downtown Commerce and other small towns would have the

turned the loud thing down and only then did folks realize that a radio had more than one tone; dozens of folks began to purchase a radio when realizing that a blaring noise did not have to be the way it operated all the time. The merchants of furniture stores, hardware stores and big grocery stores carried radios so no one knew how to display the things. Thus, Tom Taylor bought a radio that day along with other folks who stopped to look when Tom turned the volume low. Our ears always hurt when just walking past.

Ida had a sister Hattie Salmon Knight who was married to Ira Knight. The Knight family had lots of land and a big mansion East of Commerce. But the place burned so they lived in a big 14 room house or rent house on the place the rest of Hattie's life; Elsie could wear her aunt's clothes so Elsie always had really fine clothes to wear when going on dates or going to parties even after first married. Everette had to buy Elsie a fine wardrobe. Elsie always hated having to share the clothes rather than being grateful that her aunt let her wear the clothes and also lucky that they were the same size. I never minded sharing clothes or anything; I still give away things that my folks admire, even antiques. Robert does not let the things I give away leave the house if they belong to great granddaddy; he says they are to be used and admired in the old house. He just recently gave or donated most of the things to the museum of Texas History in Houston.

Ida said what she thought usually while Elsie brooded and held grudges that took decades to surface. Christmas time with our girls was a bad time. I learned to dread Christmas. Elsie would check the quality of each gift and then throw it in daddy's face if he spent a penny more on Lynna Estelle over Ida Margaret; it was a good thing they had only one child. We put up elaborate Christmas trees and gave lots of gifts. Elsie liked that but she wanted the most money spent on her family, even for birthdays. My dad got so sick and tired of all this that he deeded his land to his three daughters equally so that his sons's wives could not get a dime of his property by contesting a last will. Daddy learned to hate to see his sons coming to see him because their wives were along with their complaining and conniving ways to get money from him. We learned to dread to have a family dinner for them to complain about being poor and how we all dressed like millionaires and had so much fun when Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander came to visit and when Sam Winniford played concerts for the family. We all got tired of them, wives *ou wt!*

We did have a good time as a family though, in spite of the inlaws. My Tom got along with my mother and dad as if he were their blood son. When he got over his first argument of my buying a fur coat for \$500 and we then bought a new Pontiac; we had fun the first winter when ice froze the ponds solid as usual. We pulled a sled on a rope behind the Pontiac and drove all over the pastures and slip around; we each took turns riding the sled, even drove across the pond in the north pastuer. My son Robert just can't believe we did such fool-hearted things by attempted to drive on ice that could break through, plus the sled could have swung around to hit the car fenders; my son Robert was always five years old going on fifty. Robert was sick unto death all his first 6 years so he was never a silly child; he was serious as a judge.

My daddy did breathe into my baby Robert's throat to see if his famous thrush doctoring gift would heal my baby *Robert*. Many old timey country folks used to come to our house to get my daddy to exhale into their sick baby's throat because a man who never saw his father would have the gift to heal; my dad did not believe this but he never denied such hope to worried parents. And thus my father certainly tried everything for my little baby boy. Robert had whooping cough and German measles in the third summer of his life; usually if a baby could live through the third summer of his life, he would survive the childhood illnesses. But little Robert had all the major illnesses during the third summer of his life; he had inner ear risens every year when the

My father was not surprised that his exhaling onto little Robert did not help. But the little tyke did live so that may have helped as the old timey folks were quick to point out.

We had lots of fun doing things as couples; Everette and Elsie did ride with us a lot in our enclosed Pontiac with the heater and windshield wipers; we went to Saltillo and climbed the oil storage tanks and rode on the rising levels; the top goes up or down depending on the changing level of stored oil in the big tanks. Had the metal broken through we could have been killed; my son Robert could not believe that we did that foolish fun things or risk taking as young adults rather than mere children like we were acting; he thinks his aunt Elsie was the instigator to try to kill us all, including herself since she resented our prosperity and fun and prestige. The Taylor family was big stuff in Commerce; William Taylor owned a mercantile store and was worth millions; he had a big house on Washington Street and had helped found the Presbyterian church as well as helped get Mayo College moved to Commerce in 1894. The dominio hall was owned and operated by Jim Taylor, a brother and a dray service or delivery company was owned and operated by Ike Taylor. Only George Taylor was out of town because he had been a roustabout building wooden derricks in the boom town oil fields of the pioneer oil industry in Texas from 1901 till 1932. Before then, George Taylor had been a guide for Texas folks going into Indian Territory but my father-in-law George Washington Taylor was not well respected by most folks because he did not live with his wife after Jennie Sullivan Taylor had died in Oklahoma. He got blamed for causing her demise since they did not return before the first snow that winter before then getting snowed in. She died in child birth and no child lived but Lissie says she is that child and was reared as his child; I doubt that but Lissie never wanted to claim her daddy as being much so she said that to hurt him deeply and that cut him to the bone. I felt sorry for him. Laura Estelle or Mrs. Taylor as I called her to her face always said that the Taylors were good stock and fine folks, just George was not any good for her yet she loved him but could not bear to look at him because he was responsible for her sister Jennie's death. Old timey folks held grudges for a long time when they thought they were right. Mrs. Taylor always said that my children were the only grandchildren that stayed quiet and minded her. I did not let my two children sass adults or run wild in the neighborhood.

Ida kept her 4 children under control. The youngest Leon spent a lot of time in bed; Ida put him to bed when he displeased her; she ordered him to bed like a drill sergeant and that may be why he made the air force a career; Leon was a colonel when he died of a heart attack.

Weldon became a college professor of math here at Commerce old Mayo Normal college or East Texas State University. We have a branch of East Texas State University at Texarkana but the real school is at Commerce; should have named the Texarkana college the University of Texarkana or whatever but not a branch to dilute the quality of the first college.

Nathan was a quiet young man and seldom gave a ruckus; he was fair to solve disputes between Leon and the others. Elsie was the oldest and the only girl.

Ida sold subscriptions to the Commerce Journal newspaper to win a car in 1930 but the tax kept her from getting the auto. That was the old auto dealership owned by Doctor DeJernett who owned lots of farm land also. He was a young man when Commerce was founded in 1885; he was a Frenchman. Then, in World War I the doctor was a captain during the great war to end all wars. The first United States soldier boy or doughboy to die in World War I was Bruce Williams from Commerce, Texas. The town of Commerce held a parade to pay tribute to the Bruce Williams family who had settled in Texas before the Republic of Texas days. Doc DeJernett helped organize the event or holiday

still in France so he knew others in Europe to get busy organizing a big event to celebrate the war that ended all wars. Doc DeJernett and several Commerce veterans went to Dallas to organize the first American Legion Hall that got the national and world-wide Armistice Holiday started so the very first American Legion Hall began in little Commerce (seems odd that Commerce is so small and such a young town to have as much going for it as it does while other older settlements do not have much happening--Winnsboro is where many of the original Commerce settlers originated, yet Winnsboro is much smaller now than Commerce). William Taylor who owned the mercantile store in Commerce had a daughter who married a Winn whose family originated came from Winnsboro so the Texas Winns in Dallas have family roots to the Taylor name.

Ida was the cause that we bought a house so soon after being married; we got tired of her running inside our house all the time each day. One early morning we woke up and Ida Salmon Taylor was sitting on the footboard of our big four poster bed. She was grinning like an O'possum and so proud of herself at having been so quiet to get onto the heavy boards of the bed. She was a good sneak as well as a big gossip--tis no telling what she told about us that I never heard since I was too busy going places in our new car and then I kept a clean house so I had little time to run around gossiping. I also did not know very many folks in Commerce yet. But Tom knew everyone in town since he was reared there and was a big mason who taught Scottish Rite masonry. Tom was well liked and very friendly so he was big stuff; working people are very friendly, not like educated folks who are standoffish and think that they are better than godalmighty himself. Teachers are not a very fun lot to associate with; they are snobs and sneer a lot at other folks to make themselves feel superior--I guess educated fools do this because of the low pay for all their expensive education and time to get educated so they at least have the joy of thinking they are superior.

Non-degreed parents especially urge their children to get college educated so then the children feel cheated when the pay and prestige is not good like the parents in glowing terms made all the attention to going to college seem wonderful. Money in the bank is what counts with most folks, not good manners or fine family background or even hard work. In fact, the educated sneer at folks who sweat for a living, saying that good paying jobs only go to the white collar workers who do not work up a smelly sweat. American is in a bad decadent shape with college folks thinking that way.

Ida certainly worked hard to send all three of her sons to college. She had only a change of clothes for each boy; Leon sometimes really had to stay in bed while his clothes dried and were ironed. They all amounted to something worthwhile.

Anyway, Ida sat on *our* bed posts many a time filing her nails when we woke up so we bought a house away from her behind the old Post Office that is now the library for the city. One day I was hanging out my clothes, making sure that all the colored things were in order on the clothesline. I had just finished when oil dropped on everything; an airplane had lost its engine and the oil crankcase streaked through the sky with a wave of oil all over that end of town. I was fortunate that no metal parts hit me or the roof tops.

Ida ruled the roost at her house or she wore the pants as the old saying goes. Ida Margaret the grandchild or only child of Everette and Elsie was completely reared by Ida. Little Ida Margaret Winniford knew who her real mother was but she obeyed Ida and loved there. Elsie liked to go to dances and enjoyed the free life, not the motherly life. When Everett and Elsie moved to Amarillo in 1943 to get a job as a railroad fireman for the Santa Fe, young Ida Margaret met a fly boy *there* and married him but she was too spoiled to stay married. Ida Margaret came back to get a divorce and just before the final decree Ida Margaret learned that she was pregnant so Ida had an abortion.

Ida Margaret was left sterile from that home operation. We need clinics so that bad kitchen table operations do not have to be performed. Ida was able to get a local doctor to perform the kitchen operation because the Taylors were good family and Ida was the big gossip in town so word would never get out to hurt little Ida Margaret later on. Ida Margaret later married Arlan Sparkman who owns land South of town and his mother was Mrs. Mimms who was a good friend of Ida's. Ida Margaret never adopted a child; she did not want any. But little Ida Margaret grew up to be as hateful as her grandmother Ida. Ida Margaret had a legal document drafted that stated that Ida was not her grandmother any longer or so Ida Margaret said she did (my daughter Lynna Estelle always threatens to have a legal document saying her son Billy is not her son so I do wonder where or what old movie those girls saw that-in and thus like to proclaim as their weapon in reserve). Ida Margaret is a holy terror to this day. After her mother Elsie died, she really has no one to be afraid of so she treats Everette badly but he never stood up to old Ida or Elsie so why shouldn't little Ida Margaret continue her power drive! Ida Margaret did grieve at her grandmother Ida's funeral but her animosity got the better of her when she had old Ida legally dropped from her genealogical family tree connection; resentment rears its ugly head finally in many devious forms.

Commerce was a nice place to live; we did not have to lock our doors hardly ever and now folks just break locks and whole doors down anyway. But stealing was not a big thing back in the 1920's or even during the great depression. People used to fear the wrath of god, not just the law, and also gossips were everywhere to observe the comings and goings of neighbors or strange looking folks so nothing went unseen and unmentioned. I however did have my wedding rings stolen and a watch from the fruit bowl arrangement on the kitchen table by a negro who was new to town; no self-respecting black from Commerce ever stole anything so it had to be an out of townner which it was because all my things got returned when the nigger was caught on a train flat-car near Sulphur Springs; he had a lot of other stolen goods on his person.

Parades were a big thing; the college had them and so did the yearly Armistice Day parade; the KKK or Klu Klux Klan had big turn out with their hoods marching, such nicely starched sheets on grown men were a sight to behold. The KKK was big business and big stuff in the 1920's; also the KKK would tar and feather a white man who beat his wife or drank up his pay check money before buying food or paying rent for his children and wife. The KKK was not all bad negro beating and hanging; I saw a Commerce man get rode out on a rail with tar and white chicken feathers all over him. He beat his wife and kids so child abuse today needs that approach to get families back in line since the fear or love of God does not seem to work anymore. God has not struck anyone famous down with lightning in a long time to bring the fear of God back into fashion. Commerce was a new town that seemed to boom with the railroads that were the reason little Commerce was established as a cow hill loading for cattle trains; the Lindley family owned the Security State Bank because they sold so many cows on the railroad that came through here; John Lindley wore overalls with a black jacket suit coat that looks shabby or hick-town. But the man had millions with no taste or real pride, just backwoodsey hicks.

Commerce had a ladies's aid society that tried to be elegant or literary and then the fiddlers society that Uncle Sam played in added the high toned culture to the town. And the United Daughters of the Confederacy also had clout and the DAR. The United Daughters of the Confederacy liked to say that the South hosted the great war between the states and did not really lose till the 1954 Supreme Court decision to integrate the schools, but the New Federalism under Reagan is a return to the old ways.

These elegant organizations are run by ladies and the women of good fami-

skills or high standing of a family. The pioneer ladies urged the men to go West to settle on land and then build fine houses for them and the children. A High Toned Lady of Quality is behind every man of success and no family can consistently be famous and high falutings without a fine lady as the center. That lack of quality is why I get so disgusted with Beryl Ward Winniford; she wanted our fine house, not to be a part of our household; she wanted our fine family name, not our family members. Cavalier families know the full scope or long range of the family name with all its crazy power-mad members so we ride out the bad with the good times and know that all things go in cycles. But this attitude has to be taught to the youth so the mother of the family is all-important. Beryl taught her two very little about family honor; her well educated children do not understand the importance of Robert-theBruce being on our family tree; they think only that his being a king means something; that determined leader of men did not give up under great odds and he was a link that takes our family back to 76B.C. in Scotland as well; The Bruce was a refuge for the blitz against free-thinking anti-Popery of the 1200's--the Freemasonry fled to Scotland along with the Anabaptist movement that finally gave the world the Reformation; our family bloodline has always fought for real freedom of the individual through the family roots and that is what our fine family pride is all about.

Beryl Ward Winniford just did not know how to fit in; she thought we just dressed like millionaires when we made our own clothes according to styles of Neiman Marcus, though. Beryl never saw beyond the glitter of gold; she did her best I am sure but she was just too far down on the totem pole for us; her folks had crawled out of the woodwork much later than ours; we had a hundred generations of careful family pride ahead of hers, not being that we were superior but just more adept at social relationships and interaction on a higher understanding. Even James Robert Winniford claimed to love us but he would squeeze me so tight until he cracked a rib; I cried of course. That made Lucille hate him more because she said that was the way his squeaky old mother Beryl would come around mother and pretend to be so nice while getting on our good side to gain a favor, only James Robert did not know his own strength. Lucille never forgot that rib cracking; subconsciously he did not really want to hug so he squeezed till it felt so good to his hidden animosity--that is what Lucille said; she has been very outspoken with James Robert because she does not want any little mean things done to her in the name of goodness, and he is a Church of Christ preacher at that but he did not come around our mother at the end of her life when she wanted to see him, so all his fine Christian ways go for nothing in reality. Also, Beryl his mother did an unforgiveable thing to our family; she liked to say that my parents had to marry because of John Horace being already conceived; mother and dad married 18 November 1900 and Horace was born in September so she said he was really a bastard. I had to inform Beryl that if Horace were a bastard then her own children were worse or the same and she would get nothing from the estate. That did not shut her mouth so she talked it up with my cousins; Norve's bunch of girls love a good scandal and family fuss so that went a long way. But Beryl cut her own throat with us for good; Horace was born 10 months after the wedding; folks used to keep marriage certificates and birth records on parlor room display just to prove such fine points. Beryl was too much a peasant to realize that she hurt her own children by saying such mean things but that is why her family is not a very fine one at all; they have no pride and good sense of when to shut up. When Horace died, Beryl buried him way off in the South end of the county where the Woolfe family buried and Beryl did not intend to be buried there but her children did bury her beside Horace. All of us put flowers on the graves of all our loved ones wherever they are buried; on their birthdays is when we go.

Elsie Taylor Winniford was no better a person than Beryl but Elsie had more class for doing whatever she did. Elsie held her tongue in front of strangers; she was hell at home but not in public. Elsie always had a far away look on her face; her eyes were somewhere else; she did not want to be with us so she was always thinking up something hateful to do or to say. Elsie liked to tantalize the children with promises of food if they hung around till meal time. My son Robert always had a weakness for fried chicken; Elsie would tell him that she would soon be frying a chicken if he could stay for it so she would have him to call on the old country party line telephone that required cranking; he would beg to stay for fried chicken while I knew the game Elsie was playing to get me to give permission and then no chicken because the stove always would not work. Elsie had a million excuses for not doing something; Robert soon learned her ways and never went around them much.

We all did go visit in Amarillo one summer for 5 days and we also went to see Gladys on her ranch near Channing. That was in 1974 when Tom and I had been married 50 years or soon would be come December 13. Well, my sister Lynna went too; we had a good long 550 mile drive and left at dawn to get there by sun down. Elsie had rhubarb pie that Robert would not eat because he did not trust Elsie since rhubarb is a poison as well and can make folks sick if not cooked just right; he knew Elsie too well to trust her not to get us all sick just a little bit; Elsie tasted Robert's piece and yet he would not take one bite. He stood his ground and she held hers; they are two peas in a pod and stubborn as only true Taylor cousins could be, yet he always called her Aunt Elsie. Robert said that he loved her but did not trust Elsie as far as he could throw the house when it came to her way of getting even for things.

Elsie talked a lot about a big rimmed dressy hat that I once wore a lot when she did not have a nice hat during the depression; she always had more clothes to wear than I did because of being ~~to~~ wear her aunt Hattie Salmon Knight's clothes. Then, Elsie drove back from Gladys's ranch and went so slow that we all wanted to get out and walk the 55 miles back. Also, Elsie was angry at Lynna so the evening summer sun was on Lynna's side and then the air conditioner suddenly went out so we all sweltered in the ~~slow~~ drive back to Amarillo. Robert never believed that the air conditioner was ~~broken~~. Then, Elsie got remorseful and bought us all a new hat when we went shopping. I wanted to pay for mine but Robert said no, to let mean Elsie pay something for a change, but she would later brood over it and get mad all over again. Evidently that is what happened because we never saw her again; she managed to be too busy to ever come back to Commerce or to the farm again. Weldon Taylor her brother had to visit Amarillo to see his only sister; Elsie and Everette used to drive back to East Texas from dusty West Texas two or three times a year just to get back to civilization. Elsie managed to get Everette to move to Amarillo for a job being a fireman on the Santa Fe railroad in 1942 when our father was very ill and then died in 1943 when needing the sons so much, so my dad deeded all his land to his three daughters so the sons's wives could not get an acre; but my mother ~~relented~~ as he was signing the deeds and had one **fourth** of the land deeded to ~~the~~ family while three-fourths was deeded to us girls. Later, we all divided that among my mother and five children to keep the wives from getting any more than absolutely necessary; they gave us too many heart aches to let them get something for nothing. Then, James ~~Robert~~ sold his ancestrol land just like Lucille said he would; he cares nothing about being a Winniford to keep his heritage for his children. James ~~Robert~~ thinks he is so perfect being a preacher that he can do anyway and still be a godly person when he is hateful to Lucille and anyone who gets in his way; he is rich with a three story house on hundreds of acres of land near Gilmer. But his daughters look wealthy and will marry pushy rednecks just like his mother did; he will have ~~many~~ troubles with in-laws wanting his wealthy and prestige, but James

I have never forgotten for a moment who I am; I am Ella Lorena Winniford Taylor and that is only my fine name; I am a high toned lady of quality first and foremost. I enjoy flowers and gardening as well as sewing my own clothes. I was taught to be independent in my own labor so as not to have to hire servants to cook, iron and do yard work. I am almost 81 years old and can do all my own housework and yard work of raising over 80 per cent of what I eat in my vegetable garden. I still quilt and crocket clothes hangers while watching television so as not to waste my time; on auto trips I crocket while riding. I also sew most of my clothing. I am nearly blind but can see up close; my Scottish hazel blue-green eyes get cataracts easier than dark brown or black eyed folks. But I spent a lot of time outside, wearing big floppy straw hats and cold cream to keep from getting too tan. On the farm, we wore thin sleeves to keep from getting tan; also kept skin cancers from forming. Seems odd that my generation of ladies wanted to have milk white skin, especially the country folk who worked in the sun for long hours. Now, gals lie in the sun soaking up cancer rays. Wasted energy is the theme of today's living habits, and the jogging or running is such a waste of energy when so many will not even do yard work or take the garbage out, yet will run a few miles. Folks are afraid of honest hard work today; I never have to take long walks because I made a few dozen trips a day to the compost pile to process down all the peelings or egg shells or onion skins or whatever as I chop up the things in the kitchen or the yard. I get up early, always have, I cook breakfast and clean up the dishes before they dry and get really smelley; then, it is nearly 7am so I go outside and work two or three hours in the yard or garden. I wash the car if it needs it and sweep the walks and dust the porch chairs. I keep everything clean and that takes energy and lots of time that folks today do not want to do, much less take out the trash to the garbage can. I am shocked at how much trash mounts up at the trash can in the kitchen for folks before they take anything to the garbage cans; no wonder cockroaches are bad. Filth breeds filth. I never have but one roach at a time; I chase the one till I kill one and thus do not see a roach. When I have two or so roaches, I then put out the white powders or paint the clear pesticide on the baseboards.

I read organic magazines so I try to do everything natural until the varments infest the place. I spray my vegetables with pepper juice to make the bugs scamper; red hot peppers that I grow by the bushes basket are soaked over night in buckets of water and then mashed up; I use the hose spray to mist the pepper juice on everything; I used to do garlic juice on the hose but garlic settles heavy and takes on a very different smell much like horse manure all over my feet but yet no mess.

I am very tired of folks with dogs in the city; dogs belong in the country where they can be themselves. Folks walk their dogs on a lease now but think that the dog should have the right to use any yard as a bathroom so I have stepped in more dog dookie on the city park grass than I ever stepped-in on the farm. People in the city are not very considerate of others at all, just selfish noise makeers all night long when coming home drunk to slam car doors. Thus, the dog dookie all over public walkways and yards is typical slob behavior today in any city or town that one visits. Americans are inconsiderate slobes so it is no wonder that foreign countries do not like Americans. I do not any longer baby sit because parents want their children to run wild and never said no to. They all called me Tay-Tay for years but now I just speak and pass--pass and re-pass with the parents today because I am not going to be a doormat for the sassy children. I love well behaved children.

My own children minded; I always told them why I was whipping them while applying the hickory-tee with the switch; my two got lectured on how to behave in advance of going in public or on how to treat furniture; I never had to

Getting married and living in Commerce, only 9 miles from the homeplace was a delight. We bought our house just behind the Post Office, now the Library, so we were just off the main street of shops and the square was west. Tom said that fleas in knee deep sand bothered the horses and dogs that walked under the wagons from town to the homes. Then, the big bricks paved all the dust over and did away with so many fleas but the police had to mark auto times with chalk to keep folks from parking on the square and staying all day in one spot. Saturday night was a hoot or a time when most folks came to town to let their hair down so to speak. Folks would park and just walk the length of town and the blocks in Commerce were four times as long as the conventional block in a big city. Hundreds of folks came to watch other folks on Saturday. The two movie houses played to a full house every feature from dusk till midnight closings. Business was good because Commerce area had rich farmers and a college to generate income; the town though always says it hates the college students who bring diseases to the good girls in the town but truly good girls do not let those things happen if they aren't willing in the first place. Guess the small minded conservative mind does not ever learn anything new or responsible behavior--others are always to blame for their ills such as bad economy or evil other folks bring sin to them. The railroads were the founding force of Commerce as a railhead stopping to pick-up cattle so Cow Hill was the name at first and then Dr. DeJernett as a young man shipped some goods from Jefferson by new fangled railroad to a place called Commerce. The name stuck. A big round house to turn around engines was built because so many railroad lines met at Greenville, Texas; this north-central part of East Texas was a hub where all the big robber barons travelled through in their private cars; we would wave to them as they went by. Tom knew them all personally.

He got a job being yard master during World War I at age of 17; he lied about his age and pulled it off since 21 was the real age but he looked older. Seems odd that my son Robert looks almost exactly identical to his dad, yet looked very much younger at age 23 even--the college folks thought Robert was still in high school when he was working on his masters. That made my son so aggravated but I told him that he would be old looking soon enough for the rest of his life; he now understands. Looking older is so important to the young and then looking young is so important to the older set; I have never minded the way I look as long as I am clean and well dressed; I won a beauty contest in Cumby over some really exotic flashy well-dressed gals because I laughed a lot and was myself in a natural, not false, manner. I always knew no one was better than I was so my inner beauty just came through; I was glad and happy that I was Ella Lorena Winniford. I enjoyed doing the chores at our pretty home that was a frontier landgrant; I felt like somebody special and knew it every day of my life; I sang while I worked, not just the religious songs written by Tillet of Sulphur Springs, but the current popular songs.

We Scots folks have rhythm and can play almost any instrument by ear, so I was no exception. My son Robert has the fine long fingers to play the violin but all the inner ear infections and risens destroyed his pitch or ability to carry a tune so he cannot play the violin that he got from Uncle Sam and that is why Robert plans to donate that violin to the State museum. My son Robert was so ill the first ten years of his life that it is a wonder he lived. My father did exhale and try breathing into his mouth just to see if all the past faith other folks had in the Thrush Doctor ability to heal would work on his little grandson. All that healing malarky is ignorant use of God; we have the Bible to read and to use as a guide only until the end of Time; we cannot talk to God on a daily basis so that is ignorance and blasphemy. Christians must live their life according to the dictates instructed in the good book of the Bible and then die to hear God speak. Oral Roberts is a charlatan and has made a mockery of God almighty: no wonder atheists do not believe because such

to learn the truth of Christ and God, not rely on the rantings of a preacher. Preachers are only human too. To think that if James Robert Winniford were a preacher in Oral Roberts's anti-Christ church, he would have power over the congregation. Any Christian can know as much or more about God by reading the Bible as any preacher in the history of the world. But one must learn to read first and so few young people can read above a 7th grade level today.

Young people always look worse than they are to older people because of perhaps being insecure and unsure of manners or the right words to say. Today, the youth are not taught by older folks hardly ever; the youth culture raises itself and I do mean raise, not rear. Young folks do not know what it is like to be old but I do. I remember being young and now I know what being old is. No one part is better; I am active and that is the key word: ACTIVE. Some young folks are not very mobile or very much to do anything in the yard; We are all a part of nature and the world garden; we should all make gardens and tend our own places; we forget our roots literally, not just family assigned names and heritages, but folks forget our basic human nature of needing to work in the soil. Even psychiatrists now say that working the fingers in the soil relieves tension. Seeing young plants grow is always restful, just as watching fish swim in a tank is supposed to relieve tensions.

But the neurotic neighbors like Lorraine Davis Crawford and her daughter Sammy think that any kind of yard work is demeaning and nigger work, yet they are sleazy and their family has children out of wedlock so they are really just whores who want to spend their time in bed with men, rather than use their energy to have a nice yard. The Crawfords next door to me seldom mow their yard and the place looks so bad that when the house across the street was put up for sale, the Negroes who came to look laughed at the messy Crawford house and called them white-niggers; one black man even took a picture to show his folks he said because he liked knowing that white people lived that way; that black man went on down the street and took a picture of the messy stacked furniture on U.V. Stevenson's porch saying that she was a white trash white-nigger herself and then the Eason family four houses from the end of the block here on Moore Drive has junk iron and cars all over their yard so they are white-trash yahoos or white-niggers according to the well-dressed Black man. He laughed a smug laugh at the sorry state of some white folks, who live in a nice part of town and yet can't overcome their own sorry background. Folks used to say that you could take the girl out of the country but could not take the country ~~out~~ out of the girl so that is true of filthy folks. All the teaching in the world will not improve a sow's ear into a silk purse; the family background is everything with folks; thus, roots will be with a person all the life. That is why good cavalier families have to marry only with their own social and economic class; filth is deadly and gets hereditary diseases passed on. All these deadly sex diseases today are results from filthy habits; God did not have to do a thing; the people did those things to themselves. The herpes disease is worse than AIDS because the rash keeps coming back to plague a body while AIDS finally destroys itself in death to relieve the pain. So much free sex is a waste of energy that could be used to have a pretty yard and use energy to grow a vegetable garden rather than indulge sex appetites that causes a lazy person like the Sammy Crawford Railey Braddock to lie around in bed and never even iron her clothes or clean the house; dust hangs from the ceiling and curtains; it is *unhygienic* for dust balls to collect by the year so it is no wonder that terrible diseases develop among promiscuous folks. Dirty minded things cause dirty acts that then make filthy things develop.

God does not have to be a mean sadist like preachers say that God has caused all these bad diseases to happen. The Bible tells how God is, and even the Bible is not to be worshipped like it is God; the Bible has been divided

mankind. Man has fooled around with the Bible so many times the past few hundred years since 1601 that all the translations are not exactly the intent of what preachers like to say. Even an illiterate pentacost preacher woman said that her congregation read a passage of the Bible to her and she closed her eyes to get God's inspiration to then tell the church members what that Bible verse meant; such gross ignorance is more than stupid to let an illiterate preacher woman tell what the written word meant that they should be able to read for themselves. Christianity has become a mess hardly worth attending Church when such lunacy gets worshipped in God's name. Thus, it is no wonder that the Church of Christ knows we are the only true religion; too many false prophets are making a big name for themselves.

Commerce had so many churches that a whole street was full of them. Tom and I went to the First Christian Church where Everette and Elsie also decided to attend. Tom and I as Mrs and Mrs. T. M. Taylor were introduced to another new couple E.D. and Elsie Winniford so I held a straight face and was totally introduced to them; the preacher was new to town. We attended that church until the middle of the depression when we lost our house on Church Street and had to go find work God only knows where. We were told that we lost our job and money because we did not attend the Church of Christ so God made us pay for our neglect of his church since I had been reared right and knew God in the Church of Christ, as the only true way. Tom and I did return to the true religion in 1948. Bad times get interpreted as God's way to punish folks by big sermons that make folks afraid so we all go to Church to hear what happens to sinners. But bad things do happen to good people anyway.

The Depression closed my dad's bank forever; daddy walked home with only fifty cents in his pocket. My mother let him worry for several weeks then she would get a few twenty dollar gold coins out as needed to pay taxes or buy necessities; Dad had made such a big thing about my silk stockings and corset being the attire of a whore that mother never wrote another check on his bank. Mother saved all her egg money and selling of cows and turkeys and cotton on the place that she put it all into twenty dollar gold coins; she had twenty-five hundred twenty dollar gold pieces. They were hers so she kept them hidden in the storm cellar.

Then, in 1934 the Federal government declared that it was illegal to have gold beyond a dozen or so gold coins so she never reported that fact and knew that banks fail so keep the gold in reserve or one could lose the land. Besides the Federal government is no friend to the people of this country; federal troops once marched up the lane with the intent to burn us out so there was no need to trust any dictum of that kind of rule. Also, my mother had been born in Florence, Alabama in 1881 so she had seen the evidence of burned out homes by the Federal troops in 1860's so she knew how little their word could be trusted; my mom kept her hard earned gold. She once told my son that she had earned the gold coins herself while it was not illegal to own them and now a mere law had made sovereign gold a crime to own so to hell with a government that made a law breaker out of decent people. The family was saved by her stingy determination to keep what was rightfully hers. As I always say, the women in a family are the force that keep the wits in place during crisis if she comes from a good stock. It was a good thing that mother had been miffed about the silk stockings argument. She was right of course, in the long run.

The bank never reopened, even our deeds lay in the empty vault for a few years until we remembered and got them out to bring home and place in the cherry wood chests made from wood in the old Drennan home in Springfield, Illinois. Mother always loved Winniford Way; she had said she would live there and marry Bob Winniford when she was only 9 years old in 1890 and he was 20 then; she saved the place and then always had to stay at home because she was

she knew how to mix. That kind of old South knowledge got her a reputation as an Indian woman because she was dark. During World War I when my dad was at town and everybody else was about the place but my half crippled mother was inside the house, the good citizens of Cumby came out to tell my mother that she should prove her good citizenship to America by buying Liberty bonds in the amount of fifty thousand dollars. That Stewart mess was behind it all; they hated my mother because she was dark complexioned. Those businessmen had been teenage boys at school when my mother was a little girl with long black pigtailed and they had called her a dumb Indian so now they made her into a German since it was fashionable to hate Germans in World War I. My mother got the shotgun off the mantle and told them to get to her gate before she blew them to kingdom come. She never went into any of their town store shops after that and stayed away from any activities they had anything to do with. When World War II was in full swing in 1943, my mother went into one of their stores and pulled her pig tails that were graying back to slant her eyes upward and then declared in a rhetorical manner, "Am I Jap enough looking this war so you can hate me some more!" She just could not resist telling the hate mongers off or beating them at their own game of bigotry. For that reason alone, I did not mind seeing Cumby die on the vine and become a ghost town when the big highways came through and all the businesses moved to Dallas. My daddy was very angry about the assessment to purchase fifty thousand dollars in Liberty bonds to prove her good citizenship since mother was not supposed to be German; daddy foreclosed on some of their property by nightfall to get his point across. We after that, proved that my mother's family name of Ellis was noble and kin to great patriots in Revolutionary American times as well as the Landtroop family name. We are all three times descended from Robert-the-Bruce whose daughter Margorie married Walter the high steward of her father's court. That Stewart clan must still feel inferior or not secure with their heritage to be so mean to other folks so often. I still get aggravated every time I see their ugly faces in Cumby today; it will take 40-eleven-dozen times of good things from them to make up for their evil hateful past ways, and my cousin Mamie Modena Winniford Robertson likes to cram the Stewart mess down our throats when talking about things so I just feed Miss Mamie out of the same spoon of messy family hurts by suddenly bringing up the in-laws of their father Norve Winniford's second wife Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford. They hate all the family of Aunt Minnie's. Aunt Minnie was a Clayton and kin to Kennie Hall's wife so she was visiting those neighbors when she met the new widower Norve Winniford and they wed. Then, when the Depression hit, her daughter Effie Bishop came to live with them with her four daughters; Levinia died of dope overdose. Anna Ruth Bishop married Dale Benton, my cousin, through Matt Wilson Benton and also a cousin to my other cousin Velma Elizabeth Benton whose father Henry Benton was a brother to Ellis Benton. Well, Effie Clayton Bishop took to her bed when the death of her husband and the Depression all hit her with those girls to raise. Effie was in bed all day and night; Norve had built him a three room house on the creek South of the old place. The house one day caught on fire and poor Effie was the first one out of the place; she may have forgotten how to walk but nohow to run fast in an dire emergency. Later, Effie had to take therapy to learn how to walk all over again so she walked all over Greenville for twenty years before she died.

Uncle Norve Winniford died in 1939 so the next year when Aunt Minnie went to visit her folks in Kentucky where she was from, then the house was burned miraculously by lightning while they were gone. All was burned crisp so she and the girls had to live elsewhere in Greenville. We kept up with them all through the years they visited regularly with my sister Lynna. The homeplace was the landing point for all the family and all our friends and branch water kinfolks as well.

up talking so much gossip. Mamie only comes around to use us all or to gain a juicy story to tell later. Mamie did act nice to my son Robert while he was attending college at Commerce but he was popular on campus and held 3 or 4 positions so was big stuff to brag about how he came often to her house where she let college students room and board. Several of my son Robert's friends roomed at Mamie's so it was good business to be nice to him while he was president of Sigma Tau Delta honor society and editor of the campus literary magazine FORTHCOMING. He was awarded the Sigma Tau Delta Graduate Award and was big in PTA organization as well as other clubs. Mamie liked big wigs around so Bobby as I call my son Robert was her favorite for a spell; he did learn to experience Mamie's ire. He is on her shit list now and will be forever more because he takes no guff about family matters from her. Robert tells the facts and lets them fall where they deserve to fall.

Tom Taylor was among the first to lose his job when the 1929 Depression began but we had my savings account and everything paid for. He still had the roofing company so when business got bad with the roofing company we still had money in the bank; we took a long trip to forget our troubles in our nice year old Pontiac. We went back up into Oklahoma to see all my folks and to see the places where Tom's father George had guided so many of my Ellis and Landtroop kinfolks to Indian Territory. We first visited Emmitt Landtroop, a son of Tom Landtroop who was a brother to my mother and the one who did not like me because I beat up his sons who hit on me (I was supposed to be ladylike and not defend my honor). Some deal! I was a tom-boy with muscles and still wear lacy sleeves to cover my biceps. I am strong and proud of it. No man or woman can outwork me even at my age of nearly 81. It is a good thing that my father taught us girls how to work as well as how to manage our money.

My cousin Emmitt was good at playing 42 and dominoes so we had fun and his wife Dolly was great; they had a little boy who died of a fever so she got blamed for neglect but not really her fault; then they had another boy named Bobby during World War II; they got big rich and spoiled that last kid beyond redemption. Anyway, Emmitt always visited the homeplace in Texas so we were more than welcome and he took us on the rounds to see all the kinfolk. Everyone thought that my husband Tom Taylor was the relative because he was dark like them and looked Indian while I was fair and so white. I had not seen Uncle Tom Landtroop since I was 9 but his wife Aunt Nora recognized my smile so she remained quiet; but I fooled her at first; she would try catching me off guard and say, "My name is Nora Landtroop, what is yours?" All the folks tried to guess us wherever we went for weeks to come so we had fun and we went on fishing trips and caught more than enough to eat. We had a great time for nearly three months.

We drove on the Cap Rock of West Texas where the radiator of our car boiled over; the pressure and humidity play havoc there. Beans can boil in a pot but not ever get done, to stay raw. I certainly was ready to return home to good old East Texas where rain falls regularly and the wind is hot full of sand. Mamie Winniford Robertson and husband Luther were out there living; Marvin Winniford her brother was out there; he had bought land. ~~We felt so sorry for Marvin having to stay in dusty west Texas to pay off a huge mortgage on his land; he later got heart trouble that nearly killed him. His wife EVA, pronounced Ava; his daughter Dortha married well into the Bates family who were considered millionaires during the great depression. Mrs. Bates held control of her money and family and when she finally died in early 1970's Dortha and her husband had earned their own millions and that year were in such a tax bracket that they paid in tax all that was inherited. The Bates fortune was badly needed during the 1930's Great Depression so that~~ (I missed this line because of my failing eyesight).

We felt so sorry for Marvin having to stay in dusty west Texas to pay off a huge mortgage on his land; he later got heart trouble that nearly killed him. His wife EVA, pronounced Ava; his daughter Dortha married well into the Bates family who were considered millionaires during the great depression. Mrs. Bates held control of her money and family and when she finally died in early 1970's Dortha and her husband had earned their own millions and that year were in such a tax bracket that they paid in tax all that was inherited. The Bates fortune was badly needed during the 1930's Great Depression so that

are miniature tornadoes, so cute to watch until you realize that they play havoc with the terrain. But big tornadoes didn't seem to happen so Elsie did believe all the hype and did move to Amarillo in 1942. But storms began to happen like crazy so they built a storm cellar and lived in it, with a bedroom and television set down there. It is a good place for company when all of us visit. But Elsie true to her old charms liked to awaken all the family in the wee hours of the morning at 2am to scurry down to the stormcellar. Elsie would listen to the radio weather reports and scream out that we are going to get blown away, "Oh, my God, we are all going to die." That is the kind of vacation one gets to enjoy when around Elsie Taylor Winniford. Robert, my son, despises his cousin-Aunt Elsie with a passion. He was glad she finally died, to get rid of a pestilence. He loved her but loved her to death as he said, about this game playing old cousin-auntie.

When we returned to Commerce *from Oklahoma* the banks had all closed forever. Daddy had officially lost his money and of course my bank account went with it. I still had five thousand dollars saved; we had spent only half of what I had worked and saved as a growing girl. The roofing business soon went broke, no customers at all and the railroad moved to Tyler where Tom soon went to find work. No work was available; able bodied men could not find employment; all the merging of big companies really cost jobs in the name of good management. The Southern Pacific Railroad bought the Cotton Belt or St. Louis Southwestern Railroad which was the company Tom worked for. Tom really began to drink; he drank like a fish and got drunker than a lord in England. We soon were broke for sure and had to sell the Pontiac car for only twenty-five dollars cash. By 1934 we had no house and very little furniture left. We were living on Buttermilk Alley when my son Robert was a baby after being born February 26, 1934 at 12: 01 A.M. Beautiful warm winter weather had existed the week before his birth and then a snow blizzard hit and the good Doctor Cates had to walk down the middle of the street to our house where Bobby was birthed. Bert Cates was the doc who helped birth me as well as he was my father's boyhood friend; my grandmother Sally Alexander Winniford had busted his behind or bohonkus when he did naughty things along with my daddy. He got his fanny spanked for doing whatever grandmother said not to do; she whipped all the kids on her place, no favoritism so today parents don't want discipline and then wonder why kids are so bad in public. The old generations had a continent to conquer and knew that hard work and discipline would only get it done.

No one in my family had known such hard times as I endured during the depression. Coming to Texas in frontier times was with 25 slaves and gold coins; even from Scotland to Virginia in 1600's the family had jewels and connections. I did not complain or tell my folks just how bad we were doing. My new baby was sick with inner ear troubles from the beginning; my daughter Lynna Estelle was healthy as a horse and seldom had ever cried. Lynna E. had a birth mark on her left leg that looked like pork roast well-seasoned because I had wanted to eat such a pork roast and was rubbing my left leg just a few hours before Lynna E. was born, so I had marked my baby; the attitude of a mother does influence the future baby, not just the bodily intake of alcohol or smoking substances. Robert has always been a serious child and man; he does not laugh much or smile hardly ever because I was sad all the time I carried him. My financial world collapsed along with the economy of everyone else; we were all in that mess together, even the rich people were poor. The money had all dried up. When we Winnifords were poor, the rest of the world must be destitute. We had always known that hard work would enable us to be successful. Now, no amount of hard work could earn money. I still kept busy and kept my house clean, as we moved out of my Church Street house with the bay windows, my wedding ring was lost; the diamond rolled along the wooden floor and disappeared into a crack. My young adult life disappeared and

Special interest or vested interest laws have been passed since the advent of the arch-conservative party in 1860's to advance the superrich big business deals; government contracts and the superrich deals are one and the same; the average citizen has no say-so or real concern of the Federal government, which belongs to the vested interest groups listed in Forbes magazine. We would be better off with a sovereign presidency or royal family whose honor and name would be considered in deals with the government. The jack-leg yahoos who win the presidency for a term or two are too self-serving to work for the whole United States and the future generations the way that a royal family would if they had promise of being on the throne forever and thus had a long history before them to bring honor and glory to their name.

The arch-conservative element of this country have no history of family and are so proud of being scum that they live up to their name which is nothing so nothing anygood is what we get. Franklin Delno Roosevelt had a good family background and was great enough for the tasks; Woodrow Wilson had family back-ground and was up to the task till his health failed in office. Thomas Jef-ferson was an aristocrat and certainly up to the challenges. George Washington was good enough but his inability to have children made him detest a dynasty so he was in error to oppose the permanent presidency idea since his line would end with him, but he had brothers! Our governement is a dismal failure in every aspect: the deficit spending in name of saving is a laugh a minute, the trade balance is a disgrace, foreign policy is nil in the name of God since the Armageddon fools are in control claiming to quote the Bible but never having read it to know that a last millenium will reign of peace so why not use God in their prayers to bring peace and spend the war money on helping people, but peace endeavors would not make the superrich even richer; and the common man is too common to read and realize he is being used by the Bible thumping false prophets who tell them exactly how to vote by bringing a ballot to church already marked with God's candidate on the line. I do want to live long enough to see all the hairbrained things done in the name of good govern-ment proved as the idicy it is; I can read and think so I know ^{after} the youth can not read very well and do not want to bother themselves learning facts.

The young folks today think they are the smartest people ever on the face of the earth, yet they read so poorly and know hardly any historical facts and cannot write notes with proper spelling or punctuation, yet they ~~know~~ ^{think they} know much more than truly intelligent folks. I do wonder what kind of lunacy has prevailed to let a false self-hood prevail? I do believe that lead poisoning, perhaps gasoline in the air from lead gas, has caused it because lead poisoning helped destroy ancient Greece in their lead cooking pots and the Romans with lead pipes in the aqueducts. All great cultures fall from within, not from the complete over[~~flow~~ ^{throw}] from outside powers so the superrich are really laughing on selling the dumb citizens on the need to make more weapons to store while we have overkill weaponry, but no one has the guts or the knowledge to prove that in congress. But the United States citizens deserve all the horrible things that are happening now; people are no long friendly and nice to each other so basic respect of the individual is a thing of the past, only big money gets respect; folks always compliment a person on the really fine house they own or the expensive foreign car they drive, not their manners or kindness.

God is nowhere in the actions of citizens in this country; God is surely not in the church buildings because the plate for more funds gets passed till the quota gets met; personal conversations say praise God but the folks say gossip things that negate all the holy words of praise (just like saying so many hail Marys while leaving to commit more sin so more hail Marys can be said and paid for). The preachers are going to have to be gotten out of the religion and the church and return the self-values to the people's own persons.

edit out the bad errors from typing and forgetfulness. I usually use the dictionary to double check my personal letters. My penmanship is so bad that no one can read what I write by hand.

I told my children when they were little that their spouses would say mean and ugly things about my handwriting. And I was correct. I even heard the unkind remarks. Robert's wife Mary said the meanest things that she knew I would overhear and she was the biggest church fanatic. Big church workers feel they have God's ear so why be nice since God already likes them better than other folks or so they must think.

I always went to church every Sunday growing up and as a young wife. Small towns have little else to do and so much gossip can be collected at a church house that few can resist going. Also, being at church does keep a little less gossip from being said about you since you can walk around and thus make the big goossipers change the subject from you while talking or laughing at someone else's ugly dress. Church is a good place to go to show off a new wardrobe or a new car. God always rewards hard work with a nice car. Good grade point average or all A's is strickly God's reward for having done a good parental job of raising kids right to attend church (God is made out to be a Santa Claus keeping a list and checking it twice with all names to get rewards or not--God is a big brother looking over every shoulder all the time, to hear tell, so why does so much bad stuff go unpunished!).

The Great Depression lasted ten years for Tom and me. Having a child in 1934 did not help at all; Lynna Estelle was born in November of 1926. We had so much money to give her everything she wanted; all the pictures of her in cute goat carts and on horseback with fine clothes. She had a purse with her own money, even. But the richness of the 1920's for me with my nice bank account was not all good for Tom's sisters. Lissey Taylor Love had 9 children so she was poor or no money to spare. And Opal Taylor Mackey had only Loretta. But Opal in the late 20's came to live with us and stayed all Fall; we bought clothes and books for Loretta then (schools did not furnish books then so parents had to purchase them and children took care of the books, not like today since the state furnishes them). Opal even used the Pontiac when she wanted to go anywhere. Opal was fun to be around; she laughed a lot even during her hard times because we bought her clothes and treated her as one of the family which she was Tom's sister--little did I know that Opal would someday become a big club woamn and be listed in Who's Who of American Women). Well, Loretta loved Tom like her own daddy who was long gone. Tom had two girls. He loved having little girls to buy candy for in town; Lynna Estelle always saved her candy to eat at home so as not to mess up her pretty dress; I never taught her to do that; my example of never eating between meals and always being clean just rubbed off. Lynna Estelle preferred her daddy; she told everyone that she was her daddy's girl; she looked just like him, too, so dark and Taylorey. Two peas in a pod, those two.

But my son Robert was sickly and nearly died until he was 6 when his tonsils were finally removed. He was born with blue eyes that did not turn dark brown till he was almost six; his hair was white as cotton until 7. He looked somewhat like the Taylors. Lynna Estelle had dark black eyes at birth. Robert was the favorite of my folks or cousins until his hair turned dark. Robert was cute and pranced like a drum major in a band. Everyone liked to run fingers through his white head of hair; he did not like to have it messed up at all. Robert stayed the cleanest of any child I ever saw; he loved to eat watermellon and could eat a whole large one by himself and yet never get a drop of juice on him; he would sit on the long gallery back porch and let his legs hang off the porch. Chickens would jump up to get seeds that he would

Robert learned to read well by reading aloud to his sick grandfather Winniford whose cataracts were too bad to see print. When little Robert mispronounced a word, he was corrected gruffly and told the meaning of the word. Even Charles T. Alexander had Robert to read chapters from the Bible; they all encouraged him to become a preacher since he could not play the violin because of inner ear risens that caused tone deafness. Robert liked to learn so he was more interested in reading the encyclopoedia; he read the big dictionaries on the stand and learned new words every day; for a little tyke, he had a big vocabulary and could use them. Robert liked to be around older folks and did not enjoy playing with children at all. Robert did play with his cars and toys a lot; he had tinker toys to build things out of. Robert was a perfectionist; he would not keep a car that all the wheels did not roll evenly. Everything that he had operated as expected or he traded it off. He kept most of his toys and did not permit other children to play with his own things; anyone who threw or tried to tear up his toys got sent home; Robert would just put his things in a box and cease playing when rough housing ever started--needless to say he was not popular but he knew he was right so he did not care about the rowdy youngins. Robert never cursed or talked ugly; he had a large vocabulary to insult the playmates who did not understand what he had called them. Robert did not care to associate with anyone who knew less than he did. Growing up, though, he did not like the older boys because they were rednecks and drinking and cursing was their fare game. He found them course and disgusting. In high school, Robert was the opposite of most loud children; he was in several organizations and officer of some because the rowdy ones wanted to be free to go do noisy things. Robert was in the drama plays, yet he did not enjoy their parties later so he came home and liked to work in the yard. Robert read a lot and avoided parties because he said that Texarkana people were two faced and hateful in a nice way. He was right so I let him pursue his own interests; we went to church for every service.

Robert was a very good student in high school and college. Lynna Estelle was not a good high school student the last year; she got into the Texarkana crowd that believed studying was a waste of time; rednecks always know all worth knowing so they wanted to remain on their level. Lynna E. had been a very good student in elementary and junior high school; she would practice her homework on little Robert; he learned fast but he did poorly in elementary school because he was bored and already knew all that that the teachers taught since his sister was 7 years older and had practiced her lessons on him. He, though, did not do well until the 5th grade and then not really well until the 9th grade when a Mrs. Loomis taught him; then he was a very good student grade-wise. She was a Kitchens whose brother was a medical doctor here plus one of her brothers had been governor of Cuba when U.S. was protectorate of it after turn of this century. She was a classy lady who inspired learning, not so redneck like the teachers who could not themselves pronounce the words in the textbooks or know meanings of things referred to. Now, the rednecks control education and teach their lazy way, to force boredom upon all when presenting the lessons. Education is worse off than the U.S. government in D.C. No hope exists for the teacher element in this country.

My Robert became a teacher; he won teacher of the year in 1970 and even has a literary term to his credit. But the jealousy from the redneck teachers is so fierce that the redneck system allows only rewards in pay to their own kind who have to love football or be coaches to gain control of the administration. Coaches usually teach history when not coaching so they can hardly pronounce words much less teach an idea so it is no wonder that the level of students has sunk so low; the redneck mamma teachers can't teach and the redneck majority student body element assumes that they know enough already.

Commerce was hit hard by the depression. All the railroad buildings just stood vacant and finally rotted down; the brick roundhouse finally went to nothing. Tom found temporary work at Tyler and there were a lot of Commerce folks there; the ice cream man even went to Tyler. An old man had a cart to push full of ice cream with a bell and little Lynna Estelle said that was her ice cream man; I barely found a nickle to let her buy ice cream and then sure enough it was the Commerce vendor. We saw him every day after that but not to buy ice cream since a nickle a day was too expensive. That work also played out.

We moved back to Commerce and then we lived in the city park house and tended the zoo. Commerce had a monkey and other animals. The monkey liked Tom and would pick through his hair for fleas to eat; later Tom had crabs but no monkey to pick them out. That monkey was jealous of Lynna Estelle who would hug her daddy a lot. The monkey was taking a bath when Lynna E. came by. And that monkey bit a plug out of that child; she bled and screamed; the teeth of that monkey were full of poison or venom like a snake; I had to take a knife and cross cut the wound and squeeze old brownish looking juice out of her hole; it did heal up without a hole. I put all kinds of poultice packs on it; my mother helped a lot later. Tom chased that monkey all over the rooftops of the neighborhood and the monkey chunked limbs and sticks of stove wood at Tom; their love affair was over for sure. That monkey died soon after and I was glad. Then, the city zoo went totally bankrupt; the city park house became empty for years and in 1955, the city library went in and then a new tax made that enterprise profitable so finally the old post office building became the city library.

After the zoo job, Tom then had to try to find work so we went to Houston where good jobs did exist. But the good jobs existed only for those who had a local Houston address in 1929 the year before the depression began. Thus, we lived with Lissey Love so that address could be given and she knew lots of folks. Tom helped her run a cafe; her husband Bud Love had been killed in a train collision; the engine turned over and the boiling water scalded him to death; that was the fear of every engineer at that time. A train always derailed and the overturned engine would spew steam a mile high and far around so the fireman and engineer would die surely. The railroad did pay ten thousand dollars

for each death. Lissey Love got her ten thousand so she started a cafe so that enough food could be provided for her 9 children. She had a set of twin boys when Bud died; four of her children were teenagers. Mack, Jack, R.C. and Ray were able to help out; Jack was a boozier like his dad Bud. Tom helped be the father image so they stayed in line while he was there. Ray Love finally started a truck line and did well. R.C. was so fouled mouthed that he could not pay a compliment with cussing; he would say, "that is a pretty spotted assed baboon of a car you have there." And that was the nice stuff he would said; he called everybody a big old turd; he once told a preacher that he had just heard the best GD sermon in the world and the preacher gulped real hard.

The twin boys Honey Boy and Sassy were reared nicely. But Lissey had been poor so long that her spirit was almost broken so when the depression began she did better because her boozier husband was no longer drinking up the extra cash, only the first two sons were bad drinkers and the rest worked to have something nice finally. And they did become rich enough to live a good life.

Opal had a hard time; she worked at Simpson's Cafe which was an old railroad dining car turned into a diner. She was a hard working waitress so that she could take left over food home for herself and little Loretta. A big old Pennsylvania Dutchman always ate breakfast there; he wore overalls as did lots of working folks. In 1936, that Dutchman threw down a long legal document and said, "Miss Opal, you got a little girl at home that needs a full time mother and

married, what the heck." And Victor Shauburger was sheriff of Liberty County which is next to Houston. He owned a sawmill, owned the Buick dealership and the Packard agency and the Studebaker and the Nash agency as well as the old Terraplane agency in Liberty. His buick agency made the horn honk the words, "Better Buy Buick" when the horn was honked. Victor owned several hundred acres of farm land and lived in a big round house in Hardin, Texas. Well, we went to Hardin to work for Victor now that Opal was big stuff. Work was truly available. Tom did finishing-carpentry; he knew how to do all that just as his own father was a carpenter of oil derricks.

Ida Salmon Taylor was angry at Tom and never got over her mad either. Tom had driven to Graham to pick-up Mister Taylor in 1932 when he was sick and was supposed to be dieing. He got well and lived 28 more years so Ida was sore as a wet hen and held us responsible for bringing that old man to live in Commerce. When he finally got a pension, she let him live in her garage that the old man built into a room; he raised a garden for Ida and over 90 percent of her vegetable were no longer bought; he also had hogs that he butchered so their grocery bill decreased a lot. But Ida hated Mister Taylor and made life miserable for him and for anyone else who was nice to him. He wrote his memoirs about her and did say some mighty true things about her. He knew Ida better than anyone else and he vented his anger on paper. Ida did burn the first or at least one typed copy of his life history; she thought she had won, but my son Robert was given a copy of each episode as the old man finished a few pages. Most likely some pages did all get lost.

Living in Hardin was not good. The rains came and seemed never to stop. Storms were worse than in East Texas. We were on the eastern edge of the Big Thicket forest. Wild animals crawled out at night to hunt food at our door step. We had a ten foot chicken wire fence around an acre of our house. And a Brahman bull could jump that fence with no effort; little Robert called them humpers. Our cat Nosey Lee looked like a coon and was nearly shot several times for food by other folks. Folks ate what they could kill. We shot black birds flying over to make blackbird pie. We ate all kinds of strange animals back then; I never lived so poorly in all my life. The Taylors liked that I was having a bad time; Elsie had really told some strange tales about me, having so much money and her having none. Like Everette was entitled to what I had earned. Elsie had a way about getting folks to believe her lies; she even got my sister Lynna to cash in all her insurance and give it to ED and Elsie during the depression and they never repaid it. That was over five thousand dollars, which was the same amount that I lost in the bank failure and also equal to what the house, car, furniture and fur coat had all cost, so that was a fortune back then--like several hundred thousand dollars today. Lynna never harped about that either or threw it up in their face; she preferred Everette for some reason to all of us but Lynna learned to hate Elsie which was an easy thing to do.

My sister Lynna was good to me and the children; she loved her namesake Lynna Estelle like her own; sister Lynna said she would not love anymore babies that would be moved away in a big depression so when little Robert was born, she swore off. But he picked Lynna out to love and she could not resist his smile; she left him her land and all her love forever in her last-will-and-testament. Robert had four mothers with me, my two sisters and his grandmother.

He said it was too hard to suffer to give up so many to death so he never wanted any children to suffer the pain of giving up so many loved ones; he found love too suffering to do that to anyone else. Not to have children is a wonderful thing so as to avoid passing on all the pain to a loved one. Robert always has a reason for everything he does; he even worked up all the genealogy charts and gave museum items to the glory of our family name, yet

Robert however could never remarry ethically because of his divorce. Only death or adultery merits remarriage as the good book teaches. Robert knows the Bible well. His wife Mary was too mean to commit adultery with anyone; she was too ugly for anyone to desire her. And she was hateful as hell so she isn't nice acting enough to find another husband. Robert can never remarry; the Church of Christ readers of the Bible know that well. Even my Baptist friends said Robert could marry a good Christian lady but then they would both be adulterers so would no longer be good Christians.

The depression got worse, not better every year. In 1937 and 1938 we were in Hardin; Lynna Estelle got lice in her hair from school kids who were dirty and tried on her caps because of the colors knitted by my mother. Their folks did not know how to make things so they had nothing pretty and had to borrow things. Rednecks can't keep their hands off other folks property, yet they are big talking Baptists and act so Christian but their can't fall-from-grace holy-rolly beliefs keep them so sanctified that only the devil makes them commit a sin and thus are never held accountable for personal acts.

We learned to avoid those lousy kids and their worse parents. They were filthy and low classed Baptists, talking godly things while being dirty because it was destiny that the lice were there and would just go away when God no longer wanted to punish them. We avoided those Baptist fools like the plague. People in the Big Thicket still thought the civil war was raging, and many called it the silver war. Never did I see such ignorant folks. I was glad that my ancestors came from Virginia and Scotland; we were not doomed to be so ignorant by inferior genes. The depression showed me why so many folks are poor; their genetic background or pool of genes are full of sickness and mental schizoid traits. They are urchins at best.

Opal was a big club woman; she was active in the Woodsmen of the World Circle and insurance sales. Opal by the early 1950's became a national figure and was listed in Marquise's Whos's Who of American Women. She came to Texas and was big stuff; folks were so glad to be near me since my sister-in-law was Mrs. Opal Shauburger.

over Victor Shauburger was a devout Quaker; he had a candle burning in his bedroom window at night for a wayward traveler. He was good to me; he checked that we had enough food in the house, especially when Tom was away working for him. Victor was the first employer to take out the new fangled Social Security tax from his sawmill workers, but when Tom retired, no benefits had been paid to his account in the 1930's so Victor kept the funds himself. We did get groceries when we needed them the most so I do not begrudge or condemn the Christian Victor for stealing that money from the government; he knew that the late 1930's was a better time to spend the money that was being taken to Washington, D.C. for far future benefits. Again, highly religious folks can steal and never go to jail or have to repay the money and then they just say the devil made me do it so all is forgiven; rednecks and yahoos have turned religion into a farce and a big laugh so the fundamentalist religions are a bird nest on the ground for justifying one's evil ways as becoming good suddenly without retribution; all these dog-eat-dog religions are just pseudo junk religions that do not teach ethics so they can get big memberships to build impressive church buildings.

Loretta Mackey married several times around Hardin. The Hardin family and Humphries family had intermarried; Mrs. Humphries had been a Hardin and kin to John Wesley Hardin who was so ornery that he shot a man for snoring too loud (John W. Hardin married a Taylor and was involved in the Taylor-Sutton feud in South Texas after the civil war). Each family owned over four hundred thousand acres; Mrs. Humphreys had oil fields but still lived in her two story log cabin built by her ancestors over a century before; the cabin

Kalita Humphreys was one of her offspring; Kalita was named for the old Indian chief who liked the original settlers and thus was nice to them by not scalping everyone. Kalita Humphreys had gone to Broadway and was a star of some note so she returned home to found a theatre in uncultured Texas. I should know how yahoo and redneck Texas culture is; football and country western songs full of horrible grammar and even worse pronunciation is all that the folks want from life. Good violin playing is beyond the average person's ears to comprehend; they want break-downs or fiddling around. And opera is responded to by saying cut her throat before I scream bloody murder.

Culture of the theatre and opera and the ballet and classical music all fall on deaf ears in Texas; I am ashamed to tell people out of state that I am from the same state as the cowboy slobs and the loud mouthed oil men who speak long before they think. Texans fear educated people and want everyone to be as unenlightened as they are so education will always be suspect and thus feared by the voters. Quality anything can never be recognized by the redneck or yahoo element of America and over 80 per cent of the U.S. is redneck and yahoo, just listen to TV (in New York they say youse guys and in so many places say Cuber for Cuba even when rich and in high places).

Mrs. Humphreys had a daughter who married a yankee or New Yorker who decided to put ten sections of land into rice; it took a train load of rice to seed the acreage and that was 110 box cars. The newly rich son-in-law bought an airplane, a Cessna to inspect the big land. The plane crashed with all his children and wife so the old lady was finally left all alone.

Kalita Humphreys had a theatre in Dallas named for her; the Humphreys family is kin to Sherwin Winniford through his mother Lula Wiggs and Doctor Lane of Paris, Texas. The old lady bought a new Cadillac and parked near her front gate during the depression just to prove that she had plenty of money during those hard times when folks gossips that she too was poor. She had her own private natural gas well to provide fuel for her log cabin, which was too far in the country for city gas. Besides, she most likely sold the natural gas used by Houston at that time. Lots of rich folks lived around Hardin. So many of the people were so country looking and backwoods acting; they disliked strangers very much and did not want anything to do with folks not from around those immediate parts. I did not fit in and of course had to make do without complaining.

Today, so many yankees talk all the time about how much they despise Texas and want to go back home; they should not yammer about it in public; that just makes others dislike your yacking mouth so I remained quiet. I went to church; in fact, went to the Baptist most of the time because they had more things for young people to do. Lynna Estelle was a good Baptist and won a lot of attendance records that made her Aunt Lissey aggravated when her own brood did not win.

We then moved to Channelview which was on the other side of Liberty County but closer to Houston and other work. Tom made display stands to sell peanuts on the side of the road going into Houston; Tom's Peanuts was his business that he sold for only a hundred dollars in cash but had to sign a legal release for the sales; later a big company used his display unit and name. My Tom had good ideas but never could market them to make big money. At that time, all stores had signs that hawked something different such as "Boneless bananas" sold here. Victor Shauberger was sheriff of Liberty County and he had to drive all over the place so he stopped by often and would give us a ten dollar bill to buy groceries; carrying all the groceries home in arms was a job; five dollars would buy all that two adults and two children could carry in big double sacks. But getting a five dollar bill was not easy. Tom worked in Houston. We lived on the old Johnson place in Channelview where the Ordnance

man made the rounds; he had been to most of the houses on the road so he left the car door open when he ran in for a moment to get more clothing so a nanny goat crawled into his driver's seat and proceeded to chew up the clothing. A goat can be the most destructive animal in the world. I had a nanny goat for milk to give my son Robert. He could not drink cow's milk so the goat was best to settle his stomach; today he has an iron stomach for eating and not having digestive troubles. The nanny goat we had would jump onto the roof of the milking shed and run the length of 40 feet while I grabbed her teats and then squeeze while little Lynne E. would run with the bucket to catch the milk, especially in the morning early was when the nanny goat ran wild on the roof tops. Little Robert would run and be dancing like he had to wee-wee he was so-hungry for his milk, so I would squirt some of the stream of milk onto his lips; his face would get milky and he would quickly wipe the face clean; he could not stand a dirty face. We had several acres to the place; the Johnson place was kinfolks of my great-grandmother Susan Johnson Winniford from St. Louis, Missouri; the Johnson family also came to Texas when the Winniford family went west.

All of my family went west with their families; relatives stuck together. Texas was not settled by cut-throats and white trash like the newspaper historians like to say all the time; that is why I sent copies of the diary from Dallas County to gold rush of California into the Dallas Morning News so the sesquicentennial could have a story about family unit coming to Texas; not everyone was a thief leaving bad times and the law to come to Texas; the GTT thing of Gone To Texas is used in print to say sorry white trash came to Texas. Family units settled Texas and thus the educated folks could read and write to keep their landgrants. Someone should do a definitive researched book on the family stories of Texas settlers. Just as my great-grandfather Urbane Alexander came with his kinfolks because the Stevenson family had come to Texas and preached the first protestant sermon in 1815 near Pecan Point above present day Mt. Vernon by Reverend William Stevenson; Mrs. Urbane Alexander was Mary Drennan Alexander so her sister Sarah Drennan Stevenson was the mother of Adlai Stevenson I and all originated from Kentucky before settled in Illinois and then came to Texas as a family unit.

My Winniford name ancestors came to Texas because the Norvelle family came so Norvelle Winniford came with his seven sisters and their families; ~~Elizabeth~~ ^{Elizabeth} Winniford married Godfrey Smith whose family settled Smith Hill and Smith County; a Smith went to the gold rush so Norvelle Winniford organized 40 wagon loads of his friends from Dallas County to go and come back rich to match the wits of the Smith family expedition to the famed California gold rush, plus the Asbel Smith who was ambassador to England from the Republic of Texas. Our good hard working family of Winnifords married only hard working cavalier stock families. Elizabeth Winniford married Godfrey Smith.

Another of grandpaw's sisters married Henry Banta; the Banta family was connected to the Madison Maxwell Monroe Taylor family of Cherry Wood Plantation near Winnsboro so Susan Winniford Banta makes us kin to a lot of kissing cousins from deep East Texas. Sarah Ann Winniford Pence married John Pence. Nancy Winniford Mullican married John Mullican. Amanda Winniford Miller married Ethiel Miller and Martha Mary Winniford married Hiram Vaughn and Frances E. Winniford Watts married Sam G. Watts. And Winniford men married kinfolk of the sisters such as William Johnson Winniford married Sarah Jane Vaughn in 1855 after coming back from the gold fields; Norvelle R. Winniford married Malinda Goar. I am kin to half of old line Texas settlers and the families used to visit the old homeplace because of the famous violin player Sam Winniford and the best known Baptist of them all Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander who was at the homeplace so often. We were the center of attention because we all

Our homeplace always had growing whatever was the season; plums, peaches, berries and watermelons. Food was plentiful bounty from our hard work; we raised 90 percent of what we ate. Hogs butchered always had plenty meat salted down (meat raised is why one does not say raised kids because reared is the human response to life). We also had our own killed beef. Would kill a big calf for barbecuing when dozens of folks were on the place. We went fishing all year to have a variety and plentiful stock; also frog legs and backs tasted good so we could go late one night and frog gig a toe sack full of bull frogs to eat the next breakfast; the boys or men usually enjoyed going frog gigging; we had several harpoons and gig clamps on long pecan handles for that purpose. Distant cousins also came around us after World War I because great-Aunt Becky Alexander was getting very old for someone born in frontier times; they wanted to inherit her property and money. She would not make out a will. Old timey folks avoided death actions because that would bring death early according to the yahoo thinking. Also, for an older person to plant a cedal tree meant that death would come before the first year of growth happened; and the redneck element loved to sit around talking about when their good fortune of land would come if the old folks did any work of planting around the place; that energy of working rather than hoping for demise of a loved one would have better been spent doing their own hard work on their land. Anyway, kin folks from distant places came to inherit money when Aunt Becky died; folks who never turned a hand to help her. That's why a will should be made to leave only to those who visit and help the old folks.

The depression really made us all have to manage our pennies while working harder. Channelview was not much better than Hardin. Tom was gone more to find work; the fall of 1938 was long. We planted a garden that the armadillos rooted up faster than we could plant. I never saw an armadillo before coming to South Texas. I hated the smell of the air full of paper mills and the oil refineries, so nasty in the nose all the time. I could hardly wait to move away. We finally returned to East Texas in the Fall of 1939. Victor Shauburger loaded us up in a big sawmill truck to take all our belongings home to my roots called Winniford Way.

Neighbors at Channelview were much better than at Hardin. Mrs. White lived across the street in a fancy modern cabin that is still there. I went back only once to see the Ordnance Plant gate at our old driveway. The Mattingly family with boys lived across the road and they had dogs all over the place. Then, Peggy Richardson lived up the road; she opened a plant farm later and did well; her son Billy played with Robert a lot. A new roof was being put on their place when the hot tar ran onto little Billy's back, such pain and agony was hard to relieve. We used to stop by her house on way home from church; one day was hot and she made homemade ice cream but it turned cold that evening late so we ate the melting half gallon and then nearly froze our insides apart; the cold hit our eye teeth to make our eyes ache shut.

On my birthday in 1939; all Lissey Love's children came to visit and spent the day but did not bring any food as usual. But Peggy Richardson was ready to celebrate my birthday for me only so she had to go up there to her house before 8a.m.; they came before 9am so I did get a meal that I did not have to cook. Being a good cook can be a draw back for family celebrations. Opal often brought all the relatives to my house for me to cook for them when they visited from Commerce; Opal was too busy to cook and clean house up after her own brothers and sisters and their families so I had them palmed off on me since I was at home always with my children; I learned to dread seeing those big Buicks or Packards drive up the lane. Victor always came later with more grocery moeny; he was a kind man and had feelings for others. He knew that Opal liked to be a big wig and thus would big shot around town but not want to do the hard work cooking and house cleaning. Dude and Ethel came for a long

Ethel Evans Taylor was a huge woman; she was also a Seventh Day Adventist preacher lady. She and all her children were so heavy that when their big car hit a pothole it would break an axle. Ethel herself could replace an axle faster than any mechanic; her son Buster could repair a car very easily. They were fun to be around, even Little Ethel or Ethel Junior looked just like her mother and was fun. Elsie Pearl laughed a lot; when little Robert would run into them early in the morning while getting dressed, they would say, "you will get your picture taken." Of course he wanted his picture taken until I explained the true meaning; they were all very moral so that was a joke.

Victor Shauger checked on us often to give money to keep groceries well stocked. It took a twenty-five pound sack of gold medal flower each breakfast to feed everyone. They had cracked the commode at Opal's house so she brought them to me where only an outhouse existed. We had a long path to travel and had to watch out for ground rattlers. I carried a hoe to kill the snakes. We had a hoe all over the place to kill snakes. Once, we killed a sticking snake that looked colorful but the tail struck not the head. A dog got stung and died in less than a minute. We pickled the tail to show folks back in East Texas later; we lived just across the channel from the San Jacinto monument with the star lighted later.

Snakes lived under the house and would jump up a foot during the heat of the day when they encountered each other, so I had to watch very hard when Robert played with his cars and just walked around. But a cat named Nosey Lee loved Robert and would go everywhere with him, mainly she hung around Robert because he fished a lot and she would catch the crawfish off his hooked bait before he could get to it; so Robert often brought Nosey Lee back to the house to be put in the closet since our screens had rotten and new ones cost too much; the wasps and dirt dobbies really came and went at will. But Nosey Lee would quickly jump out the windows and beat Robert back to the fishing hole. I often let the cat out for his own protection. Nosey was better than a watch dog for snakes; she would charm them by going in circles and hypnotizing them. She never got bitten. When we moved, she had kittens that morning, so we left her with the White family who kept her for years and wrote us at Christmas about the news of the area. The White family would buy watermelons for the children so Robert had plenty of his favorite desert because of them.

Christmas gifts were provided by his Aunt Lynna; she came to visit at Christmas to bring the candies and all the Santa Claus gifts that otherwise would not have been so nice for the children. Lynna Estelle knew about the depression and the hard times. My sister Lynna even made clothes and coats for us; she could sketch Neiman Marcus window displays to go home and cut out the designs into her own fine clothes so she had lovely clothes for herself and her loved ones. When Lynna visited, Opal always made a big show because Lynna was regal and so finely dressed and she drove her big car down, only once did she ride the train. Lynna had so much to bring that a whole car was need to pack it all in. Opal would tour Galveston Island and give a big outing at their houseboat. We would go crabbing even. One big crab got loose from the net and was mad at the world for pulling it out of the sea so it ran for the first living thing it saw which was little Robert who ran to the convertible Packard; he jumped onto the running board and hopped into the back seat of the car and the crab just ran to the wheel of the car to pinch the tires. We saw a big turtle dead as big as a number 3 wash tub. We always picked up sea shells by the bushel basket. Mrs. Taylor would go along. But Opal's Terraplane would backfire so bad that Mrs. Taylor had to ride with Lynna to get relief from the noise. No body would ever mention ~~Mrs.~~ Taylor to grandmother Taylor but Robert would tell him everything we did and where we went; Robert loved them both even though they would not speak to each other

We visited San Jacinto monument with my sister Lynna; the top was not finished during the Christmas of 1938; the cars looked like toy models to little Robert so he said he wanted to go down and play with them in the parking lot. But the ferry boat trip across Boliver really scared the youngin; a big school bus full of field day students pulled onto the ferry and the whole boat settled down into the water and ankle deep water swept across everyone. Also, the slow movement of the ferry caused the land to seem to be moving away rather than the boat leaving so Robert was scared, or he rather felt fooled by us. Robert had the best memory in the world and never forgot anything that happened or was ever said to him or about him. And woe be unto anyone who said ugly things about someone he loved; he layed them to whale turds for sure. And this memory of having overheard relatives say hateful things about his grandmother Maggie Winniford still rings in his ears when he sees or thinks about certain kinfolks. Robert is truly cursed with a good memory. College was easy for him because he could visualize the written page and just read in his mind's eye the information for a test; he has a photographic memory like his dad.

The Taylors are the smartest folks in the world; Tom has a good memory and can learn a consist of railroad car numbers as fast as the train passes before his eyes and then he can remember the order that has to be cut-out so he made a good switchman for knowing where the railroad cars were in the long freight train of over a hundred cars.

The Taylor family has beautiful teeth and lovely hands; my fingers are crooked and the little pinkie finger is bent to point that kid gloves are split by the sharp bones; working in the fields with a hoe made all three of us Winniford girls that way, so we are told. Hard work may not hurt anyone but it ruins the bone structure of delicate hands; we wore bonnets with fringe on edges to absorb perspiration and also to keep oily cream on the skin to avoid wrinkling. We country girls wanted lilly white skin not a suntan like the silly city gals today lie in the sun for hours to get the dangerous sun on them, plus wasting their time; I make razooos or fast dashes from the house to the compost pile to empty cooking liquids and/or peelings so I get a job of real work done while getting exercise and sunlight. Same thing goes for wasted energy of running for exercise; yardwork would use the energy better while doing the exercise. A friend of Robert's by the name of Billy Honeycutt is a really well-muscelled man who does not or never has worked out in a gym; he raises plants in his greenhouse and the daily exercise of getting a job of work done keeps his body in perfect physical definition; he is double muscelled body form and is the rage of the ladies at the hospital where he is a night duty charge nurse; he did private duty for years and was the favorite nurse for Collins Wilson, my mother's cousin and the father of Welcom Wilson I so we know Billy Honeycutt well. Billy Honeycutt even went to Tulsa, Oklahoma for private duty in the 1950's when Collins Wilson was on nitroglycerin tablets and of course needed close supervision that his tycoon family could provide. Billy Honeycutt could not believe how few entertainment dance halls and clubs existed there so he proceeded to ask them why they lived in Oklahoma with all the money they had and could thus live anywhere they chose or could afford. Billy experienced a bad tornado there that just whirled across the prairie for a long time and then suddenly hit upon the scene where he was; the first storm Billy did not go to the storm cellar but the second storm he was the first one down in the hole in the ground; he tells that story so full of mirth until we just die laughing or can fall off the couch and roll across the floor, so to speak. Billy even got arrested by the sheriff because he was driving the Wilson car, one of a dozen, and the strange face made the sheriff do his duty; Billy really dislikes Oklahoma to this day--he thinks Oklahoma is as backward as the yankees and New Yorkers think Texas is wild west full of fiesty folks who use

The Arabs are the best modern scapegoats because of their Moslem religion difference of religious wars continuing into modern times from Ghengis Khan who nearly conquered Europe at the gates of Venice. The Arab cartel got the price of oil up very high on "old oil" which was oilwells drilled prior to 1972 which sold for less than two dollars a barrel while over thirty-five dollars a barrel went for the Arab oil so the domestic U.S. producers got their price of oil upward so now in 1987 we need high priced oil to keep employment high. As several well-educated oilmen I know said it, "We is now the Arabs." The old oil low price would be like ruling that our farmland products could not be sold above the 1852 market price since we had inherited our landgrant estate upon Urbane Alexander's death back then. But cheap oil built Texas and prospered the first one million population of Houston as the petro-chemical capital of the world. The superrich oilmen want a super duper listing in Forbes magazine even at the cost to the nation. Wealth rules this country with their vested interest.

The 1920's belong to the Republicans just like the 1980's do now. I was young, rich and foolish back in the 1920's but now I am old, wiser and consider myself poor in money. The supply side economics of old selfish Andrew Mellon as secretary of the treasury destroyed free enterprise because price controls keep quotas and prices at a desired level for the wealthy suppliers. I now read reports and specialized magazines that I did know how to find back in my halcyon days of the foolish flapper 1920's days. In politics today, the superrich conservative point of view gets heard more often because of money buying advertising space. From now on in the history of this country, the GOP will win ~~for~~ more future elections because of the big money behind their vested interest candidates. The Bible Belt Texans believe that wealth is God's reward to the good so they get seduced by luxuries even though the Bible states that it is easier for a rich man to go through the eye of a needle than to enter the kingdom of God, so again the conservative mentality does not read with full scope understanding. Also, Republicans do not vote a mixed ballot; they go vote a straight ticket regardless so the independent groups get duped by the sentiment of voting for the best man on each party platform. The yellow dog democrat is nothing so fierce as the GOP white collar on-the-leash or led-by-the-nose voting conservative because of fearing the future (but they praise God's eternal promise as being theirs, yet do not trust anyone different from them). When all the rednecks go Reagan, beware of the common rule of majority hysteria that is a negatory response for sure against freedom for minority groups, especially women and negroes. Macho men fear and treat ladies worse than homosexuals who are supposed mythically to hate women. Women can have intellectual relationships only with homosexuals while having always to fear being raped by the straight shooting macho types--so I wear long hatpins to stick the stuffing out of the smart aleck mouthed rednecks who sneak around ladies to get on our good side so they can make passes and advances. I chased an old codger with a broom out of my back yard to the front street when he made a pass at me when I was 75 years old and Tom was sick so he thought that I needed a man in the common vulgar sense; I gave old man West a piece of my mind and sent him hightailing it with my acid tongue behind that raised broom stick handle. I am a lady above such sick stuff, besides getting diseases like herpes or mono besides gonarhea and syphilis and now AIDS along with that clymetia. Thus, having casual sex is dangerous and uses too much energy that could be directed to having a nice vegetable garden and a pretty flowery yard.

Well, the great depression of the 1930's got worse all the time. The tragedy of the explosion of the school at New London, Texas got national attention on a Thursday afternoon on March 18, 1937. Dr. Bert Cates's son taught school at the New London school that blew-up. Old Bert Cates was a live long

Over 300 children were killed; that rich East Texas oil town disaster was a personal tragedy to so many of us who had friends there. And then in the 1970's a good friend of my son Robert happened to mention that he was a child in that tragic explosion and of course a survivor; he was Moye Vansau, called Van by all of us. Van had a deep red scar across the hairline of his thick black head of hair but he had been scapped with the hair flesh laid back all the way. Van had an uncle who was a godly man; he had healing hands that could stop fatal profuse bleeding wounds so he was there laying his hands on the dying and the near dead; Van told such pitiful tales that I cried all over again when hearing it in 1976; I can't help but shed tears now even. The local cemetery is full of youngsters with the death date March 18, 1937, Van said. A natural gas leak caused the explosion so odor was added thereafter; Thus, odorized natural gas became common practice (lock the gate after the horse gets lost is the old saying and is also the typical behavior pattern of the conservative mentality never to foresee disaster before it happens and thus not ever to waste money to avoid trouble so that is another reason I can never be a conservative minded person; I love people and justice too much to be close minded to anything not yet experienced). The wealth of the East Texas oil fields had been the reason Doctor Cates's son taught there where the pay was good; he did survive. Even Adolph Hitler sent his condolences to New London so his conservative mentality was sorrowful and capitalized on the world news of that day and time. The rich oil fields made the place news worthy for a long time.

Money rules all decisions for developing a town or ruining it. The great depression helped ruin Cumby and also the new highway system; the paved road let the dwindling financial insecure to leave town fast. Dallas became the haven. The Patton family went to Dallas to start another bank; Doctor Ward's son married a Patton and then that big fine mansion slowly rotted down until it fell apart and was replaced by the public housing units financed by the federal funds in the 1970's. The Keaton family also went to Dallas; A Keaton married a Broach whose antebellum columned mansion now is home to the Murphy family whose mother was a Broach. The Crabb family owned a jewelry store in Cumby and they moved away to invest in Dallas County. The oil fields did save the economy of Texas; the biggest strike, ever, happened around Kilgore where oil derricks lined the railroad tracks so close one could touch them with a hand out of the windows before air-conditioning. Dad Joiner discovered the biggest oil field in East Texas; the Landtroop and Ellis are kin to Dad Joiner along with Millie Taylor who was a maiden aunt who lived with different relatives for a few weeks at a time before moving around for decades; she was also kin to my husband Tom Taylor as she spent long visits in Commerce and especially with Melton family and Clifton family on their farms. Uncle Luther Landtroop remembered Millie Taylor and Tom Taylor knew all about her was when we learned of our branch water kinship again to each other.

We have relatives all over the state and the South. Josey Alexander who is double kin married a man from Avery, Texas. Josey and her daughters used to visit us during the summer time in June before the heat would get so bad. They all liked deep East Texas better than our part of the state that is known as the north-central part of East Texas. Commerce is the center of our part of the world. But I have lived in Texarkana so long that I feel a part of all of East Texas.

I do not think that I should complete this diary or journal account. I ramble too much and add so much of my editorializing that it will be boring if anyone ever reads it. But my son Robert urged me to compose my thoughts on my past. He even as a child got his grandfather Taylor to write his life history which I enjoyed reading, but hardly anyone else ever cared to look at that life account. Thus, I seriously doubt that anyone will read my life experiences or story of my life. I cannot see well enough to proof read everyday before I

Trying to write the episodes of my life down has not been easy to remember in sequence by the year only because so many things happen to interrelate to what really happens much later; all the choices make us what we are, not the silly bird-brained pre-destination that the fundamentalist now claim. They even claim that God dictated the Bible verbatim so why do so many translations have only a few hundred warriors on a hill near Jerico and some other translations list thousands, seems a decimal point got lost, but God with his exact dictation should know better, so such small minded approach to the way of God is stupid. I went to a Pentacostal church recently and saw the show of my life. Those folks did a Squaw dance or shuffle around to the sound of their band; they cast out devils within the self and these wild screaming folks never did attack the person, only attacked the sin so the individual was not insulted. Old Fallwell attacks sin and sinner alike, saying Tutoo was a phony when it takes a phony to know a phony. These Hell, fire-damnation preachers are so predictable and really dull; they love misery and the misery loves company so they make everyone feel guilty. Such preachers are thereto stir up all the mess they can. It was a plessant enough show to watch the casting out of devils, but so ridiculous. That kind of junk religion passes on the responsibility of self wrongs and sin to the devil that possesses you so you can say, as they all have since the beginning of time, say that the devil is gone for now till the human can get another chance to steal, lie and cheat or even kill to blame it all on the devil that has possessed so another exorcism will be needed. No wonder Christianity is so popular; it gives respectability to the worst kind of criminal mind who can reform till getting another chance so they move all over the country committing heinous crimes but getting religion when caught; these pseudo christians make one believe God is dead.

The Nazi war criminals are claiming such things now plus that no one can remember what they really looked like. But when a person really does you wrong, you never forget that evil person's face; it haunts your dreams every night. I know how I still remember what folks did to me over the years and I can spot them even as ugly old folks that I haven't seen in 50 years. The Depression left its mark on me so I know the cheats from back then.

Living in Channelview was better than Hardin. I had Peggy Richardson as a true friend. I had a lot of flower pots on a huge circular Maypole wooden holder that was over ten feet tall and rounded like a Christmas tree; Peggy did not have flowers so I taught her and even gave her all mine when I finally moved away in 1939; she learned fast and later owned a plant farm by the side of the highway; she did well. She got her husband a job during the depression when Peggy and Billy went walking into Houston to buy groceries; she had a load of big sacks and had to stop to rest often so a man in a new car gave her a ride; the son Billy was protection and then folks were nice to a lady with a child and packages; the man was an oil executive so he gave a business card with a note for her husband to bring; he did the next day and got a job.

Tom was good to entertain everyone with tall tales about going to the West or California when he was a boy with his Scottish Uncle. Folks needed such humor to forget their woes that just got worse each year. Tom told about his two hunting dogs Roscoe and Boscoe; the dogs were so well trained that they could take instruction on what size of hyde to go kill to fit on a chair bottom or to use for a purse or a pair of shoes; they could even wrestle an alligator to death to make a purse or pair of shoes. Well, one day I had an ironing board that needed repairing so Tom propped the six foot long board that was 21 inches wide at largest part at the door; the dogs just yelped and ran off; we never saw them again because the dogs thought we wanted coons that large and none are that size. I now miss all those old tales that used to disgust me from hearing them every time a new neighbor moved in.

Walter Shauhaner drove us back to Cumby to my dad's farm, or a sawmill

My daddy had heart trouble and had to stay in bed half the day or so the doctors said. They ordered lots of things that broke his spirit to live and so on October 18, 1943 he died. The last three years he stayed in bed all the time to rest like Doctors' orders required. My dad just gradually lost strength and then the will to live left him; he never got over the banks failing; he nearly lost our homeplace. All the money just disappeared overnight, just as though the money by the barrel load was burned all night to disappear the next morning, even the rich folks were poor. No cash was available and a penny really bought a great deal; huge mansions sold for less than a thousand dollars if anyone could find the cash so my mother having the twenty-dollar gold pieces stashed away in the storm cellar was wonderful; she had twenty-five hundred pieces so that was fifty thousand dollars. The argument they had over my silk stockings and a corset check that mother wrote made her never write another check on daddy's bank so mother became the rich one. When she died, she had green cash by the thousand dollars in old purses in the side room. The deep freeze was full of money at the bottom section at Lucille's too. And the gold coins were still buried because it was illegal to own very many; the federal government always passed its vested interest laws to benefit the big bankers in the East or New York. We should have been so rich to benefit from the laws passed; we were once rich but not big enough with a network of power elite connections; we had married too well into all the landed gentry with our hard working folks willing to work-up a sweat to earn a good leisure living but the special laws influence require indepth knowledge so a special education in the big business community was required; we were out of our league or out of our depth so we became the new poor or genteel poverty. Our homeplace now looked rich again and we had the evidence of the good life all around us but my two sisters were responsible for this; they worked like niggers.

They wore long lacy sleeves to hide the big muscles. Lynna and Lucille were known as the Winniford girls. Lots of men wanted to marry them. Both of them fell in love with Bob Hamilton so neither would hurt the other; they each let him go. And then Lucille was the first to marry during World War II when someone was needed to run the place; she wed Bob Mitchell. His sister and mother came to visit and warned Lucille never to leave her lovely old home because he was a drinker and would mistreat her; ole Mitchell was a holy terror; he railed out at my mother when he wanted to use the family car, saying that he knew the Winniford family felt he was inferior but they would not kill him. Mother said she would eat him for breakfast alive if he harmed any of her folks so he had better watch his step around this place. Mitchell left and they soon got a divorce; then in 1952 Lucille was remarried and living in Commerce on Chesnut

Street and was hanging out clothes when Lucille looked up and saw the ugly mug of Mitchell's staring at her. Not a word was said. Lucille ran and went inside to lock the doors; he never came back. Lucille was then married to Cotton or Edgar Holley who was kin to some of our other relatives.

Then, just after World War II, Lynna married Cydell Watkins; he too was a big drinker and worked hard but spent foolish every dime so they divorced within four years. Cotton Holley had come out in late 1949 to find a new wife to care for his little boy Billy Holley who was 12 or 13 since his mother had run off. Lucille did marry him because the farm life was beyond her in 1950 on New Year's Day; that is the worst day of the year to marry because what you do that day will be what happens every day of the year thereafter. Cotton owned a concrete business and did work hard but he drank a lot. They owned the old Holley home in Commerce on South Park; it had 11 rooms to keep clean. Lucille finally bought a book store to earn her money; then she and Lynna ran it for years; they liked that line of work. Lynna was in that shop when she died in 1979. Commerce was the only town that Lucille ever lived in. And

The house now looked great again. The country air smelled good, not dirty smelling like around Houston. Houston air smelled like dirty laundry left for weeks in the hamper basket. I was glad to be home in more ways than one. The homeplace was still intact; the depression had changed everything more than had the Civil War; the Winniford family was hardly touched by the war-between-the-states: no slaves at our place so no blacks around us to remind the changes like in Dallas County for the Winniford family there or the Taylor family near Winnsboro. The monetary hard times changed us all; we were victims all and could not ever be the same. I still laughed a lot but more like a nervous titter. My Dad was not the same confident man; he was just marking time till his demise and he wanted to get it over. Everette had taken charge of a lot of things to help Lynna. Lynna was the boss; she ran the place in all decisions and wanted to be in charge of the outside; she sawed wood into lengths for the fireplaces and for the woodburning cook stove. No electricity was available. We had kerosene lamps; we bought 55 gallon drums from Newell Henderson who was husband to Sally Winniford Henderson; her son Norvel Dee Henderson was a sight like his grandfather Norve Winniford.

Norve Winniford died in 1939. And then his house was burned when Aunt Minnie went back to Kentucky to visit. But she and her granddaughters returned to Greenville to live. They preferred Texas, even Effie; Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford had been kin to the Tarrants of Tarrant County namesake, or so we were always told; Aunt Minnie Tarrant was kin to Kennie Hall's wife. Effie could walk perfectly after the therapy; seems odd that the good religious children of Norve Winniford that they burned the house down below our homeplace. But I keep forgetting that Christians today do mean horrible sinful things and then get redemption or sanctified without restitution. Christianity is a license to do any mean thing after being so horrible; no wonder our country is so hated worldwide with this new brand of christianity being practiced.

Everette Winniford raised turkeys as did Lynna and Lucille. Elsie was always mad as a wet hen. She hated for E.D. to do anything for us; she was more than jealous. Christmas was terrible because gifts were compared for costs and that made us dread the holidays. Elsie really got indignant about one more cent more being spent on someone else. Ida Margaret stayed in Commerce with her grandmother Ida Salmon Taylor. Sam Winniford had organized a new band out of Commerce; Namon Anders was a big part of it; a dance was held on the square in Commerce where the old artesian well had flowed. Well, three couples had affairs and got divorces so the town of Commerce forbid anymore public dances; the sinful playing caused it or so all the preachers liked to condemn. Namon Anders never again played for a dance; folks should not touch each other when dancing because the carnal flesh would be tempted (and then in 1950's the rock and roll dancing of never touching was wicket because the dancers jumped about--preachers just have to be negatory and stir up a mess). Sam Winniford organized train passenger car trips to Hot Springs, Arkansas. He played on the way there as well as at resort hotels. Newspaper releases ran Uncle Sam's pictures with the band from the hotels. He was big stuff again in his old age. And the group went to Capitol Hill; Washington, D.C. was ready for Sam Winniford; Sam Rayburn was an old Mayo College school chum and even some politicoes remembered Adlai Stevenson I days. Uncle Sam had his old time violin students around him; he was famous again for sure. Many East Texas towns chartered a whole passenger train car to go to Hot Springs; the oil rich towns liked to show off their wealth during these hard times; also Carl Estes who was a big rich publicist down at Longview, Texas was from Commerce; a Miss Akerman whose family owned the first hotel in Commerce that finally fell in, was his secretary and lover according to gossips. Thus, Sam Winniford got good press from Carl Estes's publications and friendship of kindred souls to old time Commerce folks.

Uncle Sam Winniford was six foot and six inches tall or so; he could wrap his long legs around each other and play a fast ditty and tap his feet to the tune like a plastic man winding himself together. Uncle Sam truly enjoyed playing his violins; he had 3 or 4 different instruments; we had a room full of violins around the old homeplace. Uncle Sam did not always like to be watched when he played for his own enjoyment; music could be heard all over the old house and outside into the barns and down the road, yet if anyone watched him uninvited Uncle Sam would declare that he had not invited an audience, that was music for his ears only; he had a strange habit of twisting his body into contortions while playing and that was what he did not want anyone later to comment about; hearing the good music was a joy he liked to spread. Uncle Sam would say that he would give a concert if he wanted dozens of eyes watching him. The playing was a sight to behold; it is a shame that a video of his technique was not made; he died in March of 1959; he had cataracts that got removed in 1950 so he again got to enjoy seeing and playing; he always said he could see his music like gold ribbons floating in the air when he played fast and swung the bow so swiftly. Thus, it is no wonder that presidents of this country enjoyed hearing and seeing Sam Winniford play.

My son Robert would pick-up soda pop bottles all year to redeem for one cent each to buy a ticket for Uncle Sam to go to Washington, D.C. to play. From 1939 till after World War II such was the projects of young Robert or little Bobby Taylor. Partly, he wanted his grand-uncle Sam Winniford to be gone when he visited the farm. Sam was crotchety like the Alexanders in his old age of almost 93 finally. Even my own father was grouchy and little Robert does not have fond memories of him--the Alexander gruffness came through, only Charles T. Alexander and my grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford laughed a lot and seemed genuinely jolly; all the other relatives were serious as a judge all the time acting like their best friend had just died.

The great depression just made the Alexanders confirm that life really was mean and hateful after all. Life at the homeplace was never as jolly as before; the place looked great; the old worn out cars were sold for junk during the World War II pressing need for junk iron; the Japs had to be defeated or else. So we gathered up all the discarded cultivators and the broken-down autos; we had Willis cars, Buicks, old tin lizzy Fords all over the place behind the barns. We got several hundred dollars for all the old junk iron. The place really did look like it had as a girl before all the cars came to junk up the place. I saw my first automobile which was a red horseless carriage driven by Doctor Bert Cates so I hid behind the chimney of the front part of the house. Thus, I was terrified and I am ready to believe that mankind can go to the moon (so many dullards do not believe we went to the moon; they think it is a movie). Small conservative minds never cease to amaze me at their innate ignorance. So going to the moon and mars is not a fake movie scheme, but I do wonder about poking holes in the sky with rocket missiles that put off so much smoke, like poking holes in the ground to get oil has drained fluids to cause subsidence so what will finally happen with parting the particles in the high heavens of the deep blue sky? The cause and effect of all things will become evident so the small minded will make us all pay the price for their limited vision; the rocket missiles put off too much smoke or pollution to be without consequences; we need non-polluting residue machines to go into outer space. But the fundamentalist will say God does not want us to go into outer space is why that happens; seems that God speaks only to them in their small worldly minds; tis a good thing their conservative mind in Columbus's time did not keep the New World from being discovered and then colonized--the flat earth people are always alive in every age with thier small minded thinking that gets imposed on everyone. Human nature never changes and certainly has not changed in over five thousand years of written history.

he was divorced and did not ever see his only child. That kind of meanness is what makes conservatives so horrible and thus they need to be avoided by real thinking persons as a slap in the face of literary culture and general high minded folks. I despise conservatives like the plague; I would not be allowed to vote or to own my property if the conservatives of each generation had imposed their limited thinking forevermore on humankind. I would have to be only in the home, not allowed as a club woman or to wear nice jewelry so the conservative mentality is a big slap in the face of a thinking person who has a high intelligence and ambitions to invent new things and go to unheard-of heights--the old ways are nice to remember as traditions to celebrate but not to worship. To worship the Bible like a picture of Mary or Jesus is as bad so God is to be worshipped not the objects.

Anyway, Uncle Sam Winniford got attacked for being a devil by the good people of Commerce when the dance on the square caused divorces. No one took personal responsibility for adultery, just had to lay blame on the devil being inside Sam Winniford so the conservative mind found a scapegoat, except the Winniford name was big stuff and then Reverend Doctor Charles T. Alexander was the "hand-maiden-of-God" as the Baptists like to call him so naturally our good cousin liked the homeplace to visit too much to let the devil take over so he said Sam was fine, just temptation got too much.

Sam Winniford married Mae Woodbridge and their only son was Frank Woodbridge Winniford; Mae moved with her only child Frank to Houston and worked as a librarian in the public school system for decades or so we were all told; I am like Uncle Norve Winniford saying that I know only what I was told. Well, Uncle Sam never had contact with his only child; his funeral in 1959 was not attended by those loved ones or any descendants. Sam Winniford was a good man and a famous man, yet he had a pitiful personal life that he did not deserve. The small minded conservatives used Uncle Sam as a good example of how bad things happen when anyone plays the violin and goes to evil Washington, D.C. The limited scoped conservative needs to use examples of folks so that the others can be kept in the old ways afraid to try anything new or different and thus can be controlled by all the small mindedness that makes life miserable.

Uncle Sam married into the Woodbridge family of Campbell, Texas. They lived only seven and a half miles from our place when walking through the woods there. The depression caused panic in the family for Uncle Sam; he was unmarried so the banks could take his homestead since an unmarried person could not have a homestead so under no circumstances would Uncle Sam be persuaded differently; some relatives wanted his inherited land so my brother Everette Winniford bought the land through a quickclaim deed that my daddy or rather my mother bought with the twenty-dollar gold pieces she had saved. That made the good christian horsetraders of relatives angry and disappointed that their scheme did not work to cheat Uncle Sam out of his inheritance but he got all the rent off the land till his death in 1959 even though it had not been in his name for nearly 30 years. Our family takes care of the loved ones who treat each other as family and christians should. One reason for a family squabble was that Kyle Alexander had bought over two thousand acres on credit and the depression failing banks required payment of his loans so they were going to foreclose on signers of notes and only homesteads would be exempt from foreclosure. Uncle Sam was divorced so he had no rights, thus, saith the Bible spouting louts (yet when my sister Lynna who was divorced owned the old home, she informed them of the truth and those same Bible thumping louts realized she could not be lied to so they left her alone and did not try to play mind games of fear with her--conservatives like to stir up trouble through the fear of what could happen so the mind is always at war, yet they say Christ gives them peace of mind--some peace to be letting their ilk go around stirring up

We moved there and times were still hard. We lived in the fourplex next door to the owners, the Peveto family. Their son was a businessman in Dallas. They were nice and understanding of children but mine were quiet. A Mrs. Hur lived upstairs and she wore a fine fur coat much like the one I had bought that Tom thought I had paid too much for; it was so near mine that I still think it is the one I sold for groceries. Our old tin lizzie Ford was left for junk in Channelview because we had no money to repair it and it just rusted away before we could sell it to someone who had five dollars or so to spare. That's why Victor Shauburger moved us back to East Texas from Southeast Texas in 1939.

Sherman was not a good place for us; the water pipes froze that winter; water thawed out to run all over the place. We had eaten pineapple and buttermilk the night before so we were sick to our stomachs when the pipes froze. Never to this day will Robert drink buttermilk or eat pineapple; he remembers those times like yesterday, he says.

Pearl Helms Dupree helped Tom find a job switching boxcars in Texarkana. She had been his first grade school teachers in 1906 as Miss Helms from Josephine, Texas where she owned land. Her father died when she was young; her mother had 3 daughters and a son to rear; Pearl, Murel, Daphna and the son. Pearl Helms married Bill Dupree and they had Daphna Dell Dupree Dutton. Dale Dupree was a brother to Bill; Dale was a railroad man too and lived in Texarkana. They had a sister Mrs. Rooker of Commerce.

Pearl was older by 15 years than Tom; she helped write letters to get a job. But she still taught school. Even once, Pearl tried to get a job out from under Tom just to see if she could via a letter, but Tom got the job. Pearl said she was just trying to see if the letters got answered but then a job was hard to find that paid good wages. I doubt her story because again in 1960's Pearl wanted to trade grocery store stamps because the redemption store was closing in our county and she would have to drive too far to cash them in while she did not care that we had to drive far and wide. Also, Pearl threw her garbage out the car window along the highways to save on garbage fees. She said that people were paid to pick up thrash along the highways and that provided jobs for her to do this. An educated person who does this way is just the kind of thing that a conservative would do and then justify their acts. She hated Franklin Delno Roosevelt and all that he stood for; she was a turn coat Republican for sure; she had money but no fortune to be in that richman's party that passes vested interest laws to benefit the wealthy. Like the rich saying we should all pay our fair share of taxes in income taxes since the original income tax was only those making over half a million a year because the robber barons had raped the land with government contracts from railroad track grants so they did not want to pay a cent and then that law was usurped to make all workers have a withholding tax. Just like the Texas temporary tax will not be a brief thing because the conservative mind will have more money to finagle in special interest contracts to their under the table graft.

Tom got accused of stealing money to buy groceries in Sherman after we left and had a job in Texarkana. The sheriff came to arrest him in Texarkana. But we were able to prove otherwise because the small minded jealous friends in Sherman were angry that Tom got a job when they did not. That is another reason that I could never be a conservative; meanness just isn't that much of my nature to be mean spirited like the small minded conservative mentality has to be. Tom got off free after a week of troubles. Friends like those mean that one does not need enemies.

Texarkana was not bad; we lived at 512 Texas Avenue in Mrs. Ted Wendell's home; three Wendell brothers lived next to each other; they owned the Mule Barn under the Texas viaduct; all the old jokes about telephoning a mule barn seemed true at that place. We enjoyed going to the animal barns; was a lot like being back at the farm but in town. Grocery stores were nearby, even an

The textbooks had animals talking in fables so Robert knew that animals did not talk so he was disgusted to read such things. He already knew how to read the Bible to his grandfather whose cataract eyes were too bad even to read the newspaper which little Robert could read aloud rather well for his age. But in school he did poorly because school was dull and silly he said. We even had trouble with Lynna Estelle; her grades fell some; she had once never made less than all ~~A's~~ in school and now she even cut-classes; hookey was such a turn about. Texarkana was a mean town and still is. It is a redneck town, no culture, only country western songs and the weird bad grammar of that ilk is used as the standard for speaking.

One of our neighbors at Mrs. Wendell's was Mrs. O'Neill and her daughters. Otto lived with her and a married daughter had another small apartment; the war effort was big with the new ordnance plant or bullet plant; Lone Star and Red River Arsenal were the big booming things that saved the day. War was what pulled us out of the great depression.

Mrs. Neil had a son who went to prison for the mafia front. The mafia was big stuff in Texarkana; ACME salvage yard owned by Harry Friedman, Senior was headquarters. Stolen cars and dope of course or rather bootlegged whiskey at that time. This was big stuff since the 1920's. A huge whorehouse system existed near downtown on Third Street; a big red sign that said WAREHOUSE with an arrow pointed the way to the two story house with red sheets or so the stories went. The place was called Little Chicago and still is since modern proof lies in the car bombing of the executive's Mercedes at parking lot of Walsh-Lumpkin Pharmaceutical Company just off Stateline Street. Dope is the name of the game now. But blackmarket good and whiskey and prostitution were the big money makers during the World War II era; tires were being stolen from the arsenal and resold all around the Arklatex area as the four -states is known.

Tom though still drank whiskey like a fish; he got drunk more often now that we had money; he was addicted of course but we nearly got divorced over this. Now, that the great depression had ended after ten long years, Tom was drinking more than ever. He nearly lost his job; Robert still hates whiskey bottles because of this and all the memories. He did not cry one tear when his dad died because all his love for him had been killed long ago he said. The Landtroop curse of a memory came through on Robert; he can forgive but memory is always there to remind the ugly truth.

Robert does not drink any kind of alcohol but his sister Lynna Estelle Taylor Bergen drinks; she blames her dad rightly so for many of the deprivations because of his drinking but yet she keeps drinking and her depression makes her see her dad as a mean man that she wants to hate. But she does worse than he does and has broken my heart so often that if she were keel over dead that I would not grieve but just be relieved that she is no longer making an ass of herself as she said her dad did so often.

We got regular weekly shipments of fresh butter from the farm on the train; we lived only five blocks from the trainyards so at 11 a.m. a train could bring from Commerce a distance of 110 miles by 2 p.m. the goods; we knew so many of the workmen or trainmen that they would just put the old syrup bucket of butter wrapped in icy cloths or old flour sacks and then just hand the bucket to Tom in the yard so Tom would take a break and bring it home. This helped finances of course but was fresh and proved how much the folks all missed us for not being there anymore. We had a pass and went there every holiday for the next 25 years; Robert went every Friday at 5 p.m. on that evening train and came back late Sunday night till he graduated from high school. Two trains a day ran each way from Texarkana to Dallas and of course stopped in Commerce. A morning run and an evening run; the 5 p.m. from Texarkana till 9:30 p.m. to Commerce. The lonely or moanful whistle could be heard at the farm when the train pulled into the switchyard at Commerce: sometimes, my sisters

Lynna Estelle got into the crowd with the twin girls Bobbie and Barbara Lutz whose mother was kin to the Rainer family and the James family; their grandmother was almost 90 and kin to Jesse James. Their father was flat of his back in bed and was on a disability pension from World War I wounds; his life was ruined and so was theirs by circumstances beyond their control but some folks liked to say they chose to be poor since they had not made investments to be richer. They did travel often to California to see an aunt; once, the girls got off the train in Arizona when stopping for water like the old steam engines had to stop every fifty miles or so to get water; the girls got off to see the sights of the desert but the train started up. One twin got on but Bobbie did not so she had to hire a couple of black men to transport her to the next train stop. Mrs. Lutz was beside herself. Her older daughter Kathleen was so quiet and composed to be a sister to the dippy Bobbie. Bobbie is always loud and friendly acting to your face; she calls me Mamma Taylor and hugs me. She is nice to pass and repass with but not to believe and trust as being a sincere person. Robert will barely speak to Bobbie; he remembers her only too well. He nearly drowned in the old Crystal Swimming pool that was near Sussex Downs where my home is, now. Bobbie and Lynna Estelle and myself all went to the pool and little Robert slid down the shallow-end slides but he remained under too long and almost drowned while the girls laughed and did not notice while they had said they would; he never forgot that event and did not give them a chance to lure him into deep water anymore. Robert still remembers and avoids folks who tried to do him in.

Next door to us on 512 Texas Avenue lived Miller Barber; his grandmother was Mrs. Brice Lawrence; her son owned Bryce's Cafeteria; the grandmother baked all the pies and cakes for dessert. Their cafeteria was the elegant place to eat out in town and was not cheap ever, even today. Miller Barber's mother was a Lawrence; her mother worked hard for her children to be successful. Miller Barber is a big golf star as is Byron Nelson from Texarkana. But young Miller Barber went to the circus with us and Robert; we kept charge of the money for the rides and side shows; was hard to convince him that the money was gone so we had to pay his way for several more rides while they had a very thriving business and we were blue collar workers so again conservatives took advantage of us liberal minded persons so one should never have dealings with anyone not exactly like them. Robert never went anywhere else to spend money with his friends; he even later went to the movie alone because friends want to borrow money for candy and then never repay; the twins Bobbie and Barbara really borrowed money from Lynna Estelle; Lynna E. had a job at Kressie's to earn her own spending money for records and movies and clothes and even for lending to her girl friends. Gwendolyn Hale Marrow never repaid her. Lynna E. wanted to be popular and wanted friends so she had to finance them; she even played hooked to be popular with them. Gwendolyn Hale was from Commerce as was Daphna Dell Dupree so they were a threesome sometimes and also jealous to get Lynna E. black balled from soroties in the high school on the Texas side. The Arkansas side high school sometimes closed early in the year because of low funds, closing in April rather than May, so we made sure to live on the Texas side in order to get a good education for our children. Dr. Stilwell was superintendent and also president of Texarkana Junior College system; he devised the ADA or Average Daily Attendance system for determining daily expenses for running a school; the Red River Arsenal had so many soldiers stationed in Texarkana area that a system was needed to determine the billing for reimbursement from the federal government. This Little ADA financial system set the pace for the whole national educational funding system in the U.S. And the Texas high School in Texarkana was the 11th best school in America. Lynna E. did well enough but Robert did better starting in the 9th grade. Robert was at the farm for the whole vacation

Robert had many friends nearby to play games uptown at 512 Texas Avenue; the Wendell brothers were elderly and very nice; one Mrs. Wendell was very young and had married for money which she got and later married a younger guy who rented a garage apartment from her; he worked in the postal terminal.

Texarkana had the largest mail terminal in the Southwest at that time in 1940's. Texarkana also had a big neon sign that stated GATEWAY TO THE SOUTHWEST at the 9th Street underpass on the East side of town just over the Arkansas border and the town has twin governments with half being in each state; the federal courthouse is half in each state and the judge has to move one seat over to proclaim legalities for each state of Texas or Arkansas. The main post office was also in that stateline building where folks come to take their pictures with young married couples showing one partner in one state and the other in the next state. A postcard shows an old prospector with a mule, having the caption, "I am in Texas but my ass is in Arkansas." Our bad educational system no longer teachers that ass means the animal that pulled loads as a beast of burden while arse is the reference to the anatomy. Every dumb lout, even me who never went beyond the 8th grade knows that. Just like schools once taught common knowledge such as that every electrical storm puts more nitrogen into the soil during one rainstorm than all the fertilizer plants could manufacture in a year. Youth today do not even know that electrical storms make nitrogen for the soil.

Neighbors uptown were good to me and my children; Mrs. Freeman lived on the corner and never used her electrical lights; she went to bed at nightfall to avoid having to turn on the lights; the depression really made folks save money and her house was a mansion; she had built garages the length of her lot which housed a dozen cars to rent out; folks used to put a car in a garage because of concern from hailstones and general care. But no more; the carport is the most folks have as a rule now, yet autos cost more than ever. Taking care of property seems very out of vogue. And driving a car for 20 years is unheard of, anymore.

Another high stepping woman of Texarkana was Nettie Kline who was married to just everybody who was rich in town; she married Morse Lumpkin twice; he owned the cab company and the pharmacy; she owned the nightclubs during the war. She owned and operated them; she married Bubba Berry who was a bouncer. Hugh Berry was her brother; he had a band and played at the Plantation Club which was in a big old plantation home on the edge of town and overlooked a lake. Big bands came through Texarkana from Memphis to Dallas so the dance bands were here before making it big later. Even Scott Joplin was from Texarkana.

Hugh Berry and his wife Cleo lived across the street from me in Sussex Downs. Their children Buddy, Billy and Peggy were a sight to behold. Billy Berry now owns clubs in Houston; the Caraway downtown where Sam Houston stayed. Buddy works for Shell in Houston and Peggy lived there too when their mother died in Houston in 1970's. I looked over the property for them till it was sold, for years.

Nettie Kline had so many names that everyone just called her Nettie Kline no matter who was her latest husband. She married a Mister Winkler in Dallas last; she is still a Mrs. Winkler. Nettie Kline drove pink Cadallics and kept four new tires at a time on her cars during the war from black market sources that stole tires from the arsenal.

Tom was considered a war related job, switching boxcars from the arsenal; I worried that bombs could explode when connecting the cars so rough; anyway, we got a new refrigerator during the war because his job was war related when we bought our new tract home on Moore Drive. Many war related folks lived there; from Akron, Ohio many auto tire workers came to oversee that enterprise and a colonel lived down the street also. We had a variety of hard working

I knew a lot of the happenings at the dance band places because of the Berry family; the kids talk a lot. Nettie Kline dressed in sequin gowns and then sang to get customers to flock to her 3 places; she owned The Dallas Nightclub which was on the Dallas highway and it had a jukebox; the Plantation had a live band and was elegance where she stayed much of the time preparing food even herself. The Wagonwheel was on U.S. 59 on the Arkansas side on the way to Hot Springs and the redneck yahoos drank at the bar and looked at everybody for their entertainment and "thunked-up" ways to be mean to others so that a fight could ensue. That was what Billy Berry said about the place.

Nettie Kline had a dozen husbands or eleven but her own mother had 9 different husbands; she married men and had 2 or 3 children by each before they died; she worked her way from South Carolina, through Kentucky, to Arkansas and into Texas or married her way West. She had the son Hugh Banks in Pudeka, Kentucky; he owned a chain of grocery stores, "Shop at Wonder Stores and bank the savings." He was called the Duke of Pudeka. Malvern, Arkansas was where more of her children lived and owned stores. Then, the Walsh family came to Texarkana; then she married a Buffington and had Jack Buffington and Nettie Kline Buffington--Nettie Kline was her full given name for a female doctor at old Texarkana hospital.

Nettie Kline sold her Dallas Nightclub twice for fifty thousand dollars; she hoodwinked a man who lived next door to me on Moore Drive out of his life savings; while old man Mr. Krolenger was reading the fine print of his purchase, she sneaked the cashier's check for fifty thousand dollars from under the pile of legal papers and then drove like crazy to the Texarkana National Bank and cashed it; then the old man was ready to sign after reading for half an hour to make sure all the legalities were listed corrected in the deal; then Nettie Kline would not sign the papers saying that no check was there. A cashier's check is not returned to the buyer so no proof ever was handy to get his money back; she got off scott free and sold it again the next month. Nettie Kline always dressed prim and proper, never like the flussie she was. She never cussed or talked dirty and acted like a fine lady with manners. She would fleece anyone blind in a second; I should know because she was an aunt to Robert's wife Mary Jacquelyn Buffington Taylor.

Nettie Kline then went to Dallas with a good grub steak in 1947; she bought a dozen rent houses in Dallas; the Central Expressway was widened and bought her property so she moved the houses to vacant lots she bought and thus doubled her estate; she owned a beauty shop that charged \$25 a permanent when five dollars was a good price but she had a shop next to Preston Center close to Neiman Marcus in Dallas. She was getting rich for sure; she bought her beauty-barber supplies at James C. Edwards Company which was near her home on Milam Street; a Mr. Winkler owned and operated the business. He also owned a hundred barber shops all over Dallas plus owned newspapers in nearby towns; Winky owned location for the Dallas Times Herald newspaper plus stock in the newspaper. And he was in the process of getting a divorce; the soon to be-ex wanted a million cash settlement so Nettie Kline told the worried Winky that she could help him get a cheap divorce. Winky knew that she was divorced many times so he said how would you know? Nettie told him that she knew how to get what she wanted and for him to marry her she would get a quicky cheap divorce. Nettie Kline knew her stuff and showed him how. One Sunday morning at noon, she and Winky pulled up at his soon-to-be-ex's house that was his old place; Nettie handed him a Kodak camera and said go with this and knock on the door like you are a bill collector but snap the shutter like mad when she opens. Winky did as told and a nude man was standing behind her. Winky said that he never had to develop the pictures because the next morning the lawyers called saying that fifty thousand cash and deed to the house and car would be sufficient; so that Winky who was worth dozens of millions got a cheap divorce.

many sins; her wealth was not God-given like the preachers now say that God rewards the good. But one has to have a memory and know how to read for the facts. I know so much about Nettie Kline because when Robert and Mary lived in Dallas they lived only three or four blocks from her aunt Nettie Kline.

Living in my own house was nice again. It was bought on a 25 year pay out through J. T. Betts Company out of Houston. Buddy Temple was young and built the houses through his father's company so he became independent at an early age; his mother was from New York City; she wore pill box hats and walked from her nice house near St. Michael's hospital; she looked for poor folks to help. She found really destitute people and got food for them and work. She was a fine person to give of her own time rather than a mere check. The Temple family had been Virginians and came to Texarkana when it was founded; T.R.R. Temple was the first lumberman in their family. He had been an Episcopal preacher but he bought timber land and started sawmills; finally, his grandchildren own one million acres of forest land and big lumber mills, now headquartered at Diaball, Texas. Texarkana was the lumberman headquarters for decades for the Temple family to live even now plus lumberman Buchanan and Wadley. The Wadley Blood bank was begun by the local richman because his grandson had leukemia and needed blood transfusions which did not have a system for getting blood so a system like the federal reserve of dollars was thought up by the wealthy grandfather Wadley here in Texarkana and the Wadley Blood Bank used to bear his name here but only the Wadley Blood Bank out of Baylor in Dallas has his name. Texarkana always loses all its heritage to more enterprising places because the conservative minds do not want change and when change does come the small minded business want all the profits for them, not to share opportunity so that more will continue to multiply; they want to be the big fish in a very small pond. The Buchanan family is descended from the president and also the Duchess of Monfort was a daughter from here plus the richest woman in the world was a Duke of the tobacco fortune since she was a Miss Buchanan from Texarkana before wedding a tobacco Duke.

The Temple family built the first tract homes in the U.S. and got Rep Wright Patman from Texarkana to get the legislation for FHA homes so that finances could be easy to sell the homes. Also H. Ross Perot is from Texarkana and he got the contracts for the very first time the social security system was put onto computers and Wright Patman helped Perot get those big contracts to pay off so it is who you know not just what you know. Also, one of Robert's teachers Miss Helen Brown was from Omaha, Texas; she married a Hutchins of Texarkana; then he became an engineer to work for Brown and Root Engineering which was a big company owned by her uncles; Helen Brown Hutchins was dean of student affairs at South Texas Junior College where Robert taught, in Houston.

Sussex Downs was on the edge of town and Tex Sellars said he was the mayor; we were just across the street from the big mansions of North Texarkana. We could have bought a big house for the same money and should have because now only prestige goes to the big homes, not meager houses. And the small houses attract white trash who do not mow yards or keep the houses in good repair; truly small houses are not taken care of very well; piles of junk are left in the yards; they all vote Republican for Reagan so the redneck yahoos went Reagan and that shows how the small minded can be fooled. Anyone who works up a sweat should vote for the working man's party which Thomas Jefferson founded and is the oldest; not the GOP that lies and says it was first but Lincoln was the first president ever elected on that party platform and Fremont was the first candidate ever to run for president on Republican party so one has to have a memory and be able to read to learn the facts since the vested interest greedy businessmen now own America and will do anything to justify their very existence like all bourgeoisie nouveau riche try to gain

school nearby was Spring Lake Park that went from grades 1 through 10 and was a county school. The community spirit was high; cake walks and festivals were given often to raise money; Pervis Cork of Cork diary had children Janice and Pervis Junior who is now manager of the social security office here. The folks from Akron, Ohio were excellent school parents since they had their children's interest at heart; they were not complainers or grippers at all; I liked them very much; the Newmans with young Beverly and the Aringtons. But the yankee folks who came to Texas after the war complained and griped a lot and liked to say mean hateful things about backward Texas and how ignorant Texans are; this was said to my face so they are easy folks to learn to hate. Robert despises yankees and has nothing to do with them; he insults first now and will talk louder than they throwing insults about their mean hateful ways; he knows history well so he can defeat their wisecracks; he learned to hate yankees when they insulted me so often when I would rent the Berry house; every word that I said was laughed at and then told how ignorant of a hick I was to speak as I do. This got to happening every time a yankee face came to town; their nasal stuffed-up nose talk gives them away but they are above reproach; no wonder America is hated since folks like this represent the U.S. overseas. When redneck yahoos get a chance, they insult folks just for the fun since they have no mentality to speak of, to express themselves on a high plain. I liked the northern folks from Ohio so much during World War II for the yankee later to be so mean because they knew how to be hateful for the fun of it; I just walk away from yankees when I hear their brogue, not worth my time to stand and take insults when I have done nothing to be mean; it is no wonder that fights break out at schools; the insults are stock and trade for the low mentality and it seems that yahoo yankees are coming down now. Houston really has the yahoo yankees; Michigan has the worst set; Michigan released its prisons during the 1970's so they could flee to the rest of the states while their economy was so bad and the papers had folks from Michigan being listed as the killers and thieves for several years. Michigan was as bad as the Cuban criminal element that was released on this country.

Now, Gov. Clements is releassing criminals early so surely Texas can be good enough to copycat Michigan to do unto them as they did us. Hope our released criminals will go up there for financial gain so they will know how it feels to be maltreated for a change.

A next door neighbor was Frances and Greg LeGree; he worked at arsenal as a government inspector for safety or quality of the bombs. They did not purchase the house but rented for 34 dollars a month; then they later bought a place on County Avenue for three times the price we paid; then, they moved back to Charleston, South Carolina where they were from; he was kin to the infamous Simon LeGree family. Frances talked with a thick accent that could not say 8 or J with clarity so her telephone was 91718-J and she could not telephone home when the operator came on; dial did not arrive for years to help her out as she was long moved away by then. Berniece Owens lived north of me; her husband W.F. Owens was in the army; her mother Mrs. Allison lived with her; she had a whole slew of brothers in Arkansas and Mississippi. The old lady had a good bank account ~~in~~ reserve. Berniece had an appendix operation or so she said that we found out ~~that~~ was a hysterectomy when my sister Lynna had her own female organs taken out. Berniece let it slip. She worked at Automotive Parts with Mr. Hudson one of the owner brothers. She just clipped her fingernails and filled them all day while she was ~~her~~ pretty self and let others wait on customers; Mr. Hudson was having a fling with her, trifling on his sickly wife, but Miss Watson his secretary was also supposed to be another of his hot girlfriends on the job--tis true that Berniece did not do a lick of work while on his pay. My daughter Lynna Estelle worked hard and saw for her-

Bernice Owens and Lynna Estelle went to work on a bus and walked to the bus stop. Were three doors from the stop, a naked man came out each morning to get his newspaper in the buff. He timed it just for those gals. Finally, the police were informed; the man had several young children; he was a big builder and later was very rich, living as a nudist with big fences around his dwelling; he liked to show his nudity to everyone around. At the court case, Berniece said that she could not recognize him with his clothes on; she said she did not recognize his face.

Sex seemed such a curiosity to city folks; on the farm sex is natural with the animals so children do not wonder about such things and thus do not laugh or sneak around to watch others since seeing animals in the act gets commonplace and tiresome. To me, the sexual freedom slogan to this day means not having to have sex at all. That is true liberation.

Then, Berniece went to the army fort where W.F. Owens was stationed when he came stateside. Then, she rented the house; first renter was Earl Rinerman and wife Sadie Chance Rineman. Earl worked for Philipps 66; he was the driller's helper for Bud Adams, Senior when the two Philipps brothers brought in their first oil well. Earl knew and worked with all the big wigs of the company; he had reared his sisters youngest son Bill Bergen who was in the navy. Lynna Estelle met Bill Bergen and they married in February of 1946. She had gotten tired of Bill Bergen and even burned all his letters and his picture and then suddenly married him; I was floored and even had to go to bed; the only time in my life since or before that I was floored. I dreamed that my father who was dead came to me and told me that they would not divorce and would travel far and wide. Bill Bergen was fair complectioned like me and everyone thought he was my son. Bill Bergen, Junior was born September 29, 1946; he was born premature without fingernails and no hair; he slept for nearly 3 months till he finished maturing; then he was loud and active.

They worked for Philipps in seismograph or doodlebugged all over the country, moving as much as 10 or 12 times a year. When Billy got school age, they headquartered and Bill senior had to travel far to work, sometimes taking ten days to work far away and then being home five days so the doodle bug style came into being for those who tested for oil and took pictures of the deep strata reserves. Bill and Lynna E. first lived all over West Texas and then went to Colorado and to Wyoming and then to Canada; I saw them only once a year for two weeks. They lived at Belvedere, Mississippi for a short time when Billy first started school. They even bought a big trailer home to live in but washing it was a big job worse than for a car; every six feet was more than a car would have been. They rented mostly because a real house had more room to avoid cabin fever syndrome. Also, storms destroy the trailer house more often because they tip over and fly apart.

Billy Junior was born in Harlegen, Texas; they were living in San Benito. When a baby born in the valley leaves, asthma develops and that is what we were warned; sure enough, Little Bill had a bad case of asthma. Robert Ellis owned Ruby Red grapefruit orchids and knew that fact and he begged us to have Lynna E. to return to the farm to have her baby; but that was considered old wives tales so she stayed to have her baby near the father's work. And little Billy nearly died several times after they moved away. Young folks do not want to be told anything and will cut off their own nose to spite their face. Bill and Lynna E. surely had a lot of illness to contend with over the years; Billy Junior now lives in Houston which is not far from the valley of Texas or he would be very ill; Valley children of Texas can never live a healthy life away from that valley air. That is called the Indian curse for the white man stealing their gold since gold minds do exist in South Texas and around El Paso that dates to the early 1500's. Mythology is interesting.

Nettie Kline Buffington was kin to the right people and she had dealt with the typical redneck police on their terms so she got off scott free because the Kroelenger family was a yankee, and yankees had become so hateful with loud mouthed slurs at everything Southern and especially Texan so why didn't those yahoos just go back to their wonderful country if their place there is so much better as they harp all the time. No wonder the South controlled the federal government the first 80 years of this country's history; white trash yahoos were not given the time of day by aristocrats. And now this lowly element controls the politics and gives us a bad name all over the world because manners are taught only well in the good home by generations of learned elegance so the nouveau riche never can pull off being quality folks.

I was surprised to see poverty up north when I visited; I understood from the loud mouthed griping that the poor South was so bad. Then, I saw shacks and pitiful looking folks up north in Ohio and even New York City; I just could not believe my eyes that poor folks existed up north. And they talk with such bad grammar and say youse guys for you guys. Tis so interesting that now on television the high society folks say, "you all come see us," when the yankees laugh and ridicule Southerners for saying the ignorant you all instead of youse guys so our lingo won out after all because aristocratic roots are always preferred. The aristocratic Louis Mantbatten who was the last vice-roy to India spoke more like a Southern gentleman than a yahoo yankee so his televised speech will be remembered and used as a pattern of vocal beauty long after all the ill-mannered yahoos are long dead and gone. The Southern speech in the U.S. originated in Sussex, England where the power-elite aristocracy lived. Even Peter Allan of Australia speaks like a South Carolinian because he has British aristocratic roots, even if he did marry Liza Minnelli the daughter of Judy Garland; the Gumn sisters were from Dallas at one time.

I still remember the yankees from Ohio during World War II fondly; they were nice hard working folks not the white trash that complains publically. A public outcry of person/woe is low classed so no wonder they are obnoxious. When the Aaringtons moved back to Ohio, they sold their banty chickens to little Robert and even gave the pens that were on stilts, *chest tall* on me. We had a lot of chickens for our eggs and our fryers. Lots of folks had chickens, and dogs ran loose. Until 1950, we had chickens.

Buddy Berry had a big goose that could fly and it knocked the milk man flat one morning early; Buddy would run barefooted in the heavy dew even in the frost and never catch cold, while Robert would get inner-ear risens for going barefooted on the damp grass. The Lord protects the good and poor, said Buddy. His folks earned more money than we did; his father had the band at Nettie Kline's best nightclub where the live bands came and he was then the back-up band plus his mother and sister Peggy were waistresses every night. And then younger Billy Berry sold orange juice from a cart that circulated through the drive-in theater on the Loop near Stateline, now where a motel is located and calls the Loop Texas Blvd. Billy Berry screamed at the top of his lungs, "ORANGE JUICE." He sold a lot from dark till midnight. And during the afternoon daylight hours, he shined shoes for soldier boys at the bus stations downtown. Billy was very enterprising so they did well as a family. They also had gambling parties; they borrowed my tea glasses and pitches and the alcohol dissolved the gold band strips on the rim of the glasses. To this day, I think of that when I see the pitcher. My place is full of odd memories.

Life is full of quirks and jaggy little memories that mean nothing. If I had not promised to write a few pages of my recollections, I would not be enjoying some of these remeniscenses, also some old time memories are painful. The 1920's were the best time to be alive in American because folks were happy seeming to talk to in general; folks today are gruff and insulting, besides all the poor rich folks who are unhappy because someone else is richer.

Victor Shauburger was a very private person; he feared a backlash against German people in the U.S. like the Japanese had experienced being put on protective camps in the desert. But Victor was a big land owner and rich so he was considered good and worthwhile since America worships wealth, not good individuals. Victor was a kind person because of his Quaker religion. He was gruff seeming at times. Loretta married a Rye; the family owned an oil company that was small, only a million or so a month. Loretta stayed married to Carl as I remember his name. She works at John Sealey Hospital in Galveston and has not remarried even after her mother Opal was put into an old folks home. We never hear from Loretta; she returns letters unanswered--that would really hurt Tom since he loved her like his own child. Loretta did ignore Tom and was ashamed of his sloppy eating manners in public when we were in Hardin so Tom did see that elegant side of Loretta; she was haughty like Elsie Taylor Winniford her cousin. Seems that when really poor down-and-out-at-the-heels folks got to be haughty and insulting to others when they get prosperous, especially hateful to those who helped them because the old time folks are a reminder of those poverty times. But one's roots are the real person; I know that because I do know my roots.

Robert got me to join the DAR and the United Daughters of the Confederacy just to flaunt it all in front of the yankees; we knew our heritage so the Masonic Lodge and Eastern Star for Lynna E. had given her clout at the bank since the value of a person is through the big high faluting organizations one joins not the good Christian works done by the individual. Pay raises go to those who pal together in prestigious fraternities. Bobby looks down his nose and sneers at yankees and bad grammar speech patterns because he says they despise you anyway so give them good examples of high class things to complain about so that their loud protests will be full of those examples that will get talked about and thus reveal their stupidity. Robert was not always this hateful until he was let go from his teaching job in Houston at age 47. He cannot get another job doing anything because he is too old for the wonderful Republican companies that worship tradition and old age but only want to hire young people to train and to have to pay less; a new teacher earns several thousand dollars a year less than a teacher with 20 years or more. Robert was awarded teacher of the year and has a literary term to his credit, yet cannot get a teaching job anywhere; he applies and little response since 1981. He was a popular classroom teacher and that is where jealousy comes in from the administration. Just like Governor Clements is a sleeze bag person and gets reelected because if he is rich he is bound to be smart and the SMU sports scandal shows just the the kind of good businessman he is, one to do any thing for a buck and power. Old frog faced Gov White was defeated mainly because he backed the No Pass No Play rule and that riled all the redneck country towns where they think the purpose of a school is to provide sports events on Friday so Monday can be fun at the job the rehash the local plays. Also the drill team and band at small town schools provide the glory activities. Anyone who reads a novel or learns intricate science is square and an egghead or nerd to be avoided so the intellect is no reason to attend School in America--that's why our great scientists come from Europe and Britain but now that their economy is so great we no longer have the best minds coming to us. We are now a debtor nation so the redneck yahoos need to lose their control of America; they are dinosaurs today but at least 80 percent of America is redneck.

Ex-governor White did not do vindictative things to his opponents so no one feared making an enemy of him, but scarface old Clements takes revenge like a typical Republican, and his billion dollar company ruined folks so they fear crossing his viewpoint. A young person today should be a Republican and never disagree with any businessman; only might by hook or crook succeeds so the majority of young people are doing the right thing to play the game of ugly

see how the history books define the antics of buzz brained Reagan. He is very popular with the functional illiterate and general stupid lamebrains because they are too lazy or inept to get the facts and know what is happening to this once wonderful country of ours. I am not ignorant enough to vote for Reagan; in fact, when I voted against Reagan the first time, his winning was announced on the radio before I got home from the polls. That showed me that bribery and general dishonesty existed from the start by the superrich to buy votes and even get the polls or ballot stacked their way; the superrich get what they want so no amount of intelligent opposition does any good. Bribery is the order of the day; the big rich have to have 185 millions even to be on the richman's list and to be at the bottom is being poor-little-richman so they will do anything to have big deposits next to the name, and the politics will only get worse not better; all democracies fell like this; Greece had its 30 tyrants; we have Reagan with his Contras aid even after congress denied the money so he sneaked around as any dishonest thief in the dark would, to be a typical emperor or dictator so the defined words by his actions do exist if big wealth were not behind him to keep the sheriff from the white house doors. Reagan defied the congress like any emperor or dictator would so he is the epitamy of anarchy and a slap in the face of freedom--he can't be disagreed with or crossed like a spoiled child or old-timey disciplinarian teacher. I still think that Reagan's hearing aid is a teleprompter with Miss Nancy speaking to tell him how to act; I don't blame Nancy Reagan for defending her husband; she is just doing her duty and her loyal self surely shows. She is more loyal than he is; she tries to make him look good while he has no loyalty to the principles of free government--Ron should be so dedicated as Miss Nancy. Ron is not senile; he is selfish and dedicated to the superrich; he is impressed by the high and mighty wealthy like so many redneck actors who were poor and made it big (he hates his humble roots so he sticks around the powerful).

I seldom think about politics when I am busy in my yard. But getting all wound up in this memorior, I just get on a roll and keep harping. No one will ever read this so it is useless and I am not rich enough to be considered as a serious knowledgeable person, and all I know goes for nothing because of my bad eyesight that makes my spelling bad because of difficulty to proof read effective or to arrange the copy in the first place to look educated. I will be thought of as a ding bat old woman full of senile ideas even if anyone reads all these ramblings.

I have enjoyed typing most of this; my dismay at the political antics by an old man of my generation is shocking that the truth gets so little respect to rectify the facts that are presenting as the great truths. I have lived when American was great and well respected world-wide and now we have liars ruling us like dictators and our respect is low and the whole society is decadent, worshipping the superrich. The intelligent have no clout or respect in America; we need a king whose aristocratic family would require a sense of standards that would reflect the grandeur like English royalty does.

Sussex Downs had a tragedy in the form of a murder; Betty Jo Booker lived on Anthony Drive not far from Mrs. Lutz. Betty Jo Booker played in a band and was out late a lot so when her soldier boyfriend and she parked; he was killed, emasculated with a knife and her body was disappeared for a few days and then was found just a few feet from the original murder in the bushes of Spring Lake Park that was a mile north of our house. Then, a whole rash of murder happened that got attributed to The Phantom Killer whose exploits got big coverage in the magazines Life and Look. This was just after World War II in 1947; the arsenal was getting closed back on a major scale; gossip said Mr. Hudson that Berniece worked-for was the Phantom Killer because Berniece had tacks thrown all over her driveway when she broke off with Mr. Hudson after her husband W.F. Owens returned. Then, a Mrs. Starks out in the

then the body ~~was~~^{returned to} the original scene of the crime. The mafia also is said to have done this; the family that got the brunt of gossip from the country club set was the Buchanan family; all the two Buchanan palacious homes have been torn away, not wanted to be preserved because of enmity by so many folks in Texarkana toward them. Even one son became a preacher and married a Collum so he is nice to show that a Buchanan can be a nice person. But the ill will toward the Buchanan family is still talked ~~about~~^{about}; folks are jealous that one Buchanan married a duke of Monfort and are also kin to the tobacco Duke family. The Buchanan family keeps being gossiped as the Phantom Killer culprit; only Berniece claimed Mr. Hudson was the killer. The killer knew all the backroads and dead end streets to avoid, so ~~newcomer~~^{newcomer} didn't. One story keeps cropping up that the black market stolen goods from the arsenal had to be stolen in part by soldiers on duty to look the other way for the rationed goods of tires, sugar and shoes to get stolen through the main gates; thus, when the war ended and the soldiers would have been released, they were killed by the underground element and that the mutilated bodies were the mafia message for others not to talk ever and that the girl's mutilation was a bonus coverage job. These murders are unsolved to this day, even though several local folks confessed such as the Tennison boy committed suicide and left a note saying he committed the Phantom murders; his high society family was hurt by all that as he wanted to get even for family squabbles.

I was glad that my daughter Lynna E. was married and ~~long~~^{gone} from mean Texarkana or I would have been worried sick. She liked to go dancing at the nightclubs and knew Nettie Kline rather well and of course remembered young Betty Jo Booker, who was really a neighbor. Sussex Downs was supposed to be the first tract homes built in America, especially with the FHA financing.

Stolen cars were the next big mafia ring in Texarkana. Galveston with the Maceo and Massa families is a big mafia town too. Galveston was a Los Vegas type gambling center decades before Nevada developed its sin city; the Balinese Room that went so far over the water had boats docked beneath the flooring so that money and evidence would be dumped into the boat that headed for the high seas when a raid was made if ever. Galveston needs to have legalized gambling today to earn money; the revived madis gras is not enough or The Strand plus the summer season on the beach; Splash Day in May was a big thing that worried me to death when the children went; so much meanice to kill each other, especially today. Now, Spring Break brings a lot of resort folks and money into Galveston and the coast line from up north. More places should develop entertainment centers for the students to spend money and time.

Berniece Owens sold her house to Herman Tuck; his wife was a Parks of New York and Salem so they started a jewelry store; his two sons Bill and John were teen agers; John married Juanita Wallace who lived on Anthony across the street from Betty Jo Booker; John was a handsome hunky type who ~~was~~^{was} sprints minded; he thought because I was large that I was fat and flabby-weak so one day in front of his football friends I flipped him flat on his back side and then sat down on him; he could not get up while everyone laughed; John never tried that again and he was surprised that I was so strong; he is nice to see down town and he is friendly. His brother Bill Tuck has a jewelry store in Sulpher Springs which is the countyseat of Hopkins County where our land is located so I stop by to see him sometimes; he is friendly but a braggart.

Then, Pattie Thomas Moore and husband Dick bought the house and lived there nearly ten years; they built a house on Moore's Lane; ~~I live on~~^{I live on} Moore Drive but the houses had become dumps and considered too low classed for a big insurance man; by 1965 Sussex Downs had become a low classed neighborhood. I should have sold and moved while across the Bouldeard on Pine Street the house that cost the same as on Moore Drive is worth five times as much and the area is still upper high class. But wealth denounced our family so we

together for years. When I moved out here everyone said there was a lady who looked just like me. I met her; we did look a great deal alike, in fact so much that once when Robert attended church while I was unable to go that all the folks at church said hello Mrs. Taylor to Hattie Mize because Robert was walking beside her for his ride home. Then, a few years later we were all talking about family and showing pictures; her maiden name was Ingram and her mother was a Drennan; my grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford's mother was Mary Drennan of Springfield, Illinois so we did find a kindred connection. Noreta Mize Shelton married Sonny Shelton and lives in Garland; they visit some. Earlene Mize Simpson married Mac Simpson who is from Texarkana and a good Christian man. Lillian was the eldest and seldom visited her mother because Otis hated the Church of Christ so much that he could ^{not} bear to see Hattie who was a living, breathing Church of Christ believer but did not poke it down one's throat. And then Winfred Mize her son was a hard working young man; he had a long career with Sears. Hattie was killed going to Broken Bow, Oklahoma. She came by for me to go with her as usual but I happened to be too busy to just drop everything and go. Hattie passed a truck on the emergency lane of the highway and got crushed in her car; she lived a few hours but died. Her husband Thomas got a good settlement and lived high; he remarried to a woman with children; her children hated me because I was ^{an} friend to Hattie so they made obscene telephone calls and threatened bad things. The police monitored the phone so they got caught in the act; they had even used knives to tear up clothing of Thomas and Mize's as I called Hattie. They were destructive as well as mean. Rednecks have to do bad physical things of vandalism to feel good about life. Thomas died and the house is always in ruin since the owners rent to just anyone now, even a preacher owned it to rent to his sister with 5 children and they tore it up and never mowed the yard; 5 boys too lazy to pick up the place. Youth today are too spaced out on drugs and general meanness to be clean and honorable. I used to be called TAY TAY and have a plaque to prove it because I baby sat and loved the children of the community so much; I still pass and repass with the youngsters but their manners and general meanness has gotten too bad to be around them for very long.

Pattie Moore sold her place to Lorraine Crawford. But just before Pattie sold, she tried to get a good ~~tenant~~ or buyer but had to trade her house to the builder of her new one. Little Bill Moore and Kay hated to move away from me; I had baby set for them all their lives; they were like my own. Pattie ~~took~~ me for rides with her just to run to the grocery store even. I had a great time with Pattie and the kids as she called us.

We had big yard cookouts for the nearby neighbors; birthdays and anniversaries were an occasion for us all to cook a dish and bring to the table in the backyard; I had a lot of the dinners because of having the nicest yard. Even in Wintertime we served a meal in the house during cold weather. The summer time was best; would make ice cream in the hand crank freezer and homemade cakes and fish or fried chicken done true old South way (soaked in buttermilk overnight with light flour coating). We have good times and a true love thy neighborhood spirit. No one tried to be mean and hateful to each other; Dick Moore even bought horses to ride and so did Jimmy Stevenson who had a nag that fell and then reared back to fall and thus break Jimmy's leg; they were showing off but Jimmy never rode again or associated with that bunch.

In 1960 when Robert married Mary Buffington, Pattie and the neighbors organized a big rehearsal dinner in the yard which was full of blooms and lovely greenery. Mary's brother Ralph Buffington performed the wedding since he was a Nazarene preacher. He was such a quiet well mannered man and his wife Dorothy and son David and daughter Dorcus. All my folks came too so it was a family affair of almost 100 folks with the wedding party; wedding was a big

on the staff of the monthly magazine THE MILITARY POLICE JOURNAL. The journal went to 43 free nations and was very slick looking and a nice assignment for a young man. I had dreamed that he would ride in an inclosed car and be saluted by officers when he was drafted. Well, the magazine owned a new Chevrolet stationwagon for delivery of the copies on the post of Fort Gordon near Augusta, Georgia where the Masters Golf Tournament is held every year and also where President Ike Eisenhower vacationed to play golf often. Robert had won entrance tickets for two to be a part of the gallery for Arnold Palmer's following. His name as a prive first class soldier was drawn by serial numbers out of almost 100,000 soldier boys and he won when he already had press passes to enter the grounds so Robert gave the tickets to friends on the base.

Fort Gordon was headquarters for the Military Police Corps and also the Signal Corps so it was an important base near Augusta, Georgia. Robert did his basic training near Columbia, South Carolina, in fall of 1959 and then was in the MP Corps by February of 1960. Mary decided to marry Robert; she set her cap for him even by mail even. They decided to get married very quickly when he came back to Texarkana at Easter of 1960 and Mary Buffington had the swankiest wedding in town. Her sleazy old aunt Nettie Kline came to town for the event to show off. An older friend Mrs. Young gave elaborate Breakfasts that made the society page; Mrs. Young's husband had been a builder but her adopted son Bobby or Robert Young helped develop several island in Hawaii with a hotel chain so they had millions of dollars and thus spent lavishly; Robert Young from Texarkana knew John or Jon Whitcolm who did the Mabelleline ads for magazines, especially the fingernails hand ads; they all came to Texarkana and Mary posed her fine long fingers for ads even. Mary had a bubbling personality that men could not resist just like her aunt Nettie Kline.

Mary Jacquelyn Buffington had a grande mother Florine Hargis Buffington. The Hargis family once owned a big bank at Nash, Texas at the edge of Texarkana and Reverend Billie Hargis who set up Radio Free Europe was her nephew and he had grown up in Texarkana so we all knew of him very well. And Florine's mother Mrs. Hargis had been a Holmes who was a granddaughter of the writer Oliver Wendell Holmes and her father was the Supreme Court Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court; she had come to visit her cousins in Texas. The Webb family had married twice into the Holmes family in the 1840's back in Boston, Massachusetts. A Webb died in the Alamo in 1836 so he had sent his son and daughter back to Boston to be reared until the wars ended but he got killed and they remained until grown so they grew up in the Holmes household and then a sister and brother married a sister and a brother--today, Dr. Holmes Webb IV and Dr. Webb Holmes I taught at the University of Texas at Austin. And Prescott Webb who was an historian-author was a cousin to Florine; he visited Texarkana and even sent a wedding gift in 1960. Mary was descended from good stock on her mother's side but Nettie Kline was a mess to behold and to watch carefully. Everybody knew well about ole Nettie Kline. Mrs. Florine Hargis Buffington was kin to the Daniels's family; Price Daniel, Senior was her cousin and Florine was kin to Sam Houston and all his descendants so John Connolly's wife Nellie Houston Connolly was kin to Florine--seemed that all the governors of Texas for a while back when Robert married were somehow kin to Mary so Mary thought she was big stuff and even seemed the most proud to have ole sleazy Nettie Kline around. Wedding gifts rolled in from everyone important and from the most unlikely of places; Florine's father died during the depression and was not so rich when the banks failed; but he had paid out of his funds any mortgage that a friend of his owned on his home so those friends could not be evicted--they never had been able to repay the family for the Hargis generosity so the wedding was a good opportunity to give a nice gift to show appreciation for past goodwill. Church was full at the wedding. Mary did not print but 25 of-

Taylors came to the wedding and of course Elsie Taylor Winniford and Everette. Elsie bought a new Pontiac to put on the dog and sport about with my sisters Lynna and Lucille Winniford. Robert flew to the airport out of Shreveport so we all went to pick-him up, me, Mary B. as she wanted to be called and the ex-Mrs. Wendell from one of the elderly Wendell brothers of the Mule Barn from the days when I lived at 512 Texas Avenue near all the Wendells. Mary was surprised that I knew so many folks so well that she knew. I did not relate just how well that I knew her sorry-old aunt Nettie Kline; I was reared too well to say in public then what I thought about that hussie.

I never wanted to be a reflection on the Winniford family name by making an ass in public of myself so I just bit my tongue to remain quiet. Mary and Robert got hundreds and hundreds of fine gifts that they had to write thank-you cards for and then buy postage for. Mary did not like to save money; she thought money was to be spent faster than it was gotten. Her daddy had once said that Robert was intelligent that he would be very rich and famous some day so she never forgot that (after the divorce in 1967, Robert remembered that statement made for Mr. Buffington). The Buffington family was very nice to Robert; they wanted the marriage to last and for them to be happy as did I. Mary was a doll of perfection in public and never pulled a scene; but in private she was a spoiled brat who threatened to kill herself if she did not get her way. She would take a knitchen butcher knife to bet to slit her wrists if she did not get her way; Robert told this long after he was divorced. Mary pouted with big swollen lips if she were denied anything; she wanted expensive things the very minute she asked for them, no later about it. Mary did work; she taught school because her daddy wanted her to be a teacher; one Buffington was a preacher another was a businessman and one a teacher--he always wanted a teacher and a preacher in the family so he got what he wanted out of Mary; she was a daddy's girl even more than was my daughter Lynna Estelle; Mary would defend her daddy even when her mother was right in a disagreement. Her father Mr. Buffington could not be wrong ever. He owned a motor repair service and earned over thirty thousand dollars a year so he gave Mary everything she ever wanted materially and with love. She wanted a man just like her daddy. I had nearly married a man like my father; Tom Drake was so much like my father and was well accepted by the Winnifords who also accepted Tom Taylor, but I chose Tom on my own the very first time that I saw him.

Well, Robert had known the Buffingtons ever since we moved to Texarkana. Robert's bicycle had been put together and stored at Mr. Buffington's garage years before; Jimmy Stevenson next door had worked for Mr. Buffington so Jimmy Stevenson took the surprise gift there to store and then deliver. And then Mary and Robert were in school together; he was two years ahead of her. But they both taught at Victoria, Texas High School in fall of 1958. Mary tapped Robert on the shoulder in a crowd of teachers at the first faculty meeting and they were reunited as good friends that teaching year, even drove together in one car for holidays when coming to Texarkana; Robert drove fast and went like the wind. Robert had a 1958 Pontiac that drove like a breeze and he liked to floor board it most of the time; it is a wonder he did not get killed. He drove so fast that he blew the license plates off one of his cars when he lived in Houston. Mary was a wild holy terror like him about cars; she had gone to every Indianapolis 500 Auto Car Race since her birth on March 11, 1936; her father was a big car enthusiast so he took her on a pillow as a baby to the trial races that first year of her life and they never missed going thereafter. Mary could work on cars even when all dressed up if her daddy needed help when she was all dressed to kill for a party even. Mary went to nice parties with a few drops of oil on her nice dance or cocktail dresses because on the way out

when she did not get her way with Robert after the marriage because Robert liked the long fingernails. They were a match for each other; both were highly intelligent and well-educated in the humanities and never forgot anything so they argued most unfairly, digging up the old wounds of the first argument when their 500th would erupt; they were both cursed with a memory about both good and bad things. But they never fussed in public; most of their friends thought they were the perfect couple. Robert said that he stayed married or living with Mary the last year just to make sure that she would always know exactly the reasons he left her for good; he was sick and tired of her ways and then he would remind her of the consequences of her actions that were obnoxious to him. Mary criticized Robert a lot from the first but did not expect ever to be criticized the least bit by anyone because she was perfect. Robert was better at remembering details when arguing so they finally had big fights in which nice things got broken a lot but only the things of the other one who had brought up the bad times. They had a housefull of beautiful things.

Mary did not want children because it was too painful to have children. Also, she did not want a child that would require too much time; she was just like Elsie Taylor Winniford and even had a brooding look like Elsie sometimes. Mary said that if a child treated her the way so many of her students treated their parents that she would beat it to death; both she and Robert called any child they might have an "it." I loved children so much and they despised children so much; they taught children who were so bad from what I heard and finally saw that I do not much blame them; children have no manners at school anymore; the Webb Stewart children have become the typical bad kids of school today as I do remember how smart sleek and hateful they were to me and to any teacher they disliked who a teacher did like the Winniford family. Times are really bad since manners are a thing of the distant past.

Mary had great manners in public; she was never a reflection on her name or hurs. Mary has kept the Taylor name after divorce, yet she went by her full name on the driver's license that took too lines to spell Mary Jacquelyn Buffington Taylor. Today, in Texarkana Mary's picture appears in the newspaper and she is simply called Mrs. Taylor; Mary did say that if she and Robert ever had a child that they would hyphenate the name into Robert George Taylor-Winniford because Winniford was the prettiest name in the world, with Buffington being the next prettiest name; I was shocked that she liked the name Winniford. Mary hated the farm; rural area was a disgrace or so she acted; Mary was like Ida Salmon Taylor about rural areas; they like the city and big houses only in town. Mary dressed like a fashion plate and had hundreds of dresses, never to wear the same one a second time during that season but Mary did keep her clothes for years; she would have hems taken up or let down every year depending on the fashion but she kept her wardrobe for years and years till it got rotten. Mary did not just give clothes away or discard anything; she was stingy about owning things and wanting much more, spending money for expensive rings full of diamonds or big cars and houses is where it went, not just down the drain or out the window like a drunk Indian. Mary had good taste and wanted to spend money on elegant things while shopping every day or when she could. Mary had diamonds like crazy; she had dozens upon dozens of pairs of shoes, all very lovely.

Mary had me to alter her clothes and then never wear them; that never wearing them made me wonder often about why she wanted me to do that but Mary thought that sewing was for a peasant so she just wanted to have me doing nigger work so she could feel superior without actually saying it, but Mary has kept the Taylor name so Mrs. Taylor must not have been so bad after all since I am the only older Mrs. Taylor she knew to treat ugly. I just figured that she would become Miss Buffington like my sister took their maiden name Winniford back after each divorced. Mary was so haughty and prissy that I am surprised.

to sell you (pointing his finger) a house full of furtnitre. So he made over a million dollars a year doing that. Tommy was a fast talker and full of high energy when in public; at home, he just fell apart and strowed his clothes all over the house; he liked to be waited on like a king and wanted special favors to prove that he was liked. His wife Billie Jack Roberts Buffington was a sweet smiling friendly person; their two children Sherry and Randy were spoiled rotten and Mary just despised Randy who was sickly and especially spoiled by his mother Billie. Tommy was gone from home 99 per cent of the time to put on big store sales all over the country; he had a whole cadre of men to storm troop the sales force; Robert and Mary for a while owned a direct mail advertising company that printed the sales tags for Tommy and did some of his shipping. They all lived in Dallas when the murder case of Donald Morgan occurred and was declared accidental but the mafia caused it as a warning to Nettie Kline. That is another story for later.

Mary's only sister was Norma Buffington Brown; she was married to Guy who worked at the arsenal and had a good job; but Mary always said that Norma and Guy were so poor and needed help. They had only one child Gail who was a raving beauty. Gail's two Brown aunts were both married to Beale men; the older sister was married to the elder Beale and the younger sister married the son and they had a daughter. The oil property though went to the child so an aunt on the Brown family side was the grandmother-in-law or step grandmother of the heir to the oil property. They all lived in Beverly addition where the houses were small and very nicely kept in this tract of homes. The Buffingtons lived at 208 Melton just off Reading Avenue and only a block away from the motor service location where Mr. Buffington had his business. The old Hargis building was the location for the Buffington Motor Company and the Hargis estate owned the building.

Jack Buffington had another sister, a Mrs. Watlington who owned a large house on New Boston Road near her brother. Nettie Kline visited their sister often. Only Nettie Kline was the wheeler-dealer type.

Tommy Buffington could sing like a bird; he had sung for a group called THE MEN OF TEXAS. Records had been made so I heard his singing often enough. A young man named Kilgore also sang with him but the records never got promoted so Tommy went into business and made a killing; Tommy had been a vice-president of McCrory Toy company for the old man McCroy and also Perry Stores. Then, Tommy went into business for himself and operated out of the trunk of his car, even sleeping inside the car until he made a killing with contacts to put on big sales; Tommy then wore silk Italian suits that cost over \$500 each in 1960. He lived high on the hog and Mary liked that and wanted to be just like Tommy. The Bayless family was also in business with Tommy because they had all gone to school together, just like Joan Bayless attended high school with Robert and Mary. Even my daughter Lynna Estelle had attended high school with Tommy and H. Ross Perot.

Robert had been the Dallas Morning News boy for Wright Patman. He knew the old representative and saw him when collecting for the paper.

My brother Horace Winniford died in 1952; his funeral was turned into a circus because a big singer with a national record sang in small Cumby. Dovie Lee Winniford in college knew J.T. Adams who sang the song GOD IS REAL and was a top ten song brought crowds to the funeral with the streets lined just to see the man. The song had no instrumentation, only singing voices, to show that talent is real and should not need gadgetry music (that is why the Church of Christ does not have instrumentation in our churches because talent is all important and the Bible does not mention instrumentation in worship). My uncle Sam Winniford also attended the funeral and said that he would gladly give his life so that Horace at only age 51 could have lived another two decades since

Uncle Sam Winniford felt that he lived long beyond his three-score and seven years allotted by the Bible to man. But Beryl Ward Winniford had disliked Sam enough to drive him from the homeplace by saying that he had gone to the bathroom in front of her children. She said that Sam Winniford had wet through the window; I doubt that because we were all modest beyond reality, especially when being ~~good~~ and everybody. That little fit of exaggeration by Beryl also helped to split her britches with the family because Uncle Sam was every inch a gentleman and always the height of propriety so Beryl just wanted to get rid of Sam Winniford so she would not have to do anything for him. When Horace had a cold or even the children growing up got sick, then Beryl came down with a big attack of congestion; she wanted her own brand of attention and was lazy not wanting to have to wait on anyone else. Beryl screamed, ranted and raved, stomping her foot even at her own children, when they disobeyed her; she was hell on wheels to her own folks. Thus, we learned to hate her guts really easy for the way she thought the world should cater to her when she had no wealth or good manners or no "nothing" to her credits except that her mirror told her she was pretty--Beryl certainly was no pretty sight to behold; she and I definitely were no pretty sight together when we tangled as I finally did when she one time too many said that Horace was conceived out of wedlock; Horace lay on his death bed and heard our arguing so I turned and kissed his pale face and declared that I always loved him the best and that we would be reunited in heaven someday but that never would that bitch of his wife Beryl be allowed to get away with bad mouthing a Winniford again if I had to scratch her eyes out and pull her hair out by the tinted roots. I still get angry thinking about that evil bitch of Beryl who deserved nothing good ever to happen to her in this world because of the way she fussed in front of her dying husband whom she sometimes professed to loving and then to declare that he was a bastard then meant that her own children were illegitimate too but silly mean-minded Beryl could not see the full implications of her ~~bad~~ mouthing ways so her progeny is truly a bastard branch and deserves not one little bit of benefits from the Winniford name. But I love Horace and would not black-ball any blood issue of his body since that was all just mean talk by evil Beryl. At least Beryl did not live long after Horace died.

Horace died of cancer; he had a growth on his spine that put pressure to make him act crazy for years before cancer was diagnosed. Horace first went berserk soon after our daddy died in 1943 on Horace's wedding anniversary. Beryl brought Horace up the drive at midnight to return him as a crazy man to my mother who did take Horace in of course and then went to the medical doctor the next day; x-rays and many weeks of tests determined nothing wrong but a volatile homelife or a lack of homelife anygood with peace and quiet. So we just figured one verbal fight too many finally got too much for dear Horace. John Horace Winniford was better off dead; he was finally at peace from the long ranting tongue of Beryl Ward Winniford. Horace did some bois d'arc tree pruning and cutting for James Callan who owned land north of the homeplace so Horace got a back injury and that slowly grew into a soreness that resulted in a growth on the spine to put pressure for mental outbursts or ~~clear~~ thinking. Horace was even sent to Terrell insane asylum where shock treatments seemed to help but did not cure him; Horace did his farm chores in peace and quiet, and Beryl did seem to leave him alone when he was working.

Horace had left Beryl the first year of their marriage but my mother told him that a divorce was not godly so he had made his bed and thus he had to lie in it and for that reason mother felt guilty about all the bad things that happened to poor Horace; he could never have scripturally remarried in the church but he would have lived a longer life. Robert never spoke to Beryl again after that fuss on Horace's deathbed because Beryl had duped Robert into bringing me there in the first place; she said that she really missed visiting with

Robert never forgot that duplicity. Someone who had always seemed so sweet to him at least and then just turned mean spirited. This event got Robert ready for Mamie Winniford Robertson when he was in college and so many of his friends roomed at her rooming house so he had to watch his step around her. And Robert now knew that adults had an axe to grind with others from some kind of ego trip or just plain mean spiritness in general. Life is full of the sort of thing on the national and international level; to do battle is what humankind likes and aches to do. Dovie Lee Winniford looked like the Ward fami with big cow eyes or wall eyed look, but Dovie Lee won high school beauty as we as valedictorian so she also graduated with top co-honors in college and had to work two jobs; Dovie was an artist by birth so the lessons in college did hone her skills and talent with oils and watercolors. But Horace had watercolor that he did on the long gallery porches while resting to go back to the fields. Until I was six years old, I would play and romp all over the brothers of mine because I wanted to play while they rested from field work so daddy then took me to the fields to learn work since I would not let them rest and then after that I rested some so Horace would draw and paint; all his beautiful pictures have just disappeared. Thus, Dovie Lee Winniford Flowers had a natural talent that was family given as was our musical talent inherited (some psychology books said no talent ~~was~~ inherited but then some psychologists stated that the propensity to "lie and steal" was an inherited brain chemical imbalance so they did not want a true positive talent to be birth oriented while a negative trait would or could be inherited so no wonder educated fools have taken over the world of education with their strange odd way of recording their brand of ideas in books). Yahoo personality has taken over education; a yahoo is very verbal with well-read facts to talk his brand of ideas and thus impose them upon the populace so educated fools are indeed yahoos; a redneck is a good ole boy who likes earthy common things and talks like a hick which are his roots--a redneck will do hard work hence the name redneck from a sunburned circle around the blue collar from labor in the hot sun that is branded even if years later having a circle around the neck even when having a white collar job. But the yahoo is a well-versed individual on factual information with an indepth expertise such as teachers, lawyers, doctors and general working class professionals who do have very little class. And then a yahoo-redneck person is a highly mobile person who has come a long way socially-and-economically in one generation, from white-trash to redneck to lower echelon professional as a talkative yahoo in a short period of time. An aristocrat finds odious this type of person who now runs and owns society; the redneck usually votes democrat and the yahoo votes republican. But they blend together often today in the late 1980's.

Beryl was a redneck and her son James Robert is a yahoo; James or JR has the factual expertise to bluff his way but he lapses into the ways of rednecking to get even with family and friends. Getting even is important to redneck/yahoos. Like cracking my ribs while profession love to hug me and like coming around his aunt Lynna Winniford to let his young daughters get to know the family while really wanting her ancestral land and old homeplace which he was glad burned when he did not inherit it.

Dovie Lee Winniford was a brilliant girl and young lady; she made all the nativity paintings used on the campus scene at Christmas every year and that was good to see her talent for decades still benefiting folks. Dovie Lee taught school when she was almost 18; she had been advanced several grades because she was too smart for the teachers so they put her ahead and she was in college at age 15 and graduated in 3 years even there. Her first high school class was older than she so she tied her hair in a bun and looked old like a school marm should; she almost ~~got~~ married every year with a big diamond ring; we heard because disappointed guys would call for any Winniford in Cumby to seek info

Dovie Lee Winniford was a bookworm even as a little girl; she was patterned after my daughter Lynna Estelle Taylor Bergen. Lynna Estelle did readings or expressions such as Brother Jones. "Brother Jones, you take a tatter and wait at the second table." "Hush Little ^{Corner}, don't you cry; you will be a service station by-and-by." Lynna Estelle was never shy; she stood before groups and recited her readings or expressions; she was cute just like little Shirley Temple of the movies. At school plays between acts, teachers would request that little Lynna Estelle stand up on stage and recite the little short ditties while the scenery was being changed; adults loved the cute little girl of ours. I thought Lynna Estelle would do something great with her talent but we moved to Texarkana and all her creative talent was destroyed. Texarkana only allows folks born to the local families to advance at anything so she was too new and we had no big bank account or big house; the depression had ruined us so we were white trash to Texarkana folks. We were not worth the time of day to them and I was too busy running a household to care. But Lynna Estelle knew the snide remarks were cruel; Lynna E. had been reared with all kinds of things that suddenly disappeared forever; no big house anymore except when we visited the old homeplace where Charles T. Alexander and the violinists did ^{the} meet to play. We were living in the after-glow of the old fame and wealth; our family was slipping into poverty; Horace was very poor and needed money from my mother; she gave freely and often; she cashed gold coin after gold coin into the bank as found money on the old place in the dirt ^{caches}.

Cedell or Cydell Watkins was a redneck jerk; he even drove Lynna's nice 1939 Ford V-8 car onto the side of a hill and rolled it over when he was angry at her ^{after} one of his drunken brawls; the car did run but looked bad. His mother was a member of the church; the Church of Christ produced so many small minded folks who could quote the Bible but despised anyone who disagreed with them on any subject so some kind of retaliation was taken without fear of any reprisal because they were saved. But he fell from grace and he knew it. The marriage soon ended as had Lucille's with Bill Mitchell who did ^{not} stay on the farm very long when the war started. A Mister Blount worked the land and did a good job living in a room on the place; then, a Mister Strickland did the plowing; he lived in Cumby; he was a nice hard working man. His wife would not allow an operations on their sick children who died later because of that silly neglect.

The biggest fear of disease during World War II and ten years afterward was polio. Just being in the sun would give it to you or so the rednecks said in order to avoid hard work. Beryl was the worst to advance this theory and she would not allow her children to be in the sun very long if at all. I never made a big deal with my children over this because I did not want them to be upset like the preachers had done me about Haley's Comet going to destroy the world or at least make Texas drop off the continent when the sky turned dark. I knew that no man knew the outcome of polio so Salk came up with a vaccine. Just as the scare for AIDS is a radio-TV preachers device to fill-up the church houses through scare tactics is not near the dread the silly anti-Christ preachers want to make it all out to be. Just like the PTL scandal about Tammy and her husband Bakker shows just how corrupt and false prophet they are I watch all those TV sermons for the show of it; just reading the Bible is enough; no preacher can do better than the written word of the good book but one must first be able to read and comprehend which few folks can do even today because functional illiterates gravitate to the hell-fire-damnation churches; takes literate folks to know the truth and just read the scriptures for themselves; a preacher is only human and not to be worshipped or blindly followed. Tammy is a dooper, seeing God and demons in her hallucinations of dope, not the divine revelations that such charlatan churches claim. Charisma is a fool's paradise to get money from stupid folks. The Church of Christ uses logic and reason as their rule of thumb from the reading of scriptures, no preacher's reason as their rule of thumb from the Lord's house. We know better because the

AIDS has not killed the great numbers that the real plagues of history have killed so why the panic? Just like refusing blood transfusions to patients because AIDS might be present is letting the Medieval mind rule the scientific technology today. Today is the reverse of old time blood-letting for a cure.

My sister Lucille Winniford was violently attacked and lost 60 per cent of her blood yet no blood transfusion was even considered; tis a miracle that she even survived the attack and then the treatment was enough to have let her die; a test requiring only ten more minutes could determine the blood content. That is why living in a big city medical center area like Houston is very important to one's health.

Lucille was at her home when her telephone went dead but small town telephone systems go dead one hour but come back the next hour. Lucille then tried the phone fifteen minutes later when the electrical lights went out but she noticed that lights remained on around her so she got a flashlight to go outside to check the breaker switch. Lucille had a pistol and knew how to use it. But she just went to see at 8 p.m. on December 23, 1986. She was hit on top of the head from behind; Lucille had a concussion one side and a bashed-in skull on the other side, yet she turned and walked upstairs to go to the bathroom (that is a sign that death is fast upon a person when the bowels release) so she made it to the bathroom with blood spurting; then, she sat in her nice living room chair to wait for help until she realized that she had better go next door so Lucille went next door; the attacker did not hit her again or even try to stop her. Lucille barely made it 50 feet to Juanita Witcher Parker's place where assistance was gained or she would have bled to death. Lucille never saw the attacker; her 6 or 7 gold diamond rings were stolen and her purse that was placed inside the knitting bag at the foot of her bed (Lucille keeps a neat and very clean house so nothing is ever out of place and even her purse is hidden from obvious view so the perpetrator had to know exactly where the purse was kept since no ransacking was done; no mess except for the bloody trail). Robert said that a woman hit Lucille and that it was someone who had been inside the place and only 3 folks have ever been inside Lucille's place, to know about her knitting bag so she does know the ~~person~~ ^{attacker} well.

Lucille does not have a memory problem; she cannot bend over or walk easily; her equilibrium is very bad; she is lucky to be alive and has stayed for over two months at my house in Texarkana. She has been good company during the bleak winter. I was glad that I could wait on her and help her get well. Lucille had the health of a 30 to 40 year old said the doctor; Lucille had all but 9 of her teeth at her age of 71; she looks only 60 so the folks in Commerce do wonder about her real age is why Lucille does not have her birth date on her tombstone yet. Nurses thought the records had been mixed up for Lucille when age 71 was placed on the charts because she looks 60 and the body functions are for a 30 to 40 aged person; Lucille has never smoked or drank and her weight has been the same since grown so her body has not been abused, except when she and Lynne worked the farm like niggers; Lynne had a hysterectomy because of the gut pulling work of sawing tree trunks for fire wood in the fireplaces and wood burning stoves--that was all back in the 1940's so she had rested-up very nicely. Lucille owned a book store in Commerce for decades so she had worked hard but not beyond her strength. I was worried to distraction when I got the news of the brutal attack at 10:30 pm that night that ruined my Christmas holiday and Rose Sellars across the street was a comfort; I do not have high blood pressure because I eat garlic and take garlic perles or I would have had a stroke and then could not have cared for Lucille later like I did. God did not plan this brutal attack as part of his great predestination plan or else God is a sadist and a masochist so those religions that believe predestination are junk religions. I would not be a Christian if God did such things to folks on purpose. I pray and read my Bible so I know the straight and narrow path

where he is bound to be killed or so they warn him to leave when seeing him. Robert eagerly told them that he had never been hit on the head in Houston; but if he had, a knowledgeable doctor would have given him enough tested blood to make his recuperation easier. Robert's good friend Doris Marshall works at St. Luke's Hospital in the Houston Medical Center (that is the premier hospital in Houston so she should know about AIDS in blood--Doris could not believe that a real doctor did not know how to test for AIDS in blood today). Robert thinks that the medieval mind has taken charge of modern society with scare tactics to keep the masses in line and so do I.

Texarkana is a worse town than Commerce for safety. Texarkana thinks it has a medical center just because the Wadley Hospital Medical Center has the printed sign, but no big research goes on there. They just play at being doctors as I learned when my Tom got sick and nearly died in Texarkana in 1976. Doris had us pre-admitted and took only 30 minutes to get a room that takes several hours usually as I learned from other patients while Tom was there for 15 days.

Tom actually had plasmohemolysis which was gotten from black birds; a four acre piney woods forest area had to be bulldozed and lined down. A banker son age 27 died of the disease so Tom was lucky.

Texarkana is an odd town; the two mafia families keep their power because no one will talk about it so their power builds and continues. Mary's niece Gayle Brown refused to marry Bobby Dowd, Junior because she did not want to be shot when the good people of Texarkana finally get tired of the tyranny and rebels, only they never rebel. The baby was given a fake father whose name Walker was bought with Tommy Buffington's money to get a fake marriage license and a fake army record; the local judge did all so proper for a price so that the good blood of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Hargis family name would not have a bastard. Gayle even got a big fancy diamond ring along with the proper legal papers. Bobby Dowd Senior has been charged with racketeering above the 43 million dollar figure in connection with the John Deere tractor company dealership out of DeKalb. Dowd gets five and a half million dollar dope drop week; Jerry Moore of Houston launders a lot of money; Moore is kin to the Moore family of Texarkana and his real estate dealings are prospering during the hard times of the Reagan depression so well because of mafia connections to keep laundering money. Harry Friedman, Junior is a lawyer who defends the guilty sleaze balls and is also the mafia or Jewish Mafia; a big car theft ring operates out of Texarkana even today for 17 states from here to St. Louis Missouri as the next big city. The Jewish mafia has Houston connections to the Jewish Peters Salvage yards and the MacGregor Bank in Houston. Robert had a friend William Watkins who was a mule dope connection from the Bahamas to Houston; Watkins disappeared one New Years for good. The mafia of Texarkana has one car accidents to get rid of troublemakers; steering column of a car accidentally goes amuck and the person dies in a shallow creek; the recent explosion of a car in the parking lot in Texarkana was not typical of Texarkana mafia but is the typical mafia style of East Coast mafia so I guess the families are inter mixing or intermarrying finally. Texarkana has been big mafia since 1920's as a little Chicago so now Texarkana is a bigger than Chicago for mafia leadership or godfathers. Nothing happens in Texarkana without mafia approval or investment money, just like Texarkanaian Jerry Moore launders mafia money in the Houston real estate market (Moore has half a million dollar antique cars). God sure does love these mafia dons a lot to let them prosper for so many decades but highly superstitious churchy people believe that predestination is why this must happen, even if just to teach a lesson of not being greedy and thus be glad one is poor to avoid the big finances of the evil rich in this town. Texarkana is evil, mean and dangerous. People here are afraid of driving in a big city like Dallas or Houston; they are scared rabbits about

Texarkana is devoid of amenities to improve the mind; the redneck country western songsters make-up the vast majority of entertainment because that is the way God wants it since that is the way it is and they go to church so God has given them that with little effort so God must want life to be this way--this is how the weak minded think in Texarkana. The really intelligent and ambitious leave Texarkana; Joshua Logan who is a big Broadway Director and writer is from Texarkana area; he returns ever so often; his son Joshua Logan, Junior disappeared in a small private airplane in 1982 along with a teenage Moore boy so the mafia was warning the Moore family about their connections to be QT or very quiet or else since Jerry Moore is big laundering of mafia cash. Preachers say that Joshua Logan, Senior should not sin by writing and will go to hell for that, should only be reading the Bible not writing filthy plays. Thus, Texarkana does not want uplifting culture; the same old conservative mentality of never changing to keep people on a low level to control them and keep them scared to death to venture out and improve the quality of life--this is another reason that I am not ignorant enough to be a conservative. I am not superstitious enough to believe their lies of how God talks to them and instructs them to do things in this country. People in Texarkana like to sing religious songs as they walk down the street because th/s shows how good they are and how happy they are with their wonderful life, yet that is a sign of a crazy loon needing to be locked up and also is bad manners to be blabbering in public; there is a place to sing and to talk loud. But a lack of manners is everywhere nowadays. These religious songs were not sung by Jesus himself as so many think; most religious songs are sad and full of woe sung in a tone that is sad, not upbeat. And then rock and roll is a devil's workshop style of music according to so many conservatives. Anything fun is evil and not done on their pew at their church while they are sitting on that pew is even more evil so I get tired of them. The homelife is not doing its duty or job very well or else such problems would not be prevalent today. Parents are too busy going places and spending money on themselves or letting big-name preachers teach religion to the children; a parent has to talk and go places with the children to get to know the young person inside and out, and thus be near when questions and problems occur. A conservative parent always complains when their child goes bad by saying that "I am too good a person for this to happen to." Yet they think that bad children of other parents are bad parents; the small minded conservative thinking never thinks in wide sentence structures or enlarged ideas about a vast area of things--they want everything organized like the alphabet in neat orderly boxes of encyclopedic information, but life is fast moving and ever changing, so the conservative must be liberal and thusly not a conservative really at all. I was a silly sweet trusting girl and thus very conservative so when the Republican party destroyed free enterprise with all the controls that just apply only to their big vested interest today I learned that knowledge will set you free so I am a liberal and thus an evil person according to their doctrine today. Everything about the U.S. Constitution is liberal not conservative; free men in the midst of slavery was radical with saying that everyone was created equal (and the republicans certainly think that only a big businessman should be free of only certain business controls). I just want to live long enough to see Reagan laughed out of the White House; he lied about his orange hair not having a rinse when now he has dark black hair so he will lie about anything since a little lie is as bad as a big lie, for the truth is either in one or it is not (yet all the religionists flock to Reagan's lies and will not see that a little lie is as evil as another person's lies, but the high and mighty can do anything in America and apparently get away with it too).

The devil made them do it is the excuse by the conservatives so they do not take responsibility for their own evil actions and thus change as a liberal

Just like Mary Jacquelyn Buffington Taylor always attended church, even had a perfect attendance record, to the point that she could do no real wrong and was better than God himself. Mary even wrote Robert a long letter begging for forgiveness; it was full of praise god or hail-marys as I called such blatant blasphemy. She never tried to rectify or make restitution for any of the evil ways so that brand of Born-again Christianity is for the birds and for big public show. Mary wanted to remarry him when he won awards and had some fame; she also thought that he had earned big money in a few real estate deals that I inadvertently mentioned to the Buffingtons who told Mary, of course. They wanted the marriage to last so they always wanted them to be together, but Robert is too bitter about her godly act to read the name Mary aloud in the Bible; he hates anything connected with her ugly ways and name even.

Robert said that he dreaded everyday so much that he hated being alive even and that was what Mary was really like; she complained all the time about everything; she thought that showing intelligence was complaining--to point-out faults meant you were brilliant enough to see flaws and thus must inform the immediate world. She must now be the only real Christian in the history of the world (of course, she was the best Christian in the history of the world before her born-again experience so naturally she is right there speaking with God, himself, I am sure). Robert saved the letters from ole Mary B. to show that she had the nerve or gall to try to get him back after saying that he was so bad in the first place; she tried to change everything about him; Mary did not like anything about him; his haircut; his clothes were wrong; she had to be in charge and change everything to feel worthwhile so he learned to hate her with all his heart and soul. Robert received a birthday card from her and they are the same sign; she always gave him something nice so that two weeks later he would give her a fine birthday gift so that card made him madder than all get out and he wrote a scathing note on the backside and returned it to her prissy self; Robert said that he could still hear her loud words ranting in his ears when he read that card; Mary always ranted about something so he knew her snide ways only too well. Robert says that love is such a mean thing; he prayed and went to church a lot to get God to help him, but as the conservatives would say that Robert was too evil for God to help them so now Mary has gotten her evil self in the good graces of born-again Christianity so she is perfect while Robert is evil now (no wonder the conservatives love their brand-X religions so much when the evil act can be switched around now to make the other person the really bad one). Mary wrote asking for forgiveness so Robert replied that he could easily forgive her but could never forgive himself for letting her do the number on him or forgive himself for putting up with her all those years. Mary always would connive to get her way and do anything to get what she wanted out of anyone; she is not to be trusted and will only change enough to hide her real self until she can get her hooks back into someone; Mary once said that Robert loved her enough to do anything for her and that she could thus do anything and he would come running. Robert's disgust though gets more intense every year for Mary; he wants to go to her funeral just to see if the living devil can die. Mary does not have the good graces to die so that Robert can remarry; she will outlive him just to be mean that way; Mary always said that she would die young of a disease (she had a hysterectomy in late 1970's or so she said because she took pills for everykind of ailment anyway so she is a doper on prescription medicine; she liked to flaunt her kit of pills as a status symbol that she had to have medication for sinus and every allergy under the sun, she had it). Mary liked being sick, just like Beryl Ward Winniford always got ill when others were sick. The mean spirited use goodness and illness to their advantage so well; they make everybody else sick of them. I will go to my grave hating Mary for good reason with thousands of details of examples for what she did to me and what I saw that she did to Robert; Mary was hell on

newspaper articles run her picture. Mary works for her brother Tommy Buffington so his TV ads in which he runs furniture promotions gets him fame even now in mean old Texarkana so Mary is hot stuff here. I have to see her mean face some times. I like her sweet mother; Mary did not have any goodness to rub off from her mother; Mary is too selfish to care for anyone else. Mary has good manners and fools folks in public but living around her is hell, or hell would be much better.

Robert and Mary had a big wedding affair in Texarkana at 8pm on July 12, 1960. They went down to Houston at the Shamrock Hotel where their students from Victoria, Texas High School met to have a party all night; Bill Gillespie who had parents from Commerce Gillespie family but were once in business in Victoria gave or organized the party; then Robert and Mary drove the Southern Coast to New Orleans and then to Mobile and then to St. Petersburg, Florida; they drove the coastline to Augusta, Georgia or Savannah first and cut over. Robert was associate-editor of the monthly MP JOURNAL so he had his name on a major military publication and was a big shot so Mary liked that; Mary did teach school in Jackson, South Carolina just across the river from Augusta, Georgia. They lived in the Harry Markwalter home on 111 10th Street which was just off the main street and behind one of his old stores; a lovely mansion it was too. Robert met the wealthy old-South Markwalter family through John Munzell in his magazine office. John Munzell's father owned and operated the Four Seasons Restaurant in New York City; John's mother had fled Hitler while she was pregnant and barely made it to U.S. to have him so he spoke German and English fluently. John had a good friend Bill Bottomly whose folks owned cranberry fields near Hyannis Port where the Kennedy family lived or so they said. Mary had red hair then and then blonde like Nettie Kline later but the Markwalters liked Mary so they rented apartments in their home to Mary and Robert after first letting them rent the old plantation named Longview on old Tobacco Road of the famed legends. Robert and Mary drove around every weekend and enjoyed the history so evident around Augusta to Atlanta. But Hilton Head was a favorite place; they wrote lots of letters, about their jaunts.

Mary got exposed to radiation at Jackson, South Carolina because the Atomic Energy Commission had underground headquarters there; she taught students whose parents were scientists there so she learned that; big parties were given for both Robert and Mary to attend. Mary first lost her sense of smell and then would become unconscious; the army medical facilities did not help her so the Talmadge Hospital in Augusta gave her Resperex and even prescribed having a hairless Chihuahua dog for the respiratory condition that she developed; Mary lost her sense of smell permanently; she could not smell skunks or oil fields in West Texas that are worse than skunks. The dog Robin did lick her a lot, and when around the dog, no attacks would happen but when Mary and Robert went to the Seattle World's Fair and left the dog with me then Mary had an attack in Lubbock, Texas and was bad off until making it back to her doggie. Restaurants in Lubbock, Texas would permit a Chihuahua in the pocket of their coat because folks have sinus so bad there that the curative powers of a chihuahua are common knowledge or so Mary and Robert always told me. Seems odd to allow a dog in an eating place. But Mary was too mean to lie; she just distorted the truth to fit her devices so I do believe that tale about a chihuahua in a restaurant in Lubbock, even since Robert confirmed her story and he does not lie but talks so much that you tend to forget just what he says. Mary had Holmes photography kinfolks at Lubbock when they taught at Morton, Texas.

In 1958 Robert got a job at Victoria, Texas and the interview by Mr. Morgan was full of questions about Mary Buffington and her looks rather than his credits or ability to teach; so Robert got her that job that led to their marriage; Mrs. Florine Buffington came to Victoria with Mary to find her a place to live with her Daniels relatives who were kin to governor Price Daniel

no good for each other; Robert was a Taylor in that respect. Mary set her cap for Robert from the first in Victoria and I saw it all. She was determined to marry him; he was fun to be with and liked to go places and her daddy once said that Robert was very intelligent that he would be very rich someday so that was approval enough to marry him. His not having big wealth was the death knell so she was mean as hell not to be richer than anyone else in the world.

At the church, just minutes prior to the wedding I was with Mrs. Buffington helping put the bridal veil on when Mary commented to her fluzzie Aunt Nettie Kline who everyone in Texarkana knew was a thief and a marrying madame said that Robert would ~~now~~ be her first husband of many just like dear auntie had nine and that the grandmother Buffington had eleven husbands that she outlived but Mary went on to say that she would remarry Robert in her old age because she loved him. Of course I responded as only a good mother should by saying that it was not too late to stop this sham of a marriage with feelings like the right now. Mrs. Buffington laughed a nervous titter as she well should but no admonishment followed from Florine like a good mother should have said. I was not surprised that trouble developed from Mary; she was no good and up to no good, just a selfish fluzzie, just like her cheap aunt Nettie Kline. Bad blood has a way of showing up all the time in good families. God was no where in that church to strike Mary for saying that, and the good Lord did not stop that marriage either. I know well that God does not interfere in anything on this earth and then waits to judgement day to settle scores when each soul will have to confess before God what happened in that life. God does not speak or interact in the daily lives of any Christian so the charlatan superstitious fools who declare that on radio and TV are really good showmen out for gain. And God did not bring me food during the depression to feed my children; we had to get work and raise our own food when we could to have anything; God only helps those who help themselves so sitting around on your duff with good intentions about God does not fit the bill.

Mary entered that marriage with the intend of getting out so she had my ire from the start and nothing she did ever surprised me. All her big Christian act was just all say-so, no do-so to me. Mary hated me for that from the start also; when I played dominoes and 42 with her parents, Mary scowled a lot when I defeated Mr. Buffington even if her mother was my playing partner; I was a good player because I won tournaments with B.B. Lawson and Dr. Stillwell who were local educators. Mary hated for her daddy to lose at anything; the only reason she tried to get remarried to Robert was when her father was dying of cancer; I am sure he happened to mention Robert would be good to help out with sick folks since he was kind. But Robert is not so kind anymore; he learned that it does not pay to help others; folks feel that only the village idiot is friendly and kind, so that simple minded fool is not to be rewarded with a good job or other social niceties as Robert has learned while teaching and being his old friendly self. A mean grouchy person is feared for the evil things of retaliation when made angry or done wrong because they will go burn the house or use clout to get someone fired while a kind easy-going person will just say that the world is too big to hold a grudge and do mean spirited things. Thus, the mean person is treated much better, and even though feared, is given raises and has a better life than a kind, gentle person; now, where is God with all the good rewards for the nice people? So that is why Christians today are so hateful and mean spirited; they learned their lessons well from the Roman Breed circus that the meek Christians went to death while the violence won out and just where was the God sitting to let good folks die then--tis obvious to an intelligent well-read person that God does not interfere in daily operations of life until judgement day. Mary tried to use the Christian religion as a means to get what she wanted again which was to remarry Robert by saying that the good Lord had changed her wicked heart and evil tongue to goodness (the old timey folks had

ment keep reoccurring; the mentally sick just keep on abusing each other and that silly weak minded kind of religion permits the evil louts to keep on sinning and getting their evil ways--only a redneck yahoo would invent a religion that lets hatefulness keep on being repeated without restitution being made and a true contrition happening. Mary Buffington Taylor is a real conniving gold plated bitchy Christian; she never asked my forgiveness since she got so goody twoshoes and said she wanted to clear the slate for God's golden gates or keys to the kingdom of eternity; she is the same old two faced double talker as always; people do not change; they just learn to change their ornery ways to be more modern to get their selfish way. Superstition is what allows the same old thing to keep on happening over and over in religion. The conservative mind must not change and that mind-set allows badness to keep on happening in the name of goodness or born-again Christianity (these pseudo born-again Christians love to brag about their past sinful exploits in sermons while the true or real Christian reforms not to sin any more and also not to talk about the old sins; the constant bragging is a reminder of what the sinners are missing and thus really want to be doing right now). Christians are so violent and mean spirited in the name of godliness just like the custom of public hangings was outlawed because the Christians enjoyed watching the death struggles so much; Christianity does not practice the love aspect very often. Love and Christianity do not happen together in Texarkana and among folks that I know. They say they are loving but their actions speak louder than words that lie.

This is exactly the kind of life-lie that a conservative lives because of their mean spirited mentality that enjoys the wrath of God down on folks rather than the love of human kindness. Robert has the bitterness enough to be a good conservative; he will most likely be an arch conservative if he lives to be my age. He refuses to look at Hardy Methodist Church when we drive by; he says the devil lives there because it produced Mary with her mealy mouthed honey-combed Christianity. Robert says that he will never make the mistake of being kind and nice to folks again, especially loud mouthed Christian or Bible thumping Christians who say they are spreading God's good word while they are saying good words to condemn others and thus make themselves look good. My son has nothing to do with the big talking Christians folks. In the name of God, they do the devil's work so well and really do a number of mind games on others so this is the typical anti-Christ person. Robert will become set in his ways to become an arch-conservative and I have told him this several times; he has the gall and hatred and bitterness that turns the heart to stone like the unfeeling conservative big rich element listed in Forbes magazine do so naturally then their greedy ways can get advanced. But Robert is not rich enough to be encouraged by the powerful folks of this country; he has the right family background or good gene pool as the magazines now say. But Robert is too poor in funds to be taken seriously or given the time of day.

Mary Buffington Taylor comes from a good family but her sister Norma Buffington Brown is married to Guy Brown and he is said to be poor even though he has a good job at the arsenal. Norma always gave elaborate expensive gifts at Christmas time, but one year she got caught shop lifting. It was in the newspaper or I would not mention this and of course the conservative element said it served no positive purpose to publish this fact and that the evil liberal news media did that. Poor Norma had the pressure to put on a front or false face to the conservative world in Texarkana since wealth is all that impresses the good Christian element so stealing is what has to be done just to keep pace with the big wigs of the conservative element. I feel sorry for Norma but that is a bleeding heart liberal thing to feel compassion and thus for me not to be glad that she suffers and brought disgrace to the family name. I realize that compassion is such an evil bleeding heart liberal trait to have. I should learn to be hard hearted and mean spirited.

My own daughter Lynna Estelle Taylor Bergen has broken my heart so many times that I would not want to live a thousand years if I could. Poor Lynna Estelle drinks worse than her daddy ever did; she blames Tom for most of the bad times that we had because he drank up money that we needed when the depression was so bad. But Tom quit in 1952 on Easter when he was 52 but she is 60 and still drinking worse every year. Lynna E. was locked up in the Arkansas city jail just before Christmas of 1981; Tom and I had to go pay her bail or fine to get her out; that sorry husband Billy Bergen would not go--he was glad she was making an ass of herself. He had been locked up during the summer in August of 1981 so it was turn about for those two drunks. They drink together and she falls asleep early thankgoodness. She talks to me on the phone and gets more slurred talking or speaking as time goes on. She barely sobers up in time to go to work each morning. Seems that Lynna E. had gone to the post office down town and as usual the staff got huffy but the excess alcohol on her breath made them call the police so she got locked up (small towns do lock folks up to sober-up). Bill Bergen always drank like a fish and kept alcohol by the case; he drinks and gambles; he gambled Lynna E.'s silver coin collection again to Mr. Valencia at the Texas side Bank and he is mafia connected. But Bill got locked up for disorderly conduct, only the police would not tell his wife when Lynna E. called for almost two weeks (the police are judge, jury and kangaroo court enforcers in Texarkana so whatever they do is never really questioned or changed because God is on their side since they all attend some fundamentalist church). Bill likes to get other folks drunk while he drinks; that makes him feel smarter than the other person because old big Bill did not get drunk while the others did. Lynna E. will not divorce that mean domineering rascal for the world; she is bound to be masochistic and wants trouble to bell ache about. No man would abuse me and laud it over me with words, only because of my small children did I stay married to the drinking Tom Taylor; I then told Tom to leave in 1952 when the children were almost all grown since he was the one not worth the trouble so he straightened up and quit; Tom knew that I had enough of his drinking, and he was too lazy to cook and run a house on his own so he had to go to alcoholics anonymous to quit; Tom just threw down the bottle and never went back; he was on the wagon and stayed off alcohol the rest of his life. Robert was glad but he did not love his dad by then; he had seen too much drinking and silly falling down drunkenness to have respect or real love for his father; Robert did not shed a tear at the funeral; he felt sorry for me that I loved his daddy so much even after all the heartache he caused us all. Robert is hard hearted like a big rich republican so I know that Mary has no chance anymore; he bears a hurt to his grave just like the Landtroop kin-folks do. Mary split her britches with Robert when she kept on being mean and hateful for the fun of it; it made her look powerful to cause trouble and then just get all lovey-dovey to make things all right. Lots of folks think that fighting and fussing is a sign of really loving a person when peace and quiet is a true sign of real love. The inhumanity of mankind to man will never enable peace to exist because humans and especially good acting Christians went discord so that a resolve of things can result to make them look big and powerful before others. Women especially like fusses since most women are so good at being bitchy and snippy to play games; men are not so good at playing games. A man usually fights to settle things; that is why some women get killed when a man turns on her snippy fussy-face bossing ways just to kill her. That is what happened to my good friend Gladys Hall. She was so pretty that she had lots of boyfriends on the string, but her fiance killed her; he played the piano real well and then played for a couple of hours before he got up to go kill her; he stabbed her to death and then stabbed himself to death. Kenny Hall had a big family; his son had a daughter Jerry Hall who was a beauty. And then another son moved to Mesquite, Texas which was the near side of Dallas to Cumby and he

day of my youth. And Kenny Hall's wife was a Tarrant of the Tarrant county family so they were highly respected folks above such gutter snipe things.

Good moral behavior is still in style and still encouraged; the DAR encourages legitimacy just to get into the organization. I joined the DAR just to prove that the yankees were no better historically than my family. Robert did most of the research since I am so blind; he also proofs all this copy when I show it to him. The Sons of the Republic in Texarkana will not allow Robert to join even after Mrs. Criner tried to help him; the SOR say that it is much harder to get into their organization than to get into the DAR, yet Mrs. Criner helped them get their charter because she knows how to do paper work so well out of Washington, DC. But Texarkana hates all folks who have a good lineage but are not madly in love with Texarkana and Robert is divorced from Mary so they hate him in the organization because they want only folks ju like themselves as members. Robert said before he gave the application form that he would not be accepted; Texarkana folks like to black ball or deny some thing to others who really are qualified because that shows power and ego trip superiority over the other person--a Baptist especially will not allow a non-Baptist in Texarkana to advance; they are like thieves sticking together. I prefer dealing with the mafia than a Baptist. Baptists are so small minded that they think Jesus Christ was a Baptist preacher; Jesus was not a Southern Baptist for sure and spoke only Aramaic. But they say God dictated every word of the Bible so why did the silly idea of chapters being numbered get done only the last hundred years when so many centuries of paragrphy form existed? God is not a Baptist who changes his mind every few years to rearrange the chapter and verse of the Bible.

I am tired of writing this history of my life and would throw it all away if not for Robert. No one will ever read it or care what a person who is not rich and famous has done. I still wonder if the childhood revelations of mine will come true such as my blood issue will save the world from destruction. Robert is too hurt by goodie-two shoes acting people to turn his finger for them and Lynna Estelle is too drunk to know what to do. And Billy Junior is a big drinker and Houston bar fly type to be anywhere important to do anything good or worthwhile. My life is really of no consequences; I mind my own business with my gardening, tending my own garden by the side of the road of life. I am glad that I did not have anymore children that I do; folks are all so unhappy today. No one is really happy; people treat each other hateful so it is good not to have children or to bring new life to suffer into this world. A twin was born with Robert as a black mass of flesh in his mouth and I removed the flesh even though Doctor Cates said little Robert was also dead--since I had dreamed that I would have five children but only two would live (I had two others not to develop to maturity, seems that I have RH Factor Negative that only the first born will live and be normal so it is a wonder that Robert was able to live). Thus, I knew that my last child would be a son and would live, even when little Robert was so sick during the first 7 years of his life. A difference between what I wanted and knew would happen always hung like an aura; I have wanted many other things that just do not happen but when something that will absolutely occur, then I have a different but positive knowing that such will happen. Some folks say that my feelings are just the motherly instinct and is such an old story that it has hair on it. Unfortunately, humans do not have instincts; we have to be taught everything we know and do while instincts mean that an elaborate way of doing something is inbred such as the distinct bird-nest building of each different bird species is instinct--humans do not do anything well without lessons since we are not even born speaking the English language and must learn that skill as well. Even preachers now comment that humans have instincts while not wanting evolution taught in schools; preachers say, "My instincts tell me that is wrong." No way. That is a thought

My family always talked ideas rather than just tell jokes, never dirty titties in polite society. All the television shows show skin that is vulgar and terrible with language to match; the discussion of topics that should be for bedroom or gutter snipes has amazed me. Even Doctor Ruth on TV is a dirty old woman; she looks and talks like a wind-up doll toy. I would be embarrassed to discuss in public what she does using such explicit words that are graphic and not prurient. I taught my own two children the naughty words that other children used around them so they could censure the usage and not gain a bad reputation in public; my children heard the definition of those vulgar words from me first and then were told when to use them if ever. Certainly not in the best places because our Winniford heritage or name should never have a reflection on it that is bad. I am not for talking sexy or foul mouthed the way so many young people do today; I was young once and did not talk sexy then the way that some of my generation did. I even helped young whores to quit their foolish ways and become happily married housewives; whoring around is the way to spread diseases.

Sex diseases have always been a problem; then the penicillin caused the sexual revolution since diseases could be cured with an injection so ^{needed} ~~needed~~ to be moral--the fear of an incurable plague no longer seemed a dread of the ages. But herpes, clymetia and AIDS has put a quietus to rampant sexual ramping around. Decadence is its own cause of destruction. To me, sexual freedom or celebration means not having to indulge in sex at all; the energy for a sex encounter can better be used to clean a house and to make a garden; the beautiful blooms of flowers last longer than the sex act. I have my children so those two times were enough for me; I just wanted my children from the union with Tom. Tom Taylor was the most handsome man in the world to me; he was everything that I ever wanted in a man but I wanted him for much more than a sex fiend. He had to work hard at a job that exhausted him so he was not minded for sex all the time; the Taylor family was highly religious and hard working so they did not live for sex like some folks today do. I think that test tube babies would be fine; to take the genes of fine folks with great genealogy and perfect health background and then grow dozens of embryos from those genes and eggs would be ideal. I read BRAVE NEW WORLD and thought that was impossible until it all has happened lately. I have seen the world change dramatically from a rural society to an urban industrialized society and now to a service oriented societal structure. People are not very friendly anymore to total strangers ^{new} ~~new~~ to folks they see often; folks are withdrawn more and seem afraid of each other or envious sometimes. People will tell a stranger more intimate details of their life than talk to closer friends and relatives. Now, only the old line landed families stick together; the really old families still proudly keep genealogical records and the oral history still gets passed along to the generations around family picnics or reunions. The DAR families and Colonial Dames families trace their roots to European royalty and thus keep a closeness based on heritage rather than individuality. The pedigreed family is the only modern sense of the surname closeness that exists; the coat of arms families will survive because of vanity.

Vanity and greed rule modern society; the vain preachers show the role of ego and ole Pat Robertson has a pedigree second to none in the world so his ilk will keep the family unit alive and well. Vanity is what will save the family institution. Now, the big wealth from greedy white trash muck rakers will next want respectability that only heritage can bring from the old family name or lineage. Even titles are in vogue with queen of the Maypole ball or football queen being coveted by all the strumpets of the high school fast set. And the royals of England are in style as the ultimate of social graces and prestige to be presented to when visiting in Britain. 'Tis only a matter of

Old Testament Bible Jews wanted to change from rule by judges to a king like all their neighbor rich nations so finally Saul, King David and then the wise Solomon gave the world the world-class stylish standard for how a king should act. Solomon's temple could only have been built by a stylish king. Kings accomplish great high quality things because of the selfish name attached to their reign and thus their memory while presidents only want to take the money and run while they can; a permanent sovereign presidential family would add permanent class to the white house. I have said this before and I say it again that presidents no longer come from the old South aristocracy so the white house is a farce and no class anymore (Franklin Delno Roosevelt was the last classy person or patrician to occupy the common man's office). We have had more than enough white trash in the White House; Nixon was the pits in every way; his nouveau riche background was horrid plus all his low classed redneck-yahoo manners--Nixon applied to the old timey statement, "He had a mess of manners but used them all up before getting here."

Nixon was a used car salesman type or stereotype who could not overcome his lowly background. Politics now produces that type of executive material. Nixon is the typical American. America is a mongrel nation that has no class or good manners anymore; being nice is out of style; insults and hateful behavior is the in-thing today. People argue until all agree through brow beating rhetoric just the way ancient Rome was with being a litigious society. America now has soul-killing idleness with the young. Leisure from work is the norm to pursue video games or mall hanging-out. A Prince among men is what America needs to guide our government through difficult times, not a peasant blindman leading the blind to nowhere, like America has today.

The level of society is at the bottom rungs as is education today. No quality exists today in politics or education; teachers do not have the smarts themselves to teach on a high plain; teachers must pander to the simple minded ideas of the Baptist element who thinks that God dictated the Bible one day, yet so many New Testament books repeat basic information so why did God forget? The Lord does not repeat himself as does mankind who translated the Bible.

The remedial education today calls the pitiful retardates "special." This term special delutes the meaning of words as does the novel 1984 by Orwell said that language is the first decay of a society so today the youth cannot read well on a high level as I learned by the third grade since I have only an 8th grade education when 10th was the graduation level. A "special" education child is really a retardate not a genius as the word indicates so even a grade of B called a blanket B or even an A is assigned to these mentally deficient souls who then think they are superior to the average Joe blow (this defeats ever giving an elite education to Americans; we will continue to be bottom world wide). This puts a thinking person's nose out of joint forever more.

Not having quality folks serving in the White House sets the tone for the rest of the country so we have low mediocrity reigning in the U.S. Franklin Delno Roosevelt was quality; he married his third cousin Eleanor Roosevelt who did not have to change her monogram even. Education is so low in America that few even know to pronounce Roosevelt-- FDR on a movie newsreel said to put the "Rose" in his name when saying it, and Faye Emerson the movie star was wed to his son so she said it correct on TV, yet all the loud mouthed yahoo yankees say Ruez -velt, not Rose-velt, and correct others to say their wrong way.

The Texas reelected ex-governor Bill Clements is back in office in good form as of old; he is a corrupt devil and had proved it so he got reelected. Texans deserve all the evil of the world while he is in office; that evil man should not have degraded the office of governor by running again. The stupid greedy folks who voted for him are worse than ole Clements but Republicans always vote for their party so they will forever vote a straight ticket for

Governor Bill Clements is a redneck-yahoo as his loud meanspirited mouth prouves on TV all the time; he is what a New Jersey loud mouthed transplanted redneck likes; he is their kind of person so they vote for his ilk every time for sure. Birds of a feather flock together every time.

My life has seen many changes from rural to urban, to industrialization and now to a service oriented society as I said before. Today, the breaking-up of farmland into small ranchettes or 3 acre places is so sad to see good fields taken out of production; the redneck-yahoos throw their garbage into the ditch and the land around their homes even to pollute their own land holdings instead of pay to take debris to the city dump; I guess the Indian felt sad like I do when he saw the first fences put boundaries on the vast open range to close-off the once open spaces. Private land ownership has the seeds of destruction of the land close at hand--all civilizations are destroyed by the very element of once successful tenets that built the civilization so the U.S. is no different.

Farm children on a true section working farm learn responsibility. rural youth do not have hang-ups on sex like folks in town do; farm children are not ashamed of sex and not wildly curious since it is obvious everywhere in the barnyard with rooster jumping onto hens and bulls humping cows and snakes rolling into a ball to couple (we once had a bull that was so moral that he would do no sex act while being watched). Jumping bells of jupiter, that bull had a moral mind, as my dad often said. This was natural among animals so girls and boys were not ashamed of sex out there among the barnyard animals but not for humans, except for procreation, not recreation like today.

Music today suggest sex acts of every kind; young folks listen to the radio or cassette and thus jive along rather than take solitude time to sort out their thoughts or to contemplate political issues that need discussion. Even good music is a substitute for thinking out issues. I grew-up in the most famous musical household in Texas so I know what I am saying is true; I sang well and played most instruments by ear because we Scots folks are just naturally rhythmic, more so than negroes who learned all their jive from Scotsmen on the plantations. I sang while I worked or hummed. But I also contemplated political issues and read about them and then discussed at the dinner table with the rest of my many relatives. Youth today do not talk to the elders who are thrown away in an old folk's home or just ignored; old folks are not respected today or cared about by society. But all that will change when the very selfish younger folks today get old; those born after World War II are in the majority segment of society so they will be mean as hell to demand respect by the youth coming up just as the young today tell parents to shut-up, then when those demanding youths get old they will be hell-on-wheels. Mary Buffington Taylor is ahead of her time.

Mary Buffington Taylor is selfish beyond words; she wants instant gratification when she says frog, she means for the world to jump. Remarriage is adultery for Robert or her; God's law is a task master to be obeyed by the true Christian. But some of my good church-going friends said that Robert could remarry a good Christian girl and that God would sanction that because they like my family so I said, "Just since when did you talk to God every day to know a new dispensation; the Second Coming of Jesus Christ has not happened yet, to come through your nosey face so don't speak for God when the Lord's own sacred scriptures say otherwise; you folks tote a Bible but apparently do not read the Good Book." They know not what the Bible says yet carry it around a lot, to be seen with it. Mary Buffington Taylor ruined Robert's life for happiness. Robert was stupid enough to love her too much.

I was lucky in love for Tom to return my love at first sight, just as I did to him when I laid eyes on him. God was good to me but God was mean to Robert. I cannot forgive God for doing that to my son; God is as guilty as Mary Buffington Taylor for letting that get out of hand. Mary killed the

I had just as soon stay home and read my Bible and pray. Folks at church like to say snide things about those not there in the family to make them feel very superior and good as God, to lord it over others. Mary Buffington Taylor used Christian goodness to kill love; she is the ultimate anti-Christ. Mary set out to make Robert hate me, but she made him hate being alive and thus he hated everyone, especially her; Mary constantly pointed out all my many faults to Robert; she would shake her finger in his face and lecture like God almighty himself about me and my bad ways; Mary would talk very low toned also to Robert during a family gathering when the buzz of others would cover her snide remarks. Mary was once caught in the act of being her horrid anti-Christ self by Ralph Buffington's wife Dorothy; Dorothy could read lips so she saw Mary and even loudly proclaimed to the whole room at large, "Mary, why are you berating Robert while we are all supposed to be celebrating Jesus's birthday this Christmas and let bygones be bygones yet you are bad mouthing him?" She was the only person with the courage of her Christian conviction in that house. Mary made Robert dread every holiday or every gathering of family; he got to where he would not go anywhere with her; he hates Christmas and on March 11 to this day he tears up the calendar; that is mean spirited Mary's birthday that had to be celebrated with dinner on the town painted red, white and blue with gifts given in the morning as she stepped out of bed, then a gift on the breakfast table and then in the bathroom shower and then in the closet and then in the car. Of course, delivery of gifts had to happen all along that day. The expense was ridiculous and silly for less than multi-millionaires. But Mary was a taskmistress who loved power over others and used the pretense, "if you love me, then you would want to do this and so." Makes my ass want a dip of snuff! Ole Republican President Calvin Coolidge once said that every person should be allowed to kill one person with no consequences so I agree and I assure you that I would have no choice problem for whom I would annihilate by carving her flesh a few pieces at a time so she would die slowly and painfully as she caused unhappiness so gleefully. Mary now has religion and is better than God himself with her born-again ways of praise God as she says. But Mary never even ask me for forgiveness, which I would respond to if she did. I can be as Christian hypocrit as she can be; that bitch Mary is too evil to repent; words are cheap and only actions will do. I will be more than content to spend an eternity in hell just to get to watch Mary Buffington Taylor suffer as I suffer forever; to know that she gets her just reward in hades will do my heart good.

Mary used goodness and Christianity to weave her webb of deceit and mean spiritness so that is worse much more so than a person who drinks, curses and robs but does not pretend goodness by going to Church. Mary also ranted mean things about the Church of Christ yet she went to the Methodist Church while cursing the Church of Christ so we just quoted her scripture of why her church is not the real bride of Christ and thus will not get anyone to heaven unless being in the true faith. That is another reason that Mary will go to hades; she will never become a member of the Church of Christ so that is a sealed doo for her plus I will go to hell for rightly hating Mary so we deserve to spend eternity punishing each other; my father-in-law had Ida to hate so we will all be in that hell hole punishing each other. God really plays a number on our heads as the youth say today. But Mary Buffington Taylor is a real gold plated bloodsucker; she managed to get Robert's retirement funds before their divorce she convinced him through nagging about it every day when first awakening that they needed furniture right then so he cashed in the payments and paid cash as she demanded through daily, noon and night nagging; she was not one to be refused anything ever. Mary was amazed that Robert left her to get a new teaching job at Tarleton State College; she needed to have someone to brow beat and be mean as hell to; she must really be miserable not having someone to decry and

him back later. Mary worked for Floyd-West Insurance and suddenly the Texas Highway Department came to take the car tags off Robert's car after he was hit head-on in an auto accident so ole mean Miss Mary switched records and got her pound of flesh like a good Christian would do so we just called Mr. Buffington to tell him to call off his vindicative daughter. The wrath of a woman hath no fury like hell itself. Again, her good Christian nature came forth; guess that gave her something to repent of later; her confessor must be full of wild tales for a good novel. Robert even got his insurance agent to notify Floyd-West to call off Mary Buffington Taylor or he would find her abode so the message got through; now, you see why I want to kill her in slow degrees of malice of forethought; the mafia ways of Texarkana are ingrained into the very fabric of the good folks of Texarkana; they get revenge for sure in the best way possible. (You see, in the 1920's Florine Hargis Buffington had a sister to disappear in a movie theater when they sat next to each other; when the lights came on, no sister was ever found and no ransom note either just a reminder to the Hargis family to beware with their bank at Nash doing business with mafia folks). Mary has a lot of meanness to get out and will just be her bad self when she can get away with it. Clever people like Mary's ilk use goodness to do their dirty work so easily that the dull witted never see their ploy for what it is. No wonder Robert fears Christian girls or women because modern Christians can be as mean as hell and then just repent if they do anything wrong in their feeble minded religious way; Christianity with its born-again redneck-yahoo technical-out from sin is just a license to continue doing mean spirited things over-and over till someone else finally kills them so it is no wonder that Christians kill each other; that is the only way to end the cruel cycle because love and kindness will never win over enough souls to do good works very long at a time before the evil selfserving ways take over.

Badness always wins in the long run in this world; Mary and her kind win because they get born-again when the chips are down and then they start all over to be superior acting with their sanctified halo that is really tarnished. But they never return all the kept things like furniture or rings or cash. Born-again Christianity is a license to steal, rob or lie and then keep all the booty without restitution and then get to heaven so the rednecks think. Thus, Christianity is doomed to be a slob religion until the second coming of Christ. 'Tis no wonder that the TV preachers are fighting over the millions of dollars in donations from audiences since only mammon wins; God gives us free will so no intervention will happen till the second coming so all that talking to God every day by Oral Roberts is blasphemy for sure. I would like to live in a country full of Buddhists to see how mean and cruel they are to each other. I bet Christianity could teach the world how to lie best of all in the name of God. Tammy and Jim Bakker already are being forgiven by the other TV show biz preachers because they all say God forgave David and Solomon so Jim and Tammy are just like that; seems odd that TV preachers speak to God while no one else does--the big money donations is their God; they have made God into their own image of greed. Surely lightning will strike the TV preachers dead. Reading the Bible is the only truth about God; preachers will say anything for a donation. They think they own religion enough to tell everyone how to act; the Bible is the only real source for Christianity if one can read.

More Texarkana stupidity has arisen from the mafia auto explosion at the Walsh-Lumpkin Drug Company parking lot on State Line; the man named Couch was a big Methodist so his churchy friends are saying that nothing like that ever happens in Texarkana; that Texarkana is such a friendly nice town full of fine Christians for the mafia to be passing through--such lies by good folks just allow the evil mafia to continue. Ole Couch married a Walsh lady and her two brothers are dead now so she is the last family owner. Couch rented five hundred rooms in the lodge rooms in Aspen plus having to pay other big costs

pill going out so Couch could no longer steal; the whole town knows this, yet the mealy mouthed Methodists are amazed that mafia is in wonderful Texarkana. Where have those village idiots been all these 60 odd years? Makes me want to puke at such ignorance by good folks. Another bit of meanness in Texarkana has to do with the murder of Katie Liston Sangalli's husband's sister *in law*.

The Sangalli family once owned an auto paint shop and worked 24-hours to repair cars for sale through the mafia auto theft car ring; all those brothers took turns for the 24-hour shifts; they have a fortune from that blood money. Everyone in town knows that just like the Couch auto explosion is mafia.

Well, Nancy Sangalli was murdered by her great niece Laura Lynn Berry. The gal said she would soon get out of this trouble because she always gets out of any trouble; she will plea bargain and then not serve much time because of Sangalli mafia connections that protect their own even when killing each other; the elderly aunt just had money that the young niece wanted.

The mafia launders money through Raffelli Realty; Louis Raffelli was also county district attorney; he and Harry Friedman, Junior got off scott free the folks they wanted to allow go free. A Raffelli sister got killed in a one-car accident that is so typical of the mafia; she decided to encourage the state-wide police campaign to crack down on thefts so she got state funding into Texarkana and even investigated around but she got killed on her way to the State Beauty Pageant when her daughter was being crowned Miss Texas. The mafia chooses a happy time to do something terrible so that the happiness is short lived and that is a warning to the rest of the family to shape up. This town is worse than Babalyon ever was in olden history because the Christians look the other way and will not do their duty; they talk about prayer but do not use prayer to bring justice to Texarkana so their big loud mouthed talk about religion is only a loud noise, no substance, since their faith does not believe that God protects the pure of heart. So they say one thing and do quite another in this town. Texarkana folks say that God rewards the good with a fortune and that everyone gets what is deserved in the end, but no one will dare cross the mafia; the criminal element owns Texarkana. And this is not a new thing since the 1920's. Katie Liston Sangalli is my best friend; we are both active in the Ladies's Auxiliary to the BRT railroad lodge--we hold offices. And Katie was a Liston who lived next door in Commerce so she had a crush on my husband when she was a little girl; she is almost 10 years younger so when I was 18 and first married that was a big age difference back then.

Well, another piece of evidence just happened to make me glad that I am not a conservative; the inventor Joe Newman from Mississippi is being denied a patent for his electro-magnetic engine because "no proof you present will convenience our office of this possibility." But Congressman Danforth is trying to pass a bill allowing the principle to be used so the inventor can market the engine when energy needs of this country are the greatest in our history; but small minded conservatives know everything already and refuse to let the facts change their mind-set. The same conservative mentality denied a patent to the Wright Brothers because an object heavier than air cannot fly and the patent office was still saying that 3 years after the Kitty Hawk flight was made. And the typical conservative mentality wanted to close the patent office after the Civil War because everything that could be thought up had been invented so why maintain the expensive office for nothing--small minds own America and no hope to overcome their mind-set will ever happen since they have the big wealth that controls the country; they are worse than King George III and his ilk. We need a new planet to flee the tyranny of the small minded conservatives; they feel good to suppress others; they have the Inquisition mind in religion and love to inflict unhappiness on happy seeming folks--insults and snide remarks are their favorite tactics when someone seems happy (misery loves company so their

At some of the club meetings that I attend and help preside, some folks ask if Mary Buffington Taylor is one of my Mrs. Taylors. I reply that I am the real Mrs. Taylor in this town because the real Mrs. Taylor borne children and reared them right (Mary Buffington was haughty and afraid of pain to have a child so she is no parent of any Taylor children thankgoodness).

The BRT or Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen merged into the UAW so we still have the local chapter and meet every month. Just a few of us to keep alive the good work that was once done by the union folks of this town. But now union workers are scorned by the Reagan mess and the churches follow just exactly what Reagan says to do; preachers intimidated old folks to vote for Reagan or else go to hell by voting Democrat. Now that we know God is a big Republican and all the unemployment resulting from big company mergers that just make the rich richer is some kind of religion that the Pope had going in early 1500's that caused the whole Reformation; we need another Reformation. (Local kids are loud screamers like street urchins running wild, unsupervised).

Well, I have been writing this for over a year; I am now past 81. This diary thing has been longer than giving birth to a child or building a new house. Memoirs are a major project beyond comprehension in the beginning. (The children in community now play in the road not in backyard in safety).

My sister Lucille Winniford is back in Commerce and can drive her car. Another lady got hit in the head and died from the lick on the side of her head rather than one on top of Cile's head. Lucille still gets nauseated when stooping over and turning around too fast. Lucille got a letter from a long lost relative George Clark; he was assumed dead for over 20 years and now comes back from the grave so to speak; George's mother Chapel Faust Clark wrote a long letter lamenting George's fatal illness from a fever; she died and never wrote that he got well or whatever. And now after 20 years he showed up at the jewelry shop in Commerce last year when I was visiting Lucille. George wanted to stay rent free with us but the place at Cile's is too small, not like the old homeplace in the country. George Clark has 5 or 6 sons; one lives in Dallas and one in Houston and one in California and one in Georgia; he brags like all get out about them. We have kinfolks all over the place.

When my mother's family kin came to Texas from Florence, Alabama in 1889 several of them also went up to Oklahoma when George Taylor showed them the way. My mother Margaret Lee Landtroop Winniford had a sister Matt Landtroop Faust Troboy; Aunt Matt had 3 Faust children by husband Wren Faust; they wed on January 21, 1885; their children were Lizzie, Chappel & Dellie; after Wren Faust died, Matt married Trobaugh; Zettie and Kenneth were the two children from the Trobaugh marriage. Lizzie Faust married Joe Seals; they had twin girls Zora and Ora; Ora died at birth; Lena and then Zora; Lena is 78 this year, Zora is 74 and Ruby is 72; they all live at Lubbock (Lizzie is dead of course by now). Joe Seals was a brother to Irene Seals Landtroop who was married to uncle Luther Landtroop who raised the Indian princess Lena Rivers. Lizzie married a Cox before she died; she became a Mormon and did a genealogy of all the family for their religion; they had to pray for all the long dead relatives to get them into Mormon heaven (the Bible says nothing about that kind of pseudo-religion stuff but at least the genealogy records are kept like the Jews were supposed to do before the Romans destroyed the Temple along with all the cherished relics and birth records for three thousand years--the Mormon church is half old testament and half new testament so they are a pseudo Christian religion). Tom Landtroop wed Nora Presley; they all lived in Oklahoma not far from the family; Grandfield, Oklahoma was where Aunt Matt always lived.

Tom Landtroop and Nora had six children; Earl was a preacher and very down to earth; he was a Baptist minister and Earl died at Clovis, New Mexico; he died in 1986 from a stroke; his wife Faye tried to live in their home by her self but fell and broke her arm and then realized that she could not do

Living along so she sold everything and went into a nursing home. They did not have any children. (Hope I never have to go into a nursing home.)

Emmitt Landtroop was named for Uncle Luther Emmitt Landtroop; his wife Dottie died of cancer long ago; we loved Dottie. They had one living son Billy. They once had an older boy who died in an accident and poor Dottie blamed herself for his death and nearly grieved herself to death until the next boy was born that they spoiled rotten. We never hear from him, *Billy Landtroop*. All the Landtroop folks are peculiar; my own mother was not much loved by her mother; or actually the Ellis folks since grandfather Landtroop took care of mother; Earnest Landtroop is dead; I think he was living at Sayre, Oklahoma; he married a nice seeming girl the first time; she was a school teacher; he was real stingy with her as was all our folks; Tom and Nora were real stingy-gut folks; they used coffee grounds over and over until they turned to gunk or mud yet they were millionaires. He had 2 girls by this first wife who divorced him but he married again. In the late 1940's Earnest wanted to meet half way at McLean, Texas from Sayre to Amarillo so Everette, Elsie, Homer Cash and Gladys Butler Armstrong Cash met Earnest. He brought a real nice lunch with a homemade chocolate cake. He got to talking about his newer wife and said that she was going to kill him. No one ever did understand what their trouble was but he talked like he was afraid of her. All were really surprised at him; he was dirty talking, always calling everyone a Bastard like he was the big tough guy now afraid of a mere woman. No one of the four in my part of the family ever saw him again.

Clyde and his wife Blanche divorced; they had one son. When Aunt Lula Landtroop Burtler got cancer (he arm was amputated; the wrist first and then the elbow and finally the whole thing.). Well Clyde and his mother Nora heard of a cancer specialist at Savannah, Georgia so off they all went. Clyde had bad lips so he feared cancer; lips stayed sore all the time and would not heal. Clyde drove them; he put down every cent they spent on gasoline, food, motel and even cigars for Clyde and poor Aunt Lula had to pay the whole bill for those rich folks--didn't split three ways even. The rich will do you dirty everytime. The doctor could not help Aunt Lula but told Clyde the only thing wrong with his lips was being in the sun too long at a time. Aunt Nora had her Bible with her; she would read it every once in a while and pray for good health; their lips were worn out by all that praying and talking--rich folks have to pray a lot when they get religion because they do such bad things to get their money.

George Landtroop married a school teacher; they didn't have any children. He had cancer of the throat and went to Houston from Amarillo until he died in 1985. Lois Landtroop sold the place in Plainview, Texas and went to Houston when her husband had cancer and had his legs amputated. They had a son whose first and last name I never knew.

Stewart Wilson had several children; Matt Wilson Benton and Lula Wilson Baber who lived on the same road as our homeplace Winniford Way till they died; my mother was always surrounded by all her kinfolks who gossiped and were jealous of her all the days, whether her own first cousins or her in-law Winniford kin; Collins Wilson was a brother to Matt and Lula.

Collins Wilson lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma area; he married Lera Loafman. They had only two children; Irene Wilson Rawlette and Welcum Wilson. *Lera/Irene* Wilson Rawlette had only one daughter Lera Jean Rawlette; she was a lawyer just like her dad and they had a law office here in Texarkana during the 1950's and the 1960's. Welcum Wilson Senior or the First married Dr. Hampton's daughter at Soper, Oklahoma. Collins Wilson had heart trouble and spent a lot of time in Houston at the heart Insititute at the meidical center; Welcum was good to Collins by keeping some cows so he would have something to do that he liked, even though they had lots of oil and plenty of money. Then, several years ago, Welcum Wilson had a heart attack while feeding his cattle; and was found there at the feed trough. Welcum Wilson Junior and his son lived in

Houston and owned Palm Center project and also helped get the new cultural center or opera hall named Gus Wortham in Houston built; I saw it on TV in a special about the cultural center opening. I also saw Welcum Wilson and his son Welcum Wilson III on TV during the Salt Train ride for the Houston rodeo or Fat Stock show events in February of this year in 1987. Collins Wilson was a kind man and loved all his family; he always stopped by at Maggie's house to visit for several hours when he was driving from Tulsa to Houston and too he could stop to see his sisters for years and years. Welcum Senior even came along and he continued to visit after their deaths of my mother in 1959 and of Collins who had to take nitroglyceron pills for his chronic heart condition. Welcum Senior came the last time in 1970 when my son Robert was painting the front porch to keep the redwood from warping. We had a good visit. My grandmother Landtroop did not love girls so I was closer to my granny Winniford.

Another Oklahoma cousin Newt Ellis married Margret Herston who was his first cousin; the Herston family of Florence, Alabama was one of the founders in 1820 there and Robert Herston fought in the War of 1812; his daughter Edna Herston married Templeton Ellis and lived on the family landgrant homeplace there; my grandmother Nancy Ellis Landtroop came to Texas and then to Oklahoma after her mother Edna Herston Ellis died in 1885. Newt and Margret Herston Ellis had 6 children: Roxie, Nannie who was blind, Maude, Lon, Homer, and Marshal. Margret Herston Ellis died and Newt married Margret Ross; they had Alta, Ben, Holland, Prebble and Mammie. All these are dead.

Gladys Butler Armstrong Cash is daughter of Lula Landtroop Butler; they had two daughters Vesta who married Ed Bice in 1916; he had a 4 year old son by a previous marriage and thus Charley Butler as an elder in Church of Christ opposed that marriage; then, Vesta and Ed had 3 boys and a girls. Gladys had only one child named Sue Armstrong; and he died so she married Homer Cash. Oh, yes, Lizzie married twice after Joe Seals died; she divorced both of them. Gladys had a brother Lawrence Butler who died young age 10 of consumption.

The old folks who came from Florence, Alabama in 1889 to Texas had lots of descendants and many last ~~the~~ names to keep track of, but they often visited the home place to see Aunt Mag Winniford as they called my mother. Mother loved all her folks and their children's children so she cooked fine meals and visited as long as they would stay. Jim Ellis was the reason all the deep-south kin went westward; Jim Ellis was dying of TB; he outlived all the grown-up who were healthier and went west with him; Jim was nicknamed Pap. Uncle Jim Ellis lived with Wiley Cox at the end of his life; Wiley Cox was son of Liz Ellis Cox who was a sister to Jim Ellis; Newt Ellis was a brother to Jim Ellis; Wiley Cox had two daughters by wife Annie.

My grandmother Nancy Ellis Landtroop lived with us when she got old; but she went back to Soper, Oklahoma in summer of 1919 to visit relatives and see all the old places for the last time; Her ~~both~~ brother Jim Ellis was in Hugo, Oklahoma and her son Emmitt Luther Landtroop lived near Frederick, Oklahoma (Luther Landtroop was a barber and a farmer; he later let Irene Seals Landtroop's nephew Joe Fowler work his land and thus inherited it all near Floyada, Texas in early 1960's). Well, my grandmother Landtroop met her brother John Ellis of Florence, Alabama at Hugo, Oklahoma to visit all their relatives in summer of 1919; they traveled all around to see the sights and to enjoy company of the folks when she died at the supper table; she had eaten cabbage and the gas on her stomach started chest pains that suddenly finished her off, before everyone's eyes. Aunt Lula Landtroop Butler and her husband Charles Gabe Butler were there. Charley Butler never spoke to his daughter Vesta after she married Ed Bice who was a holiness preacher plus being divorced with a son; that was too much junk religion for a good Bible scholar and elder of the Church of Christ to tolerate.

What got me off on all this idle genealogy was the fact that George Clark wrote that he wanted to visit Lucille and we thought he was dead; he just wanted to come see Lorece Smith and Lyon Smith; he loved Lorece Smith even

though he married someone else. The Lorece Smith family was kin to Aunt Martha Smith Alexander who married Tom Alexander. Tom Alexander was a brother to my grandmother Sarah (Sally) Alexander Winniford. And Aunt Martha Smith Alexander's mother was Susan Winniford Smith who was an elder sister to my grandfather George Dawson Winniford.

We still have some kin folks in Commerce, Texas from the Ellis folks; my grandmother Nancy Ellis Landtroop had a cousin Dessey Gillis Box who had a son Doyle Box and Margaret Gillis White (she wed Tom White) and a third child whose name I forget. Doyle Box is always glad to see all of us; he is a joy to see and to encounter; he also helps Jimmy Sullivan at the Jones Funeral Home so we see him during time of grief as well and he is very nice then too of course.. But we see Doyle Box on the streets during good times so we keep in touch.

Numerous cousins of my family are double and triple kin; Beulah Winniford Benton and her only child Velma Elizabeth Benton Box are a good example; I got married in the home of Beulah Winniford Benton in 1924 in Greenville, Texas. Beulah is the daughter of my father's brother Norve Winniford; Henry Benton was Velma Elizabeth Benton Box's dad; her uncle Ellis Benton married Matt Wilson Benton; Matt Wilson Benton was a cousin to my mother. Velma Elizabeth's husband was a professor at East Texas State University at Commerce but now lives in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Velma Elizabeth's uncle Ellis Benton and Matt Wilson Benton had a son Dale Benton; Dale Benton married Anna Ruth Bishop. Anna Ruth Bishop Benton's mother was Effie Clayton Bishop who then lived with her own mother Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford on the family homestead; Aunt Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford was married to Norve Winniford who was the father of Beulah and grandfather to Velma Elizabeth. A son Murray Ellis Benton was born on Halloween in 1933 to Anna Ruth Benton. And then Murray Katherine Bishop who was a sister to Anna Ruth Bishop Benton had wed Tubby Clayton who was a cousin to Lawrence Clayton who had married Donnie Witcher. And the Witcher family was already three times kin to Norve Winniford. These branch-water kinfolks intermarried often because all their kissing-cousins families were the landed gentry neighbors descended from old line Texas pioneer stock.

Also, the next door neighbor to my sister Lucille Winniford is named Juanita Moody Parker; she is a first cousin to Stella Mae Witcher Winniford. Stella's mother was a Moody so Juanita's father was a brother to Mrs. Witcher. Stella Witcher Winniford married Sherwin Winniford; Sherwin was son of Norve Winniford (my uncle and my dad's brother). Sherwin's sister Bessie Winniford McRae's son Deryl married Stella's sister Neita Witcher. And Donnie Witcher, a sister to both Stella Witcher Winniford and Neita Witcher McRae, married Lawrence Clayton. Lawrence Clayton was cousin to Tubby Clayton who had married Murray Katherine Bishop; Murray Katherine's grandmother Minnie Tarrant Clayton Winniford was married to Norve Winniford who was the father of Bessie and Sherwin. Our family married only pedigreed spouses with a long lineage and coat-of-arms as well as having the same driving ambition to be the best in the world at whatever is being attempted.

My sister Lucille Winniford married twice; the first was George Mitchell. No children. And the second husband was Edgar or Cotton Holley in 1950 till 1961; Cotton Holley was a nephew to Tom Holley who was the mayor of Commerce in 1924. Cotton Holley's sister Verna Lee married Herschel Baber; Herschel's mother was Lula Wilson Baber. Lula Wilson was a first cousin to Margaret Landtroop Winniford. The Holley family lived on Holley Flat near old Paradise School which was not far from the Winniford homeplace near Cumby. Holley Flat is located north, just below old Smith Hill on FM 275 now (Smith Hill was branch water kin to Martha Smith Alexander and Susan Winniford Smith). Tom Holley had a son who moved to Lubbock in 1920's and his grandson was the rock star Buddy Holly.

Ludey Bruce Alexander was married to Kyle Alexander who was a double cousin to Robert Winniford my dad and to Norve Winniford. Ludey Bruce Alexander was a direct descendant from the same Robert-the-Bruce Scotsman that the

Winniford-Robertson family claims descent. And thus Mamie Alexander Callan owns land today just joining north of our old homeplace landgrant. Mamie Alexander Callan is the daughter of Kyle and Ludey Bruce Alexander who were double kin to the Sarah Alexander Winniford family group. Mamie Callan is married to James Callan; James Callan's mother Mrs. Walter Callan was a Lindley; her father John Lindley IV controlled the majority shares in Security State Bank of Commerce, Texas and he served as president plus owned land by the section from St. Louis, Missouri to Brownsville, Texas. The Lindley family had accumulated land back in the Republic of Texas days and could camp herds on their private property cattle drives each night on the long trail drives before railroads came to Texas and could thus ship the cows to markey. John Lindley IV left everyone of his nine children two million dollars cash and eleven sections of land each. But his official will left not one penny or one acre to any of his blood issue who owed money (this banker did not believe in his family being in debt). The old Lindley elegant homeplace was located near Ridgeway and Birthright, Texas on the way from Commerce to Sulphur Springs. When the old mansion burned, John Lindley just built a long porch to connect all the small slave quarters where he lived in simplicity. His father John Lindley III had courted Sarah Alexander Winniford in the 1870's as he did several other local widows. Today John Lindley VII owns or has interest in a Houston bank. I still miss my grandmother Sarah or Sally; I cry when I think about her, now.

My father-in-law George Washington Taylor I was born on birth date of first president George Washington in 1862 during Civil War at a Confederate Hospita the minute his own father died of a fever near a battle zone. And then Dude Taylor was born on February 22 and thus was Junior and then he had a son GW Taylor III and finally another GW Taylor IV so now I hear that G.W. Taylor V has been borne. Dude Taylor married Ethel Evans Taylor of Commerce. Her mother had oil money from her Indian blood ties in Oklahoma. They owned cotton gins and rental property; Mrs. Welch was a twin sister to Ethel; Myrtle Evans Bishop was the twin's name. They were very close and each died close to each other as they cared not to be separated. *I know that feeling.*

Commerce, Texas has a lot of rich folks besides all the children of John Lindley who left them multi-millionaires and big land owners. Carl Estes is from Commerce; he is now dead but was a big newspaper man in Longview and big with the East Texas Chamber of Commerce that got lots of new industry to move to Texas; E.B. Germany was one of his projects to get the steel mill into East Texas. LeTourneau also founded new companies and then founded a college bearing his name in Longview. Carl Estes was a big fat beer bellied man but was friendly and hard working; his secretary was a Miss Ackerman whose family had owned the Ackerman hotel in Commerce (the only hotel) but it rotted down; she was reputed to be a girl friend of Carl Estes but then the small mind need to say such things to feel good that they do not work in the public. Carl Estes helped keep publicity about Uncle Sam Winniford as the finest violinist in Texas alive when he went to Washington, D.C. capitol to play for the president of the United States--also, got national news coverage when Sam Winniford played concerts in Hot Springs, Arkansas resort hotels--my Uncle Sam Winniford was born March 29, 1867 and died April 14, 1959 so he had a long life full of creative joys.

My life has been full of growing plants, both flowers and garden vegetables. Working in the soil has kept me healthy with good clean hard work that is good for the soul. I am now 81 and do not take any kind of drugs, no medicine of any kind. I eat good solid meals, mostly vegetables that I grow. All my friends take pills for every kind of ailment or the slightest pain that if they get busy they would forget the pain of being alive. Doctors want patients to take pills because the residual kick-back on prescription refills, and that keeps them in the upper economic bracket. I learned not to go to doctors when my husband Tom was so ill; he nearly died until I got him home and put him on a good solid diet and aloe vera juice gel and comfrey greens and tea. Doctors keep the examination room so cold while the sickly person waits and waits

for the doctor to stroll in; his time is always valuable, never the patient. Nurses are the one who work hard yet get not a tenth of the pay a haughty doc gets. I do not respect doctors one iota. Doctors can operate to put a person back together after a major auto accident but cannot cure aches and pains of the joints so a pain killer or tranquilizer is prescribed rather than getting to the root causes.

So many folks have air conditioning that causes arthritis and other aches of the body. I have ceiling fans and my house is well insulated with trees all around the place; I keep air circulating rather than icy cold to make me feel bad when I leave the ice-palace that so many folks create for themselves. The human body was made to be in motion, not to sit like a stone. I rest for no more than an hour during the day. I arise at sunup and work in the yard flower beds or vegetable garden and then at ten AM I come inside to cook my lunch and then bathe to go to club meetings around 2 P.M. I do not mind the club meeting times of resting during boring reading of the minutes and long winded discussions because I am then rested and ready to get home to change back into my work clothes and then get busy in the yard. I saw my own daddy get put to bed for a heart condition; he lost the joy of life and then died in spirit long before he finally passed away. Doctors play God with sick folks emotions and should not be taken seriously on how to live their lives because inactivity is the kiss of death for anyone.

Rose Sellars is a jail house living example; she stays under air conditioning all the time; she can not get out on the porch because she is dying of the heat; she sneers and says that I am working myself to death so my son Robert told her never to tell anyone how to live a good life since her pitiful jail house existence was worse than a Nazi house arrest for her plus she had aches and pains only to talk about rather than her club meetings and pretty blooming flowers; "You are boring and pitiful," informed Robert shaking his head as he said that he would pray for her horrid lifestyle. My son does not allow anyone to slur his loved ones even in fun. Robert does not talk loud and hateful; he has a calm lulling tone when speaking the truth as he explains the facts in no uncertain terms. I feel sorry for Rose Sellars; she always travelled a lot and then at age 65 just gave up to be a recluse. Her daughter Billye Vennitti Wreyford arranges for her spopping; they are big Baptists who believe that everything is pre-destined so God wants her mother to live in that house all the time; Billye keeps a running tabulation of the cost of every gift that Rose receives plus all the expenses incurred are to be presented to her estate at time of death in order to get back all her efforts with interest. My religion does not allow Indian Giver tactics, especially toward loved family members; Rose just this year got her feelings hurt very badly when her daughter Billye insulted mother Rose by saying "You are a burden to us all with your constant calls to go buying everything for you; you should get out more." And then nothing the next day was ever said about that outburst, but Rose is cursed with a memory so she is hurt by all those fine Christian people of hers. But they can get born-again and all is perfect, yet Baptists cannot fall from grace so nothing wrong or sinful can happen when regular church goers are involved. This is another reason that the Church of Christ is the true religion and not a junk religion church like all this man-made religion dictates today.

All this charisma crap is heresy and certainly blasphemy. No one talks to God for that is blasphemy so all these holy roller churches are doomed; the talking in tongues is stupid for sure. And then pre-destination is wrong too. The frontier hardships showed folks that prayer did not cause miracles like preachers today say; good works through faith was what got effects and still does; the Lord helps those who help themselves. Free Will exists as we make choices and live with the consequences, not a predestinated scenario that is not of our doing—this means that God loves war to punish folks and uses illness to keep fear rampant, yet God should be able to effect the goodness with the wave of his hand if they read the Bible (I read the Bible every day).

I don't read the Bible in front of folks to show-off that I am a good soul. That is vain glory like the Bible toteing show-offs. People who always tell you how big a Christian they are really are just putting up a front; the actions do speak louder than vain words. Just recently this summer of 1987 Tillet S. Teddlee died; Teddlee wrote songs in the 1920's and was age 102; he died in Greenville. He wrote "Heaven Holds All to Me," "Worthy Art Thou," and "When We Meet In Sweet Communion." Tillet S. Teddlee published song books and married a Moss Gal of Cumby; his good wife was a sister to Aima Moss Vick. Aima owned a beauty shop for years in Cumby and carried on with all sorts of men, even marrying several for their property and money; she met men at the Cumby Motel late at night and spent the night; Aima even walked the dirt roads to a lonely bachelor's house in the rain and carried an umbrella to keep dry; I saw this; she had loose morals for everyone to see but she furnished the floral arrangement in the Church podium every Sunday so that made her good, better than God as the old timey folks say about hypocrits. Aima seduced all the men she could and nearly caused several divorces around Cumby and Commerce, even now in her late 70's. Moss family was otherwise moral; Teddlee was on Willard Scott's TV show in 1986 as oldest preacher in America (He was a Church of Christ minister).

Gloria Williams in Texarkana is the same way as Aima; Gloria is 81 and has a new 27 year old boy friend; she is now sick for the first time from running all over hell's half acre with him to go dancing and night clubbing plus getting a young man's disease; she has money from oil wells to flit away; Gloria cheated to get her oil fortune by lying about royalty rights on deeds signed when she was a minor (said she was younger but now says her true age since all are dead from the 1930's court case). Gloria carried on with Carmilita Hughes's husband for 40 years till he died 3 years ago; he bought her groceries and mowed the yard for Gloria without pay yet would do not one thing around the house for Carmilita—not much love and respect there for hard working Carmilita. But Gloria and Hughes are big Church workers so open sin is fast forgiven and thus allowed to continue over and over because God told them they were forgiven; God does not talk to anyone, only crazy, looney-bin people speak to God and thus need to be in insane asylum. Many folks think a Church is just a place to go to get a perfect attendance record to bray about (Mary Buffington Taylor thought that). Mary bragged that she could do no real wrong because she never missed Sunday School and Church for over 25 years with perfect attendance record.

I write about a paragraph at a time each day. Sometimes I do more or less depending on info happening and then whether I must go to a club meeting. And the news comes better some days for me to get all riled up. I do not have high blood pressure so nothing surprises me to upset me; I expect exactly and more of what is happening since I know human nature very well indeed. All the allegory of the Old Bible stories prepared me for human nature, and I was a little girl who saw horse drawn carriages as majority transportation give way to the automobile; I ran behind the chimney of our home when the first car I ever saw came belching black smoke and loud noises up our driveway. I am sure that I was frightened almost to death to see no horses pulling it so I learned fast to expect all kinds of wild but interesting things in this life; I am not at all surprised at the Space Program but some folks, even young people, do not believe that space travel is possible or that we even went to the moon. I am ready for anything to happen in this world so I don't get into a tizzy or pull a hissey-fit when odd ball things occur. That's life. And that's life as it should be, full of motion and action caused by our Free Will to do something great or just stand still and let life pass us by. Just as one one can see the face of God and that is why the burning bush happens when God appeared to the Old Testament prophets so no one today talks to God for that is blasphemy to put words into God's own mouth—idle chatter is what is happening to the anti-Christ preachers and perverted religionists today. Tis enough to make one never go to church since preachers are the lying goons of our era of time. Anyone who can read thus knows the Bible as well as any preacherman ever could. God's word is on the written page, not in the alleged conversation of a minister like Oral Roberts or some other charlatan. Makes my arse want a dip of a snuff as the good old timey folks would say about such "Emperor's Clothes" hoax.

Religion seems big in the TV news because of PTL Jim & Tammy Bakker who are junk religion preachers. Just like the Roman Catholic Pope has spent a fortune in security funds that could be better used to feed the poor. All this security proves that the Pope does not trust God's protection; the Pope is the apostolic ruler and thus has the 12 apostles equal standing to talk to God even today, yet God does not give him magical protection while conversing; this contradiction is another of many flaws in that evil religion but then a thinking person has no place in Catholicism; tis enough to make one have a hissie fit over nothing but simple man-made church doctrine. Just got a letter from my sister Lucille Winniford in Commerce; Alma Moss Vick's name came up again—she will give you something soap and water won't wash off, especially a fellow with cash in hand.

Fred Tarpley has been in the news again; he is from Hooks or was; his mother is a sweet lady. His linguistic books are a wonderful preservation of local history. FRED sat on stage with writer James Michener who wrote a novel about TEXAS. Fred TARPLEY is a good loyal friend and a true gentleman. FRED introduced MICHENER to local groups.

Got word from Cumby that Joe Don Winniford received genealogical charts of family history; Joe Don was called Corky when growing-up. He married Mary Ellen Russell whose parents owned a big milk barn and hundreds of acres of land. Her parents died suddenly so she got the estate at a young age, and JOE DON is president of a bank in Greenville. He is a fine manager like my dad was. Tis good that another Winniford is rich; just pray that he uses the prosperity for goodness and fun. I used my money for fun and to help others without any thought of repayment; folks must not live for greedy needs or vain glory; the family is the most important part of life—the good name and continued glory is what must be instilled into the young. Just hope Mary ELLEN can do that for the next generation of Winniford named young folks—our continued good name is in her hands.

The next day's events now has to do with the Texarkana mafia that is ⁱⁿ a big business, even though old skinflint J.Q. McHaggie writes contrary; he is in their side pocket. J.Q. was editor of his father-in-law C.P. Palmer's newspaper and that hundred million dollar fortune is in trust for the now grown grandchildren such as Prudence McHaggie MacIntosh is a hack writer about her much exaggerated sons behavior in Dallas; she could write something in depth and probing about why Texarkana has the most people to disappear in the whole United States or the story of mafia murders in East Texas. But her family has too much business with the mafia; the local police say no mafia exists (ole B.W. Fant who is a sleazy policeman stole and protected the mafia like old Judge Fant before him did). And Harry Friedman, Junior is an attorney doing the same; his father Harry Senior was the big godfather for over 40 years; his sister Mrs. Pearlman is head mogul now. Friedman Steel Sales is still on Oak street here in Texarkana and sells used cars to dozens of used car lots in Houston and also into Missouri and 17 other nearby states—a car theft ring in 1950's was busted here (now cops say all the mafia connection was caught then). But ole Cooksey, the attorney, is now big with mafia. Jerry Moore now in Houston has half a billion dollar fortune in real estate with no cash flow problems in depressed market since he bought a five million dollar classic car, a Duesenberg. He launders five and a half million dollars a week ~~for~~ the mafia in TEXARKANA. I/X/L/V In 1982, February, a teenager Moore nephew to Jerry Moore was in the airplane with Joshua Logan, Junior when it crashed into the Red River; the Moore boy's body was found as a calling card for the living family to shape up and continue the deal when Jerry tried to get out. Even Joshua Logan Senior, the famed Broadway director, came back to his local hometown but plane and body never was found; sin city describes Texarkana.

Sinful prissy britches Jim Bakker had an air conditioned dog house so the Marie Antoinette is alive and well in our democratic society. Money is all that really counts today so a rich religion is thus God's just reward to fine folks. Even the Roman Catholic Pope is big stuff in his fine robes and rings; he is worshipped more than the spirit of God even; now the Pope is telling the

American Catholics what to do and to believe and to say; Catholics always said America was free of the apostolic rule of the papist dogma. Not so. Catholics worship icons and thus idoltry is obvious but the wealth of the gold and precious stones blinds the worshippers; the evil history of that horrid church should have closed it down. What the Catholics did to the Indians by cutting off legs to get the gold from mines, plus the founding of the Inquisition to spy on other Catholics in the 1200's shows the fascist nature of the Catholics. The Catholic heirachy has been biding time to get a hold of the United States; Catholics are now the majority religion in the U.S. Every country that is majority Roman Catholic is in poverty and now we are a debtor natuion and will soon have wealthy siphoned off to Rome when the true political leaders are majority Catholic. I just hope that enough Scots folks resist and use the power of Scottish Rite Free Masonery to destroy the Catholic influence like we did centuries ago(evil rears its ugly head all the time, just like the neo-Nazi movement is back so is the Roman Catholic Church flaunting its power by telling folks how to live and to act—that Pope stewardship thinks it talks to God and is a direct descent of God so that is a force to fear in a free country—their Church history proves the evil nature of that anti-Christ organization doing evil in the name of goodness).

Just like Colonel Oliver North presented himself with TV poise and became a folk hero; his ilk would rule by military junta. He flaunted the congress and everything wonderful in a democracy; thus, the military industrial complex is already thunbing its nose at congress; this is a banana republic tactic, yet used by home-grown guys of a democracy and should know better (this deed done by Ollie North just carries our nation closer to a sovereign presidency role inwhich a kingly leader will preside in the white house—just hope that this permanent presidency will have patriot origins through the DAR Virginia aristocratic roots). Ollie North is a fake hero with a good TV image and that is what U.S. politics is now all about, just a cartoon government—Colonel North was contradicted by his own superiors and he lied to congress and he himself leaked military info to NEWSWEEK and then he lectured congress against meddling; North was hateful to the Senator of Hawaii who saw Nazi Germany death camps and is thus a true hero but North berated this true hero and then the dumbo citizens thought North a hero; substance goes for nothing in America today.

The Governor Clements of Texas is no better; he lied in the race and now raised taxes, but he is wealthy so he is favored by God so his "shit doesn't stink." The Republicans always have a secret plan (Nixon had a secret plan to win Vietnam that never happened) so the party of the super rich vested interest robber barons get away with the "Emperor's Clothes" syndrome all the time; I repeat that I am not ignorant enough to vote for stupid stunts like that; their modus operandi is to tell L.I.E.S. which stands for "Let's Insist Everything IS Super" so their lies are high toned scams. And the rich make mad-dog allegation or ruminations about the other party; Reagan is a mad-dog Republican with his vicious attacks rather than balancing the deficit that has indebted the future generations of Americans over four times what it took two hundred years to first borrow. Thus, this mad-dog turncoats like Reagan and John Connolly has replaced the yellow dog democrat today (a snide vengeance full of smiles for the super rich interest has destroyed the working person's future). My family should be Republican but we believe in freedom for all and opportunity for all; America was not founded merely for a greedy existence—personal freedom was the reason because the aristocratics already had wealth; my ancestor David Winniford had his own plantation in Cumberland County Virginia and his wife Judith Robertson Winniford was born in 1763 and died in 1852; she related the ideals as well as trails and tribulations during that big revolution to my own grandfather who was born in 1836; the Winnifords had settled into Dallas County long before she died and had gone to the California Gold Rush even; letters to the relatives told all that—a Round Robin Letter

tells all our journeys westward; a letter from 1699 back to Greyfriars of Edinburgh, Scotland, tells the personal anguish and homesickness of the first settlers in America; they even travelled back to Scotland to marry and then to return to America. My family thus has a wealth of oral history episodes.

The oral history touches or overlaps lives and eras of timely events such as U.S. Revolutionary war widow living to know about settlement into Texas by her offspring and then going to gold fields. We know what household things were moved from Virginia to St. Louis, Missouri where they lived for a generation of 25 years and then coming to Texas with all their families of seven married sisters and their husbands and children to make us kin to most founding Texas families. The brass pendulum French clock of 1721 origins is one of the cherished things. But the stories and heritage of hard work by our own sweat of the brow being taught is what counts. I work hard and long hours to raise most of my vegetables not just to save money but to keep busy; we were taught that the human body was intended to be in motion and I am very healthy as a result; I take no medicine because I do not sit around moping about misfortune and aches and pains. Thus, I am too busy to dwell on my hurts to get addicted to pain killers or tranquilizers so I just keep busy in a constructive way; I don't like being around old folks who complain about pains and how they never go anywhere. My club meetings keep me active socially but I really just rest-up during the boring reading of the minutes so that I can later get back into my flower garden work. I am an outside person, yet I sew my own clothes and piece quilts during the winter and also crochet coat hangers covers. My hands are never idle. I crochet in the car on long trips while talking sixty-miles an hour, so my tongue and hands can work at the same time.

I never get bored because I have too much to do. The young folks today brag about being bored with nothing to do. Lazy and immoral seem to be the stock and trade of the youth; they are proud to be idle and are glad to say they do not know very much about things in general. We have worse ignorance today than when I was young. Schools do not teach very much. The youth are violent toward each other; TV is only partly the cause; parents do not talk to the children and do things together—the TV is used as a baby sitter, plus this Little League crap instill competitive violence to win at all costs.

Education today is a farce; I used to play 42 dominoes with Dr. H.W. Stillwell and B.B. Lawson; their attitude about life was positive and they believed in failing children until they learned the grade level before social passing. B.B. Lawson and I used to win all the way to the first table so I knew the real educators of this Texarkana town very well indeed. Stillwell developed the ADA system for billing the U.S. government for educational services during WWII when arsenal troops brought families to attend local schools and thus the whole educational grants later developed from Dr. Stillwell's system as I have said before in this memoir typed treatise or dissertation. Dr. Stillwell looked like Marrying Sam in Lil Abner or Porkey Pig of the cartoons so he had a sense of humor to make fun of himself but he had integrity, not situational ethics did not motivate him to let standards decay for the masses. Thus, public education taught through the 1950's but no more can one get a literate education in the public sector. Catholic parochial schools teach reading the catechism but not much science or real humanism; their religious books teach propaganda that public schools even in the 1930's was bad or inadequate; the reading books had a story line that showed how poorly educated the public school protestants were and thus how ignorant when I knew better; the Gowanlock family lived three doors from me; my son knew more than they did. Mary Gowanlock was hateful; all she had to do was burn an extra candle and say a few more hail maries to get her quick religious fix (no better than the junk religion today of the TV ministers becoming born-again every time a sin might be committed—only one born-again dispensation is given because a real true-blue Christian has to turn over a new leaf and sin no more that way). (Church bingo is not considered bad as pari-mutuel betting so preachers sat the God wants you; this is unconstitutional, illegal and unethical to demand vote their way, it's immoral to boss others in name of God—I hate gambling, but can make own decision so "Little Hitler" PREACHERS don't trust morals of folks.

Sin is something that some else does, not the selfish slob. Slob do not ever think they are wrong or can be wrong so no change ever results. People in all times and ages are more the same than different. Just like educated folks do not have much manners anymore; they are above convention and the norm of good behavior; they ignore or berate those with snide remarks that do not fit into their group. The stupid folks are censured like scum to be destroyed; compassion is not a part of the educated folks today. A person is described as bright or clever, never kind and good. Knowledge is to be used like a tool against your enemies rather than knowledge for its own sake to perhaps use in the far future for some good thing. Teachers are an unhappy lot, full of anger against society. But then the school yard has been the scene of dope drops and politics of intergration for too many decades for good things to come from the schools. Hatred and violence seems to be the ~~mainstay~~, at least on campus today in highly mixed neighborhoods. I feel sorry for teachers so I can see why they attack each other with hateful remarks, as a means to get even in a subconscious way.

Just as Americans are treated mean world-wide and hated because of the ugly American bad manners, our prestiaage is way down. Doing bad things to others is the way to be now. Just like Christians don't have to be nice to anyone not in their Church location or their pew. Good manners is rising above the hateful surroundings and then passing and repassing. But good manners are the losers today—might is right so out-shouting each other is the thing to do. Very few want to be a gentleman or lady *anymore*.

Well, I just learned a terrible thing. A good family named Watson has a problem with the husband raping infants (the rear ends have to be sewed up in the emergency room). Prayer is all that is being offered, since God can do anything and thus if their prayers aren't answered that means the guiltless ones are worse than the rapist (such supersitition just allows meanness to keep on happening, just like the mafia in Texarkana is ignored so that it never gets stopped or brought to justice). The evil ones know how to work the good folks into a frenzy for their own benefit. The evil rapist husband still wears shorts when he mows the yard and watches TV so that is all that is really evil according to his junk religious Church *preachers*.

We Church of Christ folks have to read the whole Bible and learn it; we are called Bible scholars but not really; we have the intellect to remember and then obey the holy word. Roman Catholics brag that they do not know the holy Bible because the priest did not require that chapter so they remain in ignorance and thus have to have the holy father to interpret the word (calling anyone Father is evil so that tells what the anti-Christ Roman Church does). The Texas law against serving alcohol at Pope's visitation site laments that communion requires the alcohol; No, indeed, the Bible says "fruit of the vine" so grape juice is cheaper and truer to the vine origins and not distilled into a drunken brain-cell killing device (wine-oes are the worst drunks so wine is not such a nice elegant drink for folks who use intellect to think out the consequences of their actions.). I do not think that the wind storm collapse of the Pope's backdrop towers was an act of God (it rains on the just as well as the unjust and Free Will means that God created it all but let's it happen). God does not interfere into daily events like so many want to believe.

I am working in my own garden, having to water everyday; rain will not fall at right time. I water and then rest for a few minutes. I miss Tom, my husband, he got me to rest often so we could talk; we talked all the time about everything; he was a big talker and very sweet and kind. I miss that fellow more every day.

The family soap saga continues. Mamie Modena Winniford-Robertson has continued to do her dirt and selfish number on relatives. My sister Lucille moved to Texarkana and my daughter Lynna Estelle bought the house across the street from me so that her Aunt Lucille could live there. Mamie sent a good friend from Cumby to inspect the premises. She reported to everyone back in old Black Jack Grove town as old timers still call the place even though renamed in 1895 after the hatcheting of the saloons to destroy the image of meanest town in Texas. Anyway, Mamie continued to write letters every week telling all the news around Cumby and Commerce so that Lucille would be so homesick that she would not enjoy being in Texarkana. And the ploy worked like a charm. Lucille is so homesick that she wants to move back and then be back in the midst of all the hateful remarks and spite of the kin for sure. Here, Lucille has her telephone answering job for Economy plumbing with a phone line out of Lucille's house so she never has to leave the house in icy weather or really hot weather. But Mamie even calls long distance to say how Lucille is missed.

But dear old cousin Mamie has done more folks dirty in Cumby. We visited by Mamie's house when Lucille returned to Commerce to change a bank CD and to get a permanent from the other big gossip in the 4 county area, Jean. Mamie hollered loud when we drove up in her long driveway and then Mamie talked about everyone who had done her dirty (yes, done Mamie dirty). Mamie was angry at Eddy Thomas for doing a bad job of repairs on her house yet he was well paid so Mamie was still angry at his mother Oma Mae Graves Thomas about something. But the maddest deal of all was against her nephew Darryl McRae whose wife Neeta Wichter McRae no longer allowed Mamie to talk to Stella Mae Wichter Winniford. Stella stayed nights and meals at her sister Neeta's so Mamie would not be able to badger Stella who is kind and sweet even to the ripping vocalizations of Mamie, her sister in law; Mamie thrives on causing stress and the new stress involves Joe Don Winniford who joined the Baptist church after the M Bank in Greenville closed because of a scandal; Mamie had glossed over all the gossips that enemies had brought to her by saying he was a good Methodist and would never steal funds or do anything unethical. But when Joe Don went Baptist, Mamie harped and tried to get Stella to change him back, claiming that Joe Don's poor dead daddy Sherwin Winniford would turn over in his grave knowing he was a Baptist. That did not work so the regular phone calls began and then Mamie said that Joe Don became a Baptist because they can't fall from grave so he had to justify all the evil done with that bank failure. Mamie took out some venom on Joe Don then. Mamie can't be wrong about anything or can never be crossed without her long tongue getting after you, to ruin you socially or so she hopes. But Joe Don does not dare live in his wife's inherited house in Cumby just because of her and such things. Mamie is an arch conservative with her ways never changing even though she is a Democrat and that makes her angry that they vote for Reagan and Buck now. Mamie would make a good Republican with her slander, innuendo and mean gossip to discredit others who disagree with her in this land of the free that she espouses when to her benefit, or use of half-truths. Yet Mamie as all conservatives uses any means to belittle others to make herself look big (that typical conservative trait is why I can't be a conservative myself). Mamie thus uses others to get back at others; she's a master mind manipulator through using Christianity and family bonds to do ill toward others. She is a Little Hitler long before Adolph Hitler came along. Mamie still just has one good friend at a time, the Petty family next door has her good graces now while poor Cross folks on other side are still getting her acid tongue treatment. And then, the town of Cumby decided to vote back liquor saloons so that gave Mamie a good cause to fight; she brought out the old newspaper accounts of how our grandmother Sarah Alexander Winniford with 25 ladies in autumn of 1894 hatcheted the saloons and bawdy houses in back to bits. Well, the election did not vote the demon drink back yet. We all went to the social event of the year in Dallas when Winniford Morton hosted the Cattle Barons Ball at the old homeplace and had counter western singers Clint Black and Janie Frickie to perform (Janie lives in the old Sheriff Pat Garrick house on the same road as old Winniford place so she is a good friend and then Clint is her good friend). Mamie would not go because she did not

wish to run risk of the opposition organizing a quick election; she could not be persuaded that elections can't be done in a day but she knows better and used that as an excuse to stay home; she will be 93 on 8 October 1990. Mamie is a real soap opera type character and she is family so we put up with her and do know what to expect out of her. She is ethical about liquor and whorehouses so can be depended upon to fight sin; the family always unite against the opposition to the family members. But Mamie is already back against my brother Everett and son Robert; she hates them because they speak their mind to her face often. They don't let her get away with a thing untrue or vindictative toward others.

Well, I had my cataract on left eye removed in Amarillo because my brother Everett had such a good job done on his two eyes just over a year ago so we wants Dr. Howell to fix me. Never have I enjoyed a visit so much, being there for 3 months, to see the kin on the ranch out near Channing or Dumas; Gladys Butler Armstrong Cash and Homer are old and in bad shape; Homer has arthritis bad and Gladys is lucky to be alive after tuberculous and ribs removed in 40's and now she has a spot on lung. Her daughter Sue never married and lives there but works at countyseat and will retire at end of year, to take care of them full time. The Cattle Barons Ball was held 20 June of 1990 and then on 17 April 1991 the International Conference of Mayors party was held at the Winniford homestead by Winniford Morton so all this elegance or notriety was happy news. But Mamie died back in December first week. A big funeral. She was just passed 93. Now, we don't have regular news from Cumby about all the bad things happening.

But other residents do keep in touch now. Jackie Holley came to see Lucille. He had had heart surgery by-pass and was resting so he drove down to visit half a day and he knew all the old time things. His uncle was Cotton Edgar Holley, to whom Lucille was married and lived in old Holley house nextdoor to the gas station and home of young Jackie with his dad Winnie and mother Alma Johnson Holley. Little Jackie really spent a lot of time inside Lucille's house since she was home a lot and did not have customers in and out like his mother. Now, his mom is dead so he wanted to talk about all the old timey days of his youth; he is about 45. This really made Lucille homesick for Commerce some more even though Jackie now lives in Cumby only 11 miles away. Everybody does a number on Lucille by making her regret not being there in the middle of their troubles. Yet, she fumed and fumed for years about moving to Texarkana, to get away from the gossip. No job paying anything for one well over 75 as she is would exist in Commerce so she does have an income and also gets to have contact with the public. Lucille likes to have a horror story happening in her life; she is a fatalist with a tale of woe every day to tell and when her skin rash clears up, she breaks out all over again when someone asks about her condition; she says that talking about it does make it worsen. It is all psychosomatic and she needs to have suffering to feel good about how horrible life is. Lucille Winniford uses skin condition to keep from doing anything outside; she hates any type of yard work and when we ride around looking at pretty houses and yards, Lucille exclaims about all the horrible mosquitoes in the mowed grass and how the flowers cause pollen to make her sick and then that roses have thorns to ruin the pretty fingers. She is a burden to herself and enjoy nothing without a constant complaint of all the evident flaws; she likes to go to the beauty shop to hear all the latest gossip and also the beauty operators do a number on her head literally by exclaiming that life must be lived according to a certain standard such as women never working in the dirty soil outside and that a lady must be on a pedestal and not even work like she has to or like themselves; they all have a fantasy world of having a man to take care of them so they would not turn a finger to do a thing. I seldom go to a beauty shop; I wear wigs and can throw one on when coming from out of the yard, washing the dirty soiled hands from my rose garden. I am everything that the beauty shop set hates in life; they feel superior and that is also why I am working on family genealogy. Our lineage back to Robert-the-Bruce will be published in the Bruce JOURNAL this June of 1991. I am not too good to do work and still be a lady as I am a DAR and United Daughter of the Confederacy and Woodman of the World and ladies auxiliary of BRT so I am a club woman of sorts and still enjoy raising my own vegetable garden and roses.

My son Robert built a rose garden for me back in April and filled it with next varieties of all colors. It is about to bloom. He once commented that is was for Mother's Day being every day.

But come Mother's Day, my daughter Lynna E. cooked a big roast and cake but never said a word about Happy Mother's Day. Neither one of my children said a word about wishing me a happy Mother's Day. That really hurt even though they did all the work for a good meal and a fine day. They just got busy in all the fixings and forgot to say the exact words for some reason. I should not complain as I had companionship and a good meal; my children are too unhappy all the time to let on but I know so they don't think happy thoughts much and that does show. This will never be read by anyone as once I die it will be thrown away I am sure. Just writing this down helps my own worries, though. But work in the yard in the dirty soil as the pressy haughty acting ladies of the beauty shop call themselves should settle their nerves by letting the soil run through their fingers. Plus watching things grow is a joy and then also worth while to grow most of your own organic vegetables. Everyone with a yard area should grow food and flowers, even the square foot garden on television shows how easy it is to be a productive person rather than a worthless leach on the world food chain of life. I am glad that I am not an ignorant fool about living a soap opera style (even on TV news, the wealthy Long Island and Connecticut northeastern folks raise vegetable gardens for the joy of growing things and thus having the best tomatoes as one rich gal stated on national TV).

Another family scandal is in the making because of Winniford Morton and his live-in companion Harry Lewis; the national magazine SOUTHERN LIVING featured the old homestead and the thoroughbred horses they raise; and the social parties they host at the restored mansion in Dallas County as a founders pride. Well, the idea that they are queers has gotten out to Cumby finally. No proof of course as the physical contact is the only true proof so he who talks is also a big sinner. But anyway, a hint of gaydom or gayness is doomed to condemnation because of AIDS disease and that AIDS will produce a Little Hitler response to gays so "kill the queers" before they spread the plague of death world-wide is the socially acceptable war cry. A lifestyle based on sexuality is bound to produce hatred by society in general and especially when a disease such as AIDS appears to be primary among their lifestyle group. Thus, atrocities are being expressed as mere words this decade but will become violent acts since in the name of the greater good for the rights of the people will be reason enough to annihilate homosexuals; the KKK will take this battle cry for sure. Prejudice is fear of unknown so havoc is waiting in the wings just to happen. I do not know for sure about anyone being gay or queer nation as the homos are being called by themselves now rather than fags or gays only. Also, the Greek fraternities on college campuses are taking a stance against homosexuals much like the Klu Klux Klan.

Now, the Greek fraternities have taken their true names on most campus such as at East Texas State University in Commerce today. The old social clubs now have the Greek names and symbols on their houses in town near the campus; Greek clubs did not exist because of the deaths they caused back in the 1920's to a state senator's son. Hazing is a subtle abuse in the name of social respectability; their antics are not mere "boys will be boys" pranks; they will own the big businesses that their parents own so this power elite social class are the future leaders of this state and the United States (just as Bush was a Skull and Bones member that digs up corpses of folks they hate and then cut head off but return the body to the cemetery). But membership in a Greek fraternity or sorority is essential for future social success and thus will never be corrected since the best folks have membership in these harazzing organizations. Greeks are just training grounds for doing business the same old way; no change at all (but those who wish to be prosperous and socially elite later in life had better conform to the Greek frat indignities or not big contracts someday). Money is America's god so Baal rules the country club set for sure. The same 25 families in this U.S. of A. rule America and thus control the Greek frat membership fundraising groups.

Money or gifts to build the frat houses and then fund raising for wings of labs gives respectability to the Greeks and their cruel ways. But their country club affiliations makes them better than god for sure (a saying that means that money talks much more than justice or religious truths).

The Greek frats and the Republicans own America so all young people had better join them or get left in the poor house with no opportunity for success. Republicans call their tactics a way of life or philosophy to run this country (this is a euphemism for greed and plunder). But hard work by the sweat of the brow is not rewarded anymore unless one is a Republican so youth had best join the enemy early on in life. Just like the new book about Nancy Reagan tells about her affair in the white house with sleazy Frank Sinatra (pull the shades as I don't want to see). Sinatra's affairs in the white house during the Kenneda era is used as proof positive that the democrats are trash so now that Sinatra plays both sides of the dirty pool fence not one word is mentioned in the press that trash exists in the Republican white house. Republicans own majority of news media so no wonder that the truth is hidden and under reported yet the Republicans say that the media abuses them when any unflattering fact comes out; they have it both ways; politics is full of liars and scandrels for sure as always so this is nothing new just is becoming more well known quicker, about the evil-doers.

Just like the Persian Gulf War was strictly over oil shows the greed rather than justice and fairness ruling America. There is plenty of oil in the North Sea and South America, even from Mexico to meet world needs but the money changers have mid-east area sowed up and that will continue because of political pull. The promise of a 7 day war was TV hype (even the Civil War was a 30 day war hype). The warmongers always promise a quick vicotry so they can sell guns (I should know about gun runners since Norvell Winniford was one of the best with infamous Houstonian William Marsh Rice). Desert Storm War was really only a battle since the so-called war is not over by as far as Saddam Hussein is still at large roaming the desert and killing Kurds who have no oil to sell and thus are not worthy of our serious assistance.

Just as Bush administration forgives debts of foreign nations yet cuts funding to colleges while wanting to be called the education president; talk about a big lie or anti-christ behavior, wow, but the rich have pull with country club set so they can do anything ignorant and foolish and still come out smelling like a rose as Bush does. Cuts to most colleges does not bother this education president because ivy league colleges are the places that the big rich kids attend so no need to waste money on the average American's future education. Private schools are also where most super rich attend and they now own America since the robber-barons are back in full power; just hope that a budding FDR is around like we need ed when the Republican Andrew Melon destroyed free enterprise during the 1920's with his idioy of trinkle down theory so he could steal us blind back then as now has been done by the Forbes 500 (or Fortune 500) groups again; these robber barons or Maria Antonnette types are back in their glory again, alive and well to destroy the future of all Americans for their greed.

And now the book by Ambassador Sick wrote about the deal with Reagan backers with Iran not to release Iran hostages until after the 1980 election because the rich with oil sales contracts and also with munitions contracts for plane parts got the attention of the Iranian leaders so that the U.S. public would see the Carter administration as evil and weak. Now, a book written about what the leaders of European countries knew as fact for years and told often until researched and written finally has the truth in print and available. But nothing will results because the rich are gully.

And this misnomer of free trade with Mexico where American companies will build new manufacturing plants is a farce. This hoax allows workers to be paid for a full day what a U.S. worker would earn in a day; just over two-thousand firms already have factories just across boundary in Mexico so easy shipping can be done; more unemployment will result in U.S. (Republicans creat mass unemployment and then re-hired 80 percent and thus can claim a huge creation of jobs so the statistics show their great expertise but only half the story is told about being less than

the original number of jobs before the current recession; talk about the emperor's clothes, wow! And CEO's who see this and speak out get fired with no well paying job ever again coming their way but they are too small to hurt the big 500 groups.

The duplicity of the white collar criminals who control America also controls the press or owns 90 percent of it at least. And suck ilk as Lee Atwater got a fatal cancer so he then got religion and became "born again" asking forgiveness via the phone to all the wronged folks he cheated, especially Democrats who would then be hawked in the press as being more evil than the evil-doer Atwater if not forgiving. Thus, the robber barons use religion to make their ilk appear better than God by having the wronged person to openly forgive the sins but never does any restitution results such as payment in big funds or turning over the reigns of power to the wronged people (never do the robber barons have to pay a dime for their dasdardly gotten deeds). Thus forcing good Christians to constantly turn the cheek used religion again good hard-working folks as only the clever sublimina technicians do so well to ply their trade of evil in this methodology of being the ultimate anti-Christ. And Jimmy and Roselyn Carter give of their time with hard back breaking labor to build houses for the homeless yet their character is suspect and evil while Reagan charges two-million in cash for a speaking engagement and does nothing free for any soul (even Nancy's Say NO to Drugs has become suspect since she takes funds to pay big salaries for her offices as told on TV's 60 Minutes). America loves a scandal who has rich friends in high places.

Unemployment is big business in U.S. because having a pitiful work force willing to take any kind of job just to subsist makes the big rich employers feel good about a cheap workforce; now that population is well over 225 millions, a mere unemployed ten million does not disrupt the appearance of wealth while having this low level unemployed force (this disgrace is enough to make one hate God for letting the Republicans do this for 10 years now; if I were young I would be an antheist today because of what the rich are doing to America in the name of God and Country and thus getting away with it). Convincing the public to die in the name of God and country defense (ha, a lie since we were not attacked and then Kuwait hates U.S. and then Arabs would not allow a copy of Bible in their precious desert kingdom) further shows the selfish plundering of American resources which is the lifeblood literally of our youth in the name of God no less, such a blasphemy that now goes unchallenged by the press and intellectuals. We are as weak mentally as Germany when Hitler first began his rish of atrocities.

Even Japan has no free enterprise and will not allow us even to show improved samples of rice and wheat in their country for fear their people would buy from us. Nothing ever gets done to correct this stupidity since our big rich want it that way, just as Armourd Hammer recently died with judgements against him but forgiven because of his rich connections. But the new European United States will rival Japan and us as well while they have socialist controls on all facets of economic life, even outlawing double decker buses in London and also not allowing Spain to produce wine in competition to France now that all is one big common economic market so their brand of socialism will show why regulations or controls are needed to produce surplus goods and also to keep regions working. Europe is wise and well-ruled now and thus learned for two thousand years of history; the United States of America had better wake-up! Just as the recent ~~gov~~ governor's race was won by a mudslide by Ann Richards from Clayton Williams; he will likely run again and win. Chrisma for the TV camera is what gets the independent vote since the two parties aline by platform so the foolish independents go with the flo of mass appeal on the little screen, full of manipulation rather than facts with substance.